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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEAR:

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The TEMPEST.
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.
The Two GENTLEMEN *of* VERONA.
The MERRY WIVES *of* WINDSOR.
MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

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ERRATA.

Page 102 l. ult. *for* would catch *read* would I catch. p. 103. l. 6. *for* this *read* his. p. 265. l. 1. *for* gords *read* gord. p. 356. l. 23. *for* word *read* words. p. 442. l. 26. *for* wish *read* wish'd.

22-11
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TO

MRS. ALLEN

OF

PRIOR-PARK

NEAR BATH.

MADAM,

ADDRESSES of this Nature have been long the cuſtomary Tribute of Letters to ſuperior Merit: And tho' Flattery may have thrown them into Diſrepute, yet this concludes no more againſt the Continuance of honeſt Praiſe, than Hy-

pocriſy does againſt the Practice of Religion. But Adulation no ſooner began to belye its Subject, than it perverted the very Purpoſe of its Application; while, amongſt its many artful traverſes, it would now beg Protection for the Book; and, now again, conſtitute the Patron the ſovereign Judge of its Merit.

In this Light, Madam, you might reaſonably wonder to ſee a Collection of Plays dedicated to one who reads few Books beſides thoſe of Piety and Moral; and will think, the Addreſs might have been made with ſomewhat leſs Impropriety even to a Biſhop. This is true: but, as I ſaid, this literary Connexion is not, of right, between the Patron and the Work; but between him and the Author. Who, to carry on his Commerce with a good Conſcience, muſt therefore ſearch narrowly for a Subject which will not diſhonour

Letters,

Letters, while he is giving that to Merit, which only Letters can beſtow. But I need not be aſham'd to ſay, that the Knowledge of you, has, at the ſame time, abridged my Labour, and rewarded the Integrity of my Purpoſe. For if Friendſhip, Generoſity, and the Benevolence of Charity, added to every female Virtue that moſt adorns your Sex, demand this Acknowledgment, it would be hard to find where it ſhould be earlier paid, or to whom, in fuller Meaſure, returned.

If any now ſhould affect to ask, What Stranger this is, of whom ſo much is ſaid? Let him know, that this his Ignorance is your ſupreme Praiſe; whoſe Matron-modeſty of Virtue declines all Notice, but where the Influence of your domeſtic Character extends. If, haply, you have any further Ambition, it is only this, the being known to conſtitute the domeſtic Happineſs of a Man

who does Honour to human Nature. The mention of whoſe Relation to you, reminds me of my own Happineſs; who enjoy ſo equal and ſo perfect a Share in both your Friendſhips. This too is my Fame and Reputation, as well as Happineſs; for Ambition would loſe its Aim, were I to wiſh that any thing of me, or mine, ſhould laſt longer than the Memory of that Friendſhip. I am,

MADAM,

Your moſt obliged

and moſt faithful Servant,

W. WARBURTON.

PREFACE.

IT hath been no unuſual thing for Writers, when diſſatisfied with the Patronage or Judgment of their own Times, to appeal to Poſterity for a fair Hearing. Some have even thought fit to apply to it in the firſt Inſtance; and to decline Acquaintance with the Public till Envy and Prejudice had quite ſubſided. But, of all the Truſters to Futurity, commend me to the Author of the following Poems, who not only left it to Time to do him Juſtice as it would, but to find him out as it could. For, what between too great Attention to his Profit as a Player, and too little to his Reputation as a Poet, his Works, left to the Care of Door-keepers and Prompters, hardly eſcaped the common Fate of thoſe Writings, how good ſoever, which are abandoned to their own Fortune, and unprotected by Party or Cabal. At length, indeed, they ſtruggled into Light; but ſo diſguiſed and traveſted, that no claſſic Author, after having run ten ſecular Stages thro' the blind Cloiſters of Monks and Canons, ever came out in half ſo maimed and mangled a Condition. But for a full Account of his Diſorders, I refer the Reader to the excellent Diſcourſe which follows, and turn myſelf to conſider the Remedies that have been applied to them.

Shakeſpear's Works, when they eſcaped the Players, did not fall into much better Hands when they came amongſt Printers and Bookſellers: who, to ſay the Truth, had, at firſt, but ſmall Encouragement for putting him into a better Condition. The ſtubborn Nonſenſe, with which he was incruſted, occaſioned his lying long neglected amongſt the common Lumber of the Stage. And when that reſiſtleſs Splendor, which now ſhoots all around him, had, by degrees, broke thro' the Shell of thoſe Impurities, his dazzled Admirers became as ſuddenly inſenſible to the extraneous Scurf that ſtill ſtuck upon him, as they had been before to the native Beauties that lay under it. So that, as then, he was thought not to deſerve a Cure, he was now ſuppoſed not to need any.

His growing Eminence, however, required that he ſhould be uſed with Ceremony: And he ſoon had his Appointment, of an *Editor* in form. But the Bookſeller, whoſe dealing was with Wits, having learnt of them, I know not what ſilly Maxim, that *none but a Poet ſhould preſume to meddle with a Poet*, engaged the ingenious Mr. *Rowe* to undertake this Employment. A Wit indeed he was; but ſo utterly unacquainted with the whole Buſineſs of Criticiſm, that he did not even collate or conſult the firſt Editions of the Work he undertook to publiſh; but contented himſelf with giving us a meagre Account of the Author's Life, interlarded with ſome common-place Scraps from his Writings. The Truth is, *Shakeſpear*'s Condition was yet but ill underſtood.

underſtood. The Nonſenſe, now, by conſent, received for his own, was held in a kind of Reverence for its Age and Author: and thus it continued, till another great *Poet* broke the Charm; by ſhewing us, that the higher we went, the leſs of it was ſtill to be found.

For the Proprietors, not diſcouraged by their firſt unſucceſsful Effort, in due time, made a ſecond; and, tho' they ſtill ſtuck to their Poets, with infinitely more Succeſs in their Choice of Mr. POPE. Who by the mere force of an uncommon Genius, without any particular Study or Profeſſion of this Art, diſcharged the great Parts of it ſo well as to make his Edition the beſt Foundation for all further Improvements. He ſeparated the genuine from the ſpurious Plays: And, with equal Judgment, tho' not always with the ſame Succeſs, attempted to clear the genuine Plays from the interpolated Scenes: He then conſulted the old Editions; and, by a careful Collation of them, rectified the faulty, and ſupplied the imperfect Reading, in a great number of Places: And laſtly, in an admirable Preface, hath drawn a general, but very lively, Sketch of *Shakeſpear*'s poetic Character; and, in the corrected Text, marked out thoſe peculiar Strokes of Genius which were moſt proper to ſupport and illuſtrate that Character. Thus far Mr. POPE. And altho' much more was to be done before *Shakeſpear* could be reſtored to himſelf, (ſuch as amending the corrupted Text where the printed Books afford no Aſſiſtance; explaining his licentious Phraſeology and obſcure Alluſions; and illuſtrating the Beauties

of

of his Poetry;) yet, with great Modeſty and Prudence, our illuſtrious Editor left this to the Critic by Profeſſion.

But nothing will give the common Reader a better Idea of the Value of Mr. *Pope*'s Edition, than the two Attempts which have been ſince made, by Mr. *Theobald* and Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, in Oppoſition to it. Who, altho' they concerned themſelves only in the *firſt* of theſe three Parts of Criticiſm, the *reſtoring the Text*, (without any Conception of the *ſecond*, or venturing even to touch upon the *third*) yet ſucceeded ſo very ill in it, that they left their Author in ten times a worſe Condition than they found him. But, as it was my ill Fortune to have ſome accidental Connexions with theſe two *Gentlemen*, it will be incumbent on me to be a little more particular concerning them.

The One was recommended to me as a poor Man; the Other as a poor Critic: and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great number of Obſervations, which they managed, as they ſaw fit, to the Relief of their ſeveral Diſtreſſes. As to Mr. *Theobald*, who wanted Money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for his own Advantage: and he allowed himſelf in the Liberty of taking one Part for his own, and ſequeſtering another for the Benefit, as I ſuppoſed, of ſome future Edition. But, as to the *Oxford Editor*, who wanted nothing, but what he might very well be without, the Reputation of a Critic, I could not ſo eaſily forgive him for trafficking with my Papers without my

my Knowledge; and, when that Project fail'd, for employing a number of my Conjectures in his Edition againſt my expreſs Deſire not to have that Honour done unto me.

Mr. *Theobald* was naturally turned to Induſtry and Labour. What he read he could tranſcribe: but, as what he thought, if ever he did think, he could but ill expreſs, ſo he read on; and, by that means got a Character of Learning, without riſquing, to every Obſerver, the Imputation of wanting a better Talent. By a punctilious Collation of the old Books, he corrected what was manifeſtly wrong in the *latter* Editions, by what was manifeſtly right in the *earlier*. And this is his real Merit; and the whole of it. For where the Phraſe was very obſolete or licentious in the *common* Books, or only ſlightly corrupted in the *other*, he wanted ſufficient Knowledge of the Progreſs and various Stages of the *Engliſh* Tongue, as well as Acquaintance with the Peculiarity of *Shakeſpear*'s Language to underſtand what was right; nor had he either common Judgment to ſee, or critical Sagacity to amend, what was manifeſtly faulty. Hence he generally exerts his conjectural Talent in the wrong Place: He tampers with what is ſound in the *common* Books; and, in the *old* ones, omits all Notice of *Variations* the Senſe of which he did not underſtand.

How the *Oxford Editor* came to think himſelf qualified for this Office, from which his whole Courſe of Life had been ſo remote, is ſtill more difficult to conceive. For whatever Parts he might have either of Genius or Erudition, he

was

was abſolutely ignorant of the Art of Criticiſm, as well as of the Poetry of that Time, and the Language of his Author. And ſo far from a Thought of examining the *firſt* Editions, that he even neglected to compare Mr. *Pope*'s, from which he printed his own, with Mr. *Theobald*'s; whereby he loſt the Advantage of many fine Lines which the other had recovered from the old Quartos. Where he truſts to his own Sagacity, in what affects the Senſe, his Conjectures are generally abſurd and extravagant, and violating every Rule of Criticiſm. Tho', in this Rage of Correcting, he was not abſolutely deſtitute of all *Art*. For, having a number of my Conjectures before him, he took as many of them as he ſaw fit, to work upon; and by changing them to ſomething, he thought, ſynonimous or ſimilar, he made them his own; and ſo became a Critic at a cheap Expence. But how well he hath ſucceeded in this, as likewiſe in his Conjectures which are properly his own, will be ſeen in the courſe of my Remarks: Tho', as he hath declined to give the Reaſons for his Interpolations, he hath not afforded me ſo fair a hold of him as Mr. *Theobald* hath done, who was leſs cautious. But his principal Object was to reform his Author's Numbers; and this, which he hath done, on every Occaſion, by the Inſertion or Omiſſion of a ſet of harmleſs unconcerning Expletives, makes up the groſs Body of his innocent Corrections. And ſo, in ſpite of that extreme Negligence in Numbers, which diſtinguiſhes the firſt Dramatic Writers, he hath tricked up the old Bard, from

from Head to Foot, in all the finical Exactneſs of a modern Meaſurer of Syllables.

For the reſt, all the Corrections which theſe two Editors have made on any *reaſonable* Foundation, are here admitted into the Text; and carefully aſſigned to their reſpective Authors. A piece of Juſtice which the *Oxford Editor* never did; and which the *Other* was not always ſcrupulous in obſerving towards me. To conclude with them in a word, They ſeparately poſſeſſed thoſe two Qualities which, more than any other, have contributed to bring the Art of Criticiſm into diſrepute, *Dulneſs of Apprehenſion*, and *Extravagance of Conjecture*.

I am now to give ſome Account of the preſent Undertaking. For as to all thoſe Things, which have been publiſhed under the titles of *Eſſays*, *Remarks*, *Obſervations*, &c. on *Shakeſpear*, (if you except ſome critical Notes on *Macbeth*, given as a Specimen of a projected Edition, and written, as appears, by a Man of Parts and Genius) the reſt are abſolutely below a ſerious Notice.

The whole a Critic can do for an Author who deſerves his Service, is to correct the faulty Text; to remark the Peculiarities of Language; to illuſtrate the obſcure Alluſions; and to explain the Beauties and Defects of Sentiment or Compoſition. And ſurely, if ever Author had a Claim to this Service, it was our *Shakeſpear*: Who, widely excelling in the Knowledge of Human Nature, hath given to his infinitely varied Pictures of it, ſuch Truth of Deſign, ſuch Force of Drawing, ſuch Beauty of Colouring, as was hardly

ever

ever equalled by any Writer, whether his Aim was the Uſe, or only the Entertainment of Mankind. The Notes in this Edition, therefore, take in the whole Compaſs of Criticiſm.

I. The firſt ſort is employed in reſtoring the Poet's genuine Text; but in thoſe Places only where it labours with inextricable Nonſenſe. In which, how much ſoever I may have given Scope to critical Conjecture, where the old Copies failed me, I have indulged nothing to Fancy or Imagination; but have religiouſly obſerved the ſevere Canons of literal Criticiſm; as may be ſeen from the Reaſons accompanying every Alteration of the common Text. Nor would a different Conduct have become a Critic, whoſe greateſt Attention, in this part, was to vindicate the eſtabliſhed Reading from Interpolations occaſioned by the fanciful Extravagancies of others. I once intended to have given the Reader a *body of Canons*, for literal Criticiſm, drawn out in form; as well ſuch as concern the Art in general, as thoſe that ariſe from the Nature and Circumſtances of our Author's Works in particular. And this for two Reaſons. Firſt, To give the *unlearned Reader* a juſt Idea, and conſequently a better Opinion of the Art of Criticiſm, now ſunk very low in the popular Eſteem, by the Attempts of ſome who would needs exerciſe it without either natural or acquired Talents; and by the ill Succeſs of others, who ſeemed to have loſt both, when they came to try them upon Engliſh Authors. Secondly, To deter the *unlearned Writer* from wantonly trifling with an Art he is a Stranger to, at the Expence of his own

own Reputation, and the Integrity of the Text of eſtabliſhed Authors. But theſe Uſes may be well ſupplied by what is occaſionally ſaid upon the Subject, in the Courſe of the following Remarks.

II. The ſecond ſort of Notes conſiſts in an Explanation of the Author's Meaning, when, by one, or more of theſe Cauſes, it becomes obſcure; either from a *licentious Uſe of Terms*; or a *hard or ungrammatical Conſtruction*; or laſtly, from *far-fetch'd or quaint Alluſions.*

1. This licentious Uſe of Words is almoſt peculiar to the Language of *Shakeſpear*. To common Terms he hath affixed Meanings of his own, unauthoriſed by Uſe, and not to be juſtified by Analogy. And this Liberty he hath taken with the nobleſt Parts of Speech, ſuch as *Mixed-modes*; which, as they are moſt ſuſceptible of Abuſe, ſo their Abuſe moſt hurts the Clearneſs of the Diſcourſe. The Critics (to whom *Shakeſpear*'s Licence was ſtill as much a Secret as his Meaning, which that Licence had obſcured) fell into two contrary Miſtakes; but equally injurious to his Reputation and his Writings. For ſome of them obſerving a Darkneſs, that pervaded his whole Expreſſion, have cenſured him for Confuſion of Ideas and Inaccuracy of reaſoning. *In the Neighing of a Horſe*, (ſays *Rymer*) *or in the Growling of a Maſtiff there is a Meaning, there is a lively Expreſſion, and, may I ſay, more Humanity than many times in the tragical Flights of* Shakeſpear. The Ignorance of which Cenſure is of a piece with its Brutality. The Truth is, no one thought clearer,

clearer, or argued more closely than this immortal Bard. But his Superiority of Genius less needing the Intervention of Words in the Act of Thinking, when he came to draw out his Contemplations into Discourse, he took up (as he was hurried on by the Torrent of his Matter) with the first Words that lay in his way; and if, amongst these, there were two *Mixed-modes* that had but a principal Idea in common, it was enough for him; he regarded them as synonimous, and would use the one for the other without Fear or Scruple.——Again, there have been others, such as the two last Editors, who have fallen into a contrary Extreme; and regarded *Shakespear*'s Anomalies (as we may call them) amongst the Corruptions of his Text; which, therefore, they have cashiered in great numbers, to make room for a Jargon of their own. This hath put me to additional Trouble; for I had not only their Interpolations to throw out again, but the genuine Text to replace, and establish in its stead; which, in many Cases, could not be done without shewing the peculiar Sense of the Terms, and explaining the Causes which led the Poet to so perverse an use of them. I had it once, indeed, in my Design, to give a general alphabetic *Glossary* of these Terms; but as each of them is explained in its proper Place, there seemed the less Occasion for such an Index.

2. The Poet's hard and unnatural Construction had a different Original. This was the Effect of mistaken Art and Design. The Public Taste was in its Infancy; and delighted, (as it always

always does during that State) in the high and turgid: which leads the Writer to diſguiſe a vulgar expreſſion with hard and forced conſtruction, whereby the ſentence frequently becomes cloudy and dark. Here, his Critics ſhew their modeſty, and leave him to himſelf. For the arbitrary change of a Word doth little towards diſpelling an obſcurity that ariſeth, not from the licentious uſe of a ſingle Term, but from the unnatural arrangement of a whole Sentence. And they riſqued nothing by their ſilence. For *Shakeſpear* was too clear in Fame to be ſuſpected of a want of Meaning; and too high in Faſhion for any one to own he needed a Critic to find it out. Not but, in his beſt works, we muſt allow, he is often ſo natural and flowing, ſo pure and correct, that he is even a model for ſtile and language.

3. As to his far-fetched and quaint Alluſions, theſe are often a cover to common thoughts; juſt as his hard conſtruction is to common expreſſion. When they are not ſo, the explanation of them has this further advantage, that, in clearing the Obſcurity, you frequently diſcover ſome latent conceit not unworthy of his Genius.

III. The third and laſt ſort of Notes is concerned in a critical explanation of the Author's Beauties and Defects; but chiefly of his Beauties, whether in Stile, Thought, Sentiment, Character or Compoſition. An odd humour of finding fault hath long prevailed amongſt the Critics; as if nothing were worth *remarking* that did

not, at the ſame time, deſerve to be reproved. Whereas the public Judgment hath leſs need to be aſſiſted in what it ſhall reject, than in what it ought to prize; Men being generally more ready at ſpying Faults than in diſcovering Beauties. Nor is the value they ſet upon a Work, a certain proof that they underſtand it. For 'tis ever ſeen, that half a dozen Voices of credit give the lead: And if the Publick chance to be in good humour, or the Author much in their favour, the People are ſure to follow. Hence it is that the true Critic hath ſo frequently attached himſelf to Works of eſtabliſhed reputation; not to teach the World to *admire*, which, in thoſe circumſtances, to ſay the truth, they are apt enough to do of themſelves; but to teach them how, *with reaſon to admire:* No eaſy matter, I will aſſure you, on the ſubject in queſtion: For tho' it be very true, as Mr. *Pope* hath obſerved, that *Shakeſpear is the faireſt and fulleſt ſubject for criticiſm*, yet it is not ſuch a ſort of criticiſm as may be raiſed mechanically on the Rules which *Dacier*, *Rapin* and *Boſſu* have collected from Antiquity; and of which, ſuch kind of Writers as *Rymer*, *Gildon*, *Dennis* and *Oldmixon*, have only gathered and chewed the Husks: nor on the other hand is it to be formed on the Plan of thoſe crude and ſuperficial Judgments, on books and things, with which a certain celebrated Paper ſo much abounds; too good indeed to be named with the Writers laſt mentioned, but being unluckily miſtaken for a *Model*, becauſe it was an *Original*, it hath given riſe

riſe to a deluge of the worſt ſort of critical Jargon; I mean that which looks moſt like ſenſe. But the kind of criticiſm here required is ſuch as judgeth our Author by thoſe only Laws and Principles on which he wrote, NATURE, and COMMON-SENSE.

Our Obſervations, therefore, being thus extenſive, will, I preſume, enable the Reader to form a right judgment of this favourite Poet, without drawing out his Character, as was once intended, in a continued diſcourſe.

Theſe, ſuch as they are, were amongſt my younger amuſements, when, many years ago, I uſed to turn over theſe ſort of Writers to unbend myſelf from more ſerious applications: And what, certainly, the Public, at this time of day, had never been troubled with, but for the conduct of the two laſt Editors, and the perſuaſions of dear Mr. POPE; whoſe memory and name,

——————— *ſemper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum (ſic Dî voluiſtis) habebo.

He was deſirous I ſhould give a new Edition of this Poet, as he thought it might contribute to put a ſtop to a prevailing folly of altering the Text of celebrated Authors without Talents or Judgment. And he was willing that *his* Edition ſhould be melted down into *mine*, as it would, he ſaid, afford him (ſo great is the modeſty of an ingenuous temper) a fit opportunity of confeſſing his Miſtakes *. In memory of our

* See his Letters to me.

Friendſhip, I have, therefore, made it our joint Edition. His admirable Preface is here added; all his Notes are given, with his name annexed; the Scenes are divided according to his regulation; and the moſt beautiful paſſages diſtinguiſhed, as in his book, with inverted commas. In imitation of him, I have done the ſame by as many others as I thought moſt deſerving of the Reader's attention, and have marked them with *double* commas.

If, from all this, *Shakeſpear* or good Letters have received any advantage, and the Public any benefit, or entertainment, the thanks are due to the *Proprietors*, who have been at the expence of procuring this Edition. And I ſhould be unjuſt to ſeveral deſerving Men of a reputable and uſeful Profeſſion, if I did not, on this occaſion, acknowledge the fair dealing I have always found amongſt them; and profeſs my ſenſe of the unjuſt Prejudice which lies againſt them; whereby they have been, hitherto, unable to procure that ſecurity for their Property, which they ſee, the reſt of their Fellow-Citizens enjoy. A prejudice in part ariſing from the frequent *Piracies*, (as they are called) committed by Members of their own Body. But ſuch kind of Members no Body is without. And it would be hard that this ſhould be turned to the diſcredit of the honeſt part of the Profeſſion, who ſuffer more from ſuch Injuries than any other men. It hath, in part too, ariſen from the clamours of profligate Scriblers, ever ready, for

for a piece of Money, to proſtitute their bad ſenſe for or againſt any Cauſe prophane or ſacred; or in any Scandal public or private: Theſe meeting with little encouragement from Men of account in the Trade, (who even in this enlightened Age are not the very worſt Judges or Rewarders of merit) apply themſelves to People of Condition; and ſupport their importunities by falſe complaints againſt *Bookſellers*.

But I ſhould now, perhaps, rather think of my own Apology, than buſy myſelf in the defence of others. I ſhall have ſome *Tartuffe* ready, on the firſt appearance of this Edition, to call out again, and tell me, that *I ſuffer myſelf to be wholly diverted from my purpoſe by theſe matters leſs ſuitable to my clerical Profeſſion.* "Well, but, ſays a Friend, why not take ſo "candid an intimation in good part? With-"draw yourſelf, again, as you are bid, into the "clerical Pale; examine the Records of ſacred "and prophane Antiquity; and, on them, erect "a Work to the confuſion of Infidelity." Why, I have done all this, and more: And hear now what the ſame Men have ſaid to it. They tell me, *I have wrote to the wrong and injury of Religion, and furniſhed out more handles for Unbelievers.* "Oh now the ſecret's "out; and you may have your pardon, I find, "upon eaſier terms. 'Tis only, to write no "more."—— Good Gentlemen! and ſhall I not oblige them? They would gladly *obſtruct*

my way to thoſe things which every Man, who *endeavours well* in his Profeſſion, muſt needs think he has ſome claim to, when he ſees them given to thoſe who never did *endeavour*; at the ſame time that they would *deter* me from taking thoſe advantages which Letters enable me to procure for myſelf. If then I am to write no more; (tho' as much out of my Profeſſion as they may pleaſe to repreſent this Work, I ſuſpect their modeſty would not inſiſt on a ſcrutiny of our ſeveral applications of this prophane profit and their purer gains) if, I ſay, I am to write no more, let me at leaſt give the Public, who have a better pretence to demand it of me, ſome reaſon for my preſenting them with theſe amuſements. Which, if I am not much miſtaken, may be excuſed by the beſt and faireſt *Examples*; and, what is more, may be juſtified on the ſurer *reaſon of things*.

The great Saint CHRYSOSTOM, a name conſecrated to immortality by his Virtue and Eloquence, is known to have been ſo fond of *Ariſtophanes* as to wake with him at his ſtudies, and to ſleep with him under his pillow: and I never heard that this was objected either to his Piety or his Preaching, not even in thoſe times of pure Zeal and primitive Religion. Yet, in reſpect of *Shakeſpear*'s great ſenſe, *Ariſtophanes*'s beſt wit is but buffoonry; and, in compariſon of *Ariſtophanes*'s Freedoms, *Shakeſpear*

ſpear writes with the purity of a Veſtal. But they will ſay, St. *Chryſoſtom* contracted a fondneſs for the comic Poet *for the ſake of his Greek.* To this, indeed, I have nothing to reply. Far be it from me to inſinuate ſo unſcholarlike a thing, as if We had the ſame Uſe for good *Engliſh* that a *Greek* had for his *Attic* elegance. Critic *Kuſter*, in a taſte and language peculiar to Grammarians of a certain order, hath decreed, that *the Hiſtory and Chronology of* Greek *Words is the moſt SOLID entertainment of a Man of Letters.*

I fly, then, to a higher Example, much nearer home, and ſtill more in point, The famous Univerſity of OXFORD. This illuſtrious Body, which hath long ſo juſtly held, and, with ſuch equity, diſpenſed, the chief honours of the learned World, thought good Letters ſo much intereſted in correct Editions of the beſt *Engliſh* Writers, that they, very lately, in their public Capacity, undertook *one*, of this very Author, by ſubſcription. And if the Editor hath not diſcharged his Task with ſuitable abilities for one ſo much honoured by them, this was not their fault but his, who thruſt himſelf into the employment. After ſuch an Example, it would be weakening any defence to ſeek further for Authorities. All that can be now decently urged is the *reaſon of the thing*; and this I ſhall do, more for the ſake of that truly venerable Body than my own.

Of all the literary exercitations of ſpeculative Men, whether deſigned for the uſe or entertainment of the World, there are none of ſo much importance, or what are more our immediate concern, than thoſe which let us into the knowledge of our Nature. Others may exerciſe the Reaſon or amuſe the Imagination; but theſe only can improve the Heart, and form the human Mind to wiſdom. Now, in this Science, our *Shakeſpear* is confeſſed to occupy the foremoſt place; whether we conſider the amazing ſagacity with which he inveſtigates every hidden ſpring and wheel of human Action; or his happy manner of communicating this knowledge, in the juſt and living paintings which he has given us of all our Paſſions, Appetites and Purſuits. Theſe afford a leſſon which can never be too often repeated, or too conſtantly inculcated: And, to engage the Reader's due attention to it, hath been one of the principal objects of this Edition.

As this Science (whatever profound Philoſophers may think) is, to the reſt, *in Things*; ſo, *in Words*, (whatever ſupercilious Pedants may talk) every one's mother tongue is to all other Languages. This hath ſtill been the Sentiment of Nature and true Wiſdom. Hence, the greateſt men of Antiquity never thought themſelves better employed than in cultivating their own country idiom. So *Lycurgus* did honour to *Sparta*, in giving the firſt compleat Edition of *Homer*; and *Cicero*, to *Rome*, in correcting the

the Works of *Lucretius*. Nor do we want Examples of the ſame good ſenſe in modern Times, even amidſt the cruel inrodes that Art and Faſhion have made upon Nature and the ſimplicity of Wiſdom. *Menage*, the greateſt name in *France* for all kinds of philologic Learning, prided himſelf in writing critical Notes on their beſt lyric Poet, *Malherbe*: And our greater *Selden*, when he thought it might reflect credit on his Country, did not diſdain even to comment a very ordinary Poet, one *Michael Drayton*. But the *Engliſh* tongue, at this Juncture, deſerves and demands our particular regard. It hath, by means of the many excellent Works of different kinds compoſed in it, engaged the notice, and become the ſtudy, of almoſt every curious and learned Foreigner, ſo as to be thought even a part of literary accompliſhment. This muſt needs make it deſerving of a critical attention: And its being yet deſtitute of a Teſt or Standard to apply to, in caſes of doubt or difficulty, ſhews how much it wants that attention. For we have neither GRAMMAR nor DICTIONARY, neither Chart nor Compaſs, to guide us through this wide ſea of Words. And indeed how ſhould we? ſince both are to be compoſed and finiſhed on the Authority of our beſt eſtabliſhed Writers. But their Authority can be of little uſe till the Text hath been correctly ſettled, and the Phraſeology critically examined. As, then, by theſe aids, a *Grammar* and *Dictionary*, planned upon the beſt rules of Logic and Philoſophy, (and none but ſuch

ſuch will deſerve the name) are to be procured; the forwarding of this will be a general concern: For, as *Quintilian* obſerves, "Verborum *pro-*
"*prietas* ac *differentia* omnibus, qui ſermonem
"curæ habent, debet eſſe communis." By this way, the *Italians* have brought their tongue to a degree of Purity and Stability which no living Language ever attained unto before. It is with pleaſure I obſerve, that theſe things now begin to be underſtood amongſt ourſelves; and that I can acquaint the Public, we may ſoon expect very elegant Editions of *Fletcher* and *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt* from Gentlemen of diſtinguiſhed Abilities and Learning. But this interval of good ſenſe, as it may be ſhort, is indeed but new. For I remember to have heard of a very learned Man, who, not long ſince, formed a deſign of giving a more correct Edition of *Spenſer*; and, without doubt, would have performed it well; but he was diſſuaded from his purpoſe by his Friends, as beneath the dignity of a Profeſſor of the occult Sciences. Yet theſe very Friends, I ſuppoſe, would have thought it had added luſtre to his high Station, to have new-furbiſhed out ſome dull northern Chronicle, or dark Sibylline Ænigma. But let it not be thought that what is here ſaid inſinuates any thing to the diſcredit of *Greek* and *Latin* criticiſm. If the follies of particular Men were ſufficient to bring any branch of Learning into diſrepute, I don't know any that would ſtand in a worſe ſituation than that for which I now apologize. For I hardly

hardly think there ever appeared, in any *learned* Language, ſo execrable a heap of nonſenſe, under the name of Commentaries, as hath been lately given us on a certain ſatiric Poet, of the laſt Age, by his Editor and Coadjutor.

I am ſenſible how unjuſtly the very beſt *claſſical* Critics have been treated. It is ſaid, that our great Philoſopher ſpoke with much contempt of the two fineſt Scholars of this Age, Dr. *Bentley* and Biſhop *Hare*, for ſquabbling, as he expreſſed it, about an old Play-book; meaning, I ſuppoſe, *Terence*'s Comedies. But this Story is unworthy of him; tho' well enough ſuiting the fanatic turn of the wild Writer that relates it; ſuch cenſures are amongſt the follies of men immoderately given over to one Science, and ignorantly undervaluing all the reſt. Thoſe learned Critics might, and perhaps did, laugh in their turn, (tho' ſtill, ſure, with the ſame indecency and indiſcretion) at that incomparable Man, for wearing out a long Life in poring through a Teleſcope. Indeed, the weakneſſes of Such are to be mentioned with reverence. But who can bear, without indignation, the faſhionable cant of every trifling Writer, whoſe inſipidity paſſes, with himſelf, for politeneſs, for pretending to be ſhocked, forſooth, with the rude and ſavage air of *vulgar* Critics; meaning ſuch as *Muretus*, *Scaliger*, *Caſaubon*, *Salmaſius*, *Spanheim*, *Bentley*. When, had it not been for the deathleſs labours of ſuch as theſe, the

the weſtern World, at the revival of Letters, had ſoon faln back again into a ſtate of ignorance and barbarity as deplorable as that from which Providence had juſt redeemed it.

To conclude with an obſervation of a fine Writer and great Philoſopher of our own; which I would gladly bind, tho' with all honour, as a Phylactery, on the Brow of every awful Grammarian, to teach him at once, the *Uſe*, and *Limits* of his art: WORDS ARE THE MONEY OF FOOLS, AND THE COUNTERS OF WISE MEN.

Mr. *POPE's*

PREFACE.

IT is not my design to enter into a Criticism upon this Author; tho' to do it effectually and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just Writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all *English* Poets *Shakespear* must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for Criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of Beauties and Faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a Preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his Works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: A design, which tho' it can be no guide to future Criticks to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristic Excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated

vated above all other Dramatick Writers. Not that this is the proper place of praiſing him, but becauſe I would not omit any occaſion of doing it.

If ever any Author deſerved the name of an *Original*, it was *Shakeſpear*. *Homer* himſelf drew not his art ſo immediately from the fountains of Nature, it proceeded thro' *Ægyptian* ſtrainers and channels, and came to him not without ſome tincture of the learning, or ſome caſt of the models, of thoſe before him. The Poetry of *Shakeſpear* was Inſpiration indeed: he is not ſo much an Imitator, as an Inſtrument, of Nature; and 'tis not ſo juſt to ſay that he ſpeaks from her, as that ſhe ſpeaks thro' him.

His *Characters* are ſo much Nature herſelf, that 'tis a ſort of injury to call them by ſo diſtant a name as Copies of her. Thoſe of other Poets have a conſtant reſemblance, which ſhews that they receiv'd them from one another, and were but multipliers of the ſame image: each picture like a mock-rainbow is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every ſingle character in *Shakeſpear* is as much an Individual, as thoſe in Life it ſelf; it is as impoſſible to find any two alike; and ſuch as from their relation or affinity in any reſpect appear moſt to be twins, will upon compariſon be found remarkably diſtinct. To this life and variety of Character, we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it; which is ſuch throughout his Plays, that had all the Speeches been printed without the very names of the Perſons, I believe one might have apply'd them with certainty to every ſpeaker.

The *Power* over our *Paſſions* was never poſſeſs'd in a more eminent degree, or diſplay'd in ſo different inſtances. Yet all along, there is ſeen no labour, no pains to raiſe them; no preparation to guide our gueſs to the effect, or be perceiv'd to lead toward it: But the heart ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at the proper places: We are ſurpriz'd the moment we weep;

weep; and yet upon reflection find the paſſion ſo juſt, that we ſhou'd be ſurpriz'd if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How aſtoniſhing is it again, that the Paſſions directly oppoſite to theſe, Laughter and Spleen, are no leſs at his command! that he is not more a maſter of the *Great* than of the *Ridiculous* in human nature; of our nobleſt tenderneſſes, than of our vaineſt foibles; of our ſtrongeſt emotions, than of our idleſt ſenſations!

Nor does he only excel in the Paſſions: In the coolneſs of Reflection and Reaſoning he is full as admirable. His *Sentiments* are not only in general the moſt pertinent and judicious upon every ſubject; but by a talent very peculiar, ſomething between Penetration and Felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a Man of no education or experience in thoſe great and publick ſcenes of life which are uſually the ſubject of his thoughts: So that he ſeems to have known the world by Intuition, to have look'd thro' human nature at one glance, and to be the only Author that gives ground for a very new opinion, That the Philoſopher and even the Man of the world, may be *Born*, as well as the Poet.

It muſt be own'd that with all theſe great excellencies, he has almoſt as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, ſo he has perhaps written worſe, than any other. But I think I can in ſome meaſure account for theſe defects, from ſeveral cauſes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that ſo large and ſo enlighten'd a mind could ever have been ſuſceptible of them. That all theſe Contingencies ſhould unite to his diſadvantage ſeems to me almoſt as ſingularly unlucky, as that ſo many va-

rious

rious (nay contrary) Talents ſhould meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It muſt be allowed that Stage-Poetry of all other, is more particularly levell'd to pleaſe the *Populace*, and its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the *Common Suffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if *Shakeſpear*, having at his firſt appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a ſubſiſtence, directed his endeavours ſolely to hit the taſte and humour that then prevailed. The Audience was generally compoſed of the meaner ſort of people; and therefore the Images of Life were to be drawn from thoſe of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our Author's only but almoſt all the old Comedies have their Scene among *Tradeſmen* and *Mechanicks:* And even their Hiſtorical Plays ſtrictly follow the common *Old Stories* or *Vulgar Traditions* of that kind of people. In Tragedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *Surprize* and cauſe *Admiration*, as the moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and conſequently moſt unnatural, Events and Incidents; the moſt exaggerated Thoughts; the moſt verboſe and bombaſt Expreſſion; the moſt pompous Rhymes, and thundering Verſification. In Comedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *Pleaſe*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jeſts of fools and clowns. Yet even in theſe, our Author's Wit buoys up, and is born above his ſubject: his Genius in thoſe low parts is like ſome Prince of a Romance in the diſguiſe of a Shepherd or Peaſant; a certain Greatneſs and Spirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common Audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better ſort piqu'd themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; 'till *Ben Johnſon* getting poſſeſſion of the Stage, brought critical learning into vogue: And that this was not done

e without difficulty, may appear from thoſe fre-
ıt leſſons (and indeed almoſt Declamations) which
vas forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put
the mouth of his Actors, the *Grex*, *Chorus*, &c.
emove the prejudices, and inform the judgment
iis hearers. 'Till then, our Authors had no
ıghts of writing on the model of the Ancients:
r Tragedies were only Hiſtories in Dialogue; and
r Comedies followed the thread of any Novel as
found it, no leſs implicitly than if it had been
Hiſtory.

To judge therefore of *Shakeſpear* by *Ariſtotle*'s
s, is like trying a man by the laws of one Coun-
who acted under thoſe of another. He writ to
People; and writ at firſt without patronage from
better ſort, and therefore without aims of pleaſing
n: without aſſiſtance or advice from the Learned,
ithout the advantage of education or acquaintance
ng them: without that knowledge of the beſt
lels, the Ancients, to inſpire him with an emula-
of them; in a word, without any views of Re-
ation, and of what Poets are pleas'd to call Im-
tality: Some or all of which have encourag'd the
ity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it muſt be obſerv'd, that when his perfor-
ıces had merited the protection of his Prince, and
n the encouragement of the Court had ſucceeded
hat of the Town; the works of his riper years are
ifeſtly raiſed above thoſe of his former. The Dates
iis plays ſufficiently evidence that his productions
roved, in proportion to the reſpect he had for his
itors. And I make no doubt this obſervation
ld be found true in every inſtance, were but Edi-
s extant from which we might learn the exact
e when every piece was compoſed, and whether
for the Town, or the Court.

Another Cauſe (and no leſs ſtrong than the former) may be deduced from our Author's being a *Player*, and forming himſelf firſt upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a Standard to themſelves, upon other principles than thoſe of *Ariſtotle*. As they live by the Majority, they know no rule but that of pleaſing the preſent humour, and complying with the wit in faſhion; a conſideration which brings all their judgment to a ſhort point. Players are juſt ſuch judges of what is *right*, as Taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that moſt of our Author's faults are leſs to be aſcribed to his wrong judgment as a Poet, than to his right judgment as a Player.

By theſe Men it was thought a praiſe to *Shakeſpear*, that he ſcacre ever *blotted a line*. This they induſtriouſly propagated, as appears from what we are told by *Ben Johnſon* in his *Diſcoveries*, and from the preface of *Heminges* and *Condell* to the firſt folio Edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundleſs report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As, the Comedy of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, which he entirely new writ; the *Hiſtory of* Henry *the 6th*, which was firſt publiſhed under the title of the *Contention of* York *and* Lancaſter; and that *of* Henry *the 5th*, extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almoſt as much again as at firſt, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of Learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a Praiſe by ſome, and to this his Errors have as injudiciouſly been aſcribed by others. For 'tis certain, were it true, it could concern but a ſmall part of them; the moſt are ſuch as are not properly Defects, but Superfœtations: and ariſe not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging:

judging: or rather (to be more juſt to our Author) from a compliance to thoſe wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the ſubject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, falſe thoughts, forc'd expreſſions, *&c.* if theſe are not to be aſcrib'd to the foreſaid accidental reaſons, they muſt be charg'd upon the Poet himſelf, and there is no help for it. But I think the two Diſadvantages which I have mention'd (to be obliged to pleaſe the loweſt of people, and to keep the worſt of company) if the conſideration be extended as far as it reaſonably may, will appear ſufficient to miſlead and depreſs the greateſt Genius upon earth. Nay the more modeſty with which ſuch a one is endued, the more he is in danger of ſubmitting and conforming to others, againſt his own better judgment.

But as to his *Want of Learning*, it may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething more: There is certainly a vaſt difference between *Learning and Languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but 'tis plain he had much Reading at leaſt, if they will not call it Learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has Knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taſte of natural Philoſophy, Mechanicks, ancient and modern Hiſtory, Poetical learning and Mythology: We find him very knowing in the cuſtoms, rites, and manners of Antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæſar*, not only the Spirit, but Manners, of the *Romans* are exactly drawn; and ſtill a nicer diſtinction is ſhown, between the manners of the *Romans* in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient Hiſtorians is no leſs conſpicuous, in many references to particular paſſages: and the ſpeeches copy'd from *Plutarch* in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an inſtance of his learning, as thoſe copy'd from *Cicero* in *Catiline*, of *Ben Johnſon*'s. The manners of other nations in ge-

neral, the *Egyptians*, *Venetians*, *French*, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of ſcience, he either ſpeaks of or deſcribes; it is always with competent, if not extenſive knowledge: his deſcriptions are ſtill exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each ſubject. When he treats of Ethic or Politic, we may conſtantly obſerve a wonderful juſtneſs of diſtinction, as well as extent of comprehenſion. No one is more a maſter of the Poetical ſtory, or has more frequent alluſions to the various parts of it: Mr. *Waller* (who has been celebrated for this laſt particular) has not ſhewn more learning this way than *Shakeſpear*. We have Tranſlations from *Ovid* publiſhed in his name, among thoſe Poems which paſs for his, and for ſome of which we have undoubted authority, (being publiſhed by himſelf, and dedicated to his noble Patron the Earl of *Southampton:*) He appears alſo to have been converſant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the *Greek* Authors, and particularly *Dares Phrygius*, in another: (altho' I will not pretend to ſay in what language he read them.) The modern *Italian* writers of *Novels* he was manifeſtly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no leſs converſant with the Ancients of his own country, from the uſe he has made of *Chaucer* in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, and in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, if that Play be his, as there goes a Tradition it was, (and indeed it has little reſemblance of *Fletcher*, and more of our Author than ſome of thoſe which have been received as genuine.)

I am inclined to think, this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the Partizans of our Author and *Ben Johnſon*; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of Parties to be in extremes; and nothing is ſo probable,

bable, as that becauſe *Ben Johnſon* had much the more learning, it was ſaid on the one hand that *Shakeſpear* had none at all; and becauſe *Shakeſpear* had much the moſt wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that *Johnſon* wanted both. Becauſe *Shakeſpear* borrowed nothing, it was ſaid that *Ben Johnſon* borrowed every thing. Becauſe *Johnſon* did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and becauſe *Shakeſpear* wrote with eaſe and rapidity, they cry'd, he never once made a blot. Nay the ſpirit of oppoſition ran ſo high, that whatever thoſe of the one ſide objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into Praiſes; as injudiciouſly, as their antagoniſts before had made them Objections.

Poets are always afraid of Envy; but ſure they have as much reaſon to be afraid of Admiration. They are the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of Authors; thoſe who eſcape one, often fall by the other. *Peſſimum genus inimicorum Laudantes*, ſays *Tacitus*: and *Virgil* deſires to wear a charm againſt thoſe who praiſe a Poet without rule or reaſon.

——*Si ultra placitum laudârit, baccare frontem*
Cingito, ne Vati noceat——

But however this contention might be carried on by the Partizans on either ſide, I cannot help thinking theſe two great Poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms and in offices of ſociety with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that *Ben Johnſon* was introduced upon the Stage, and his firſt works encouraged, by *Shakeſpear*. And after his death, that Author writes *To the memory of his beloved Mr.* William Shakeſpear, which ſhows as if the friendſhip had continued thro' life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *Invidious* or *Sparing* in thoſe verſes, but wonder Mr. *Dryden* was of that opinion. He exalts

him not only above all his Contemporaries, but above *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be rank'd with him; and challenges the names of *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, and *Æſchylus*, nay all *Greece* and *Rome* at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expreſly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *Art*, not enduring that all his excellencies ſhou'd be attributed to *Nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praiſe he gives him in his *Diſcoveries* ſeems to proceed from a *perſonal kindneſs*; he tells us that he lov'd the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honeſty, openneſs, and frankneſs of his temper; and only diſtinguiſhes, as he reaſonably ought, between the real merit of the Author, and the ſilly and derogatory applauſes of the Players. *Ben Johnſon* might indeed be ſparing in his Commendations (tho' certainly he is not ſo in this inſtance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more ſervice in praiſing him juſtly, than laviſhly. I ſay, I would fain believe they were Friends, tho' the violence and ill-breeding of their Followers and Flatterers were enough to give riſe to the contrary report. I would hope that it may be with *Parties*, both in Wit and State, as with thoſe Monſters deſcribed by the Poets; and that their *Heads* at leaſt may have ſomething human, tho' their *Bodies* and *Tails* are wild beaſts and ſerpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave riſe to the opinion of *Shakeſpear*'s want of learning; ſo what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the firſt Publiſhers of his works. In theſe Editions their ignorance ſhines in almoſt every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia*. *Exit omnes*. *Enter three Witches ſolus*. Their *French* is as bad as their *Latin*, both in conſtruction and ſpelling: Their very *Welſh* is falſe. Nothing

Nothing is more likely than that thoſe palpable blunders of *Hector*'s quoting *Ariſtotle*, with others of that groſs kind, ſprung from the ſame root: it not being at all credible that theſe could be the errors of any man who had the leaſt tincture of a School, or the leaſt converſation with ſuch as had. *Ben Johnſon* (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at leaſt to have had *ſome Latin*; which is utterly inconſiſtent with miſtakes like theſe. Nay the conſtant blunders in proper names of perſons and places, are ſuch as muſt have proceeded from a man, who had not ſo much as read any hiſtory, in any language: ſo could not be *Shakeſpear*'s.

I ſhall now lay before the reader ſome of thoſe almoſt innumerable Errors, which have riſen from one ſource, the ignorance of the Players, both as his actors, and as his Editors. When the nature and kinds of theſe are enumerated and conſidered, I dare to ſay that not *Shakeſpear* only, but *Ariſtotle* or *Cicero*, had their works undergone the ſame fate, might have appear'd to want ſenſe as well as learning.

It is not certain that any one of his Plays was publiſhed by himſelf. During the time of his employment in the Theatre, ſeveral of his pieces were printed ſeparately in Quarto. What makes me think that moſt of theſe were not publiſh'd by him, is the exceſſive careleſsneſs of the preſs: every page is ſo ſcandalouſly falſe ſpelled, and almoſt all the learned or unuſual words ſo intolerably mangled, that it's plain there either was no Corrector to the preſs at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were ſuperviſed by himſelf, I ſhould fancy the two parts of *Henry the 4th*, and *Midſummer-Night's Dream* might have been ſo: becauſe I find no other printed with any exactneſs; and (contrary to the reſt) there is very little variation in all the ſubſequent editions of them. There are extant two Prefaces, to the firſt quarto edition of *Troilus* and *Creſſida* in 1609,

and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the firſt was publiſhed without his knowledge or conſent, and even before it was acted, ſo late as ſeven or eight years before he died: and that the latter was not printed 'till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of ſome of theſe, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of traſh different from the other: which I ſhould fancy was occaſion'd by their being taken from different copies, belonging to different Play-houſes.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his, were firſt collected) was publiſhed by two Players, *Heminges* and *Condell*, in 1623, ſeven years after his deceaſe. They declare, that all the other editions were ſtolen and ſurreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all reſpects elſe it is far worſe than the Quarto's.

Firſt, becauſe the additions of trifling and bombaſt paſſages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, ſince thoſe Quarto's, by the actors, or had ſtolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all ſtand charged upon the Author. He himſelf complained of this uſage in *Hamlet*, where he wiſhes that *thoſe who play the Clowns wou'd ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them.* (Act. 3. Sc. 4.) But as a proof that he could not eſcape it, in the old editions of *Romeo* and *Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low ſcenes of Mobs, Plebeians and Clowns, are vaſtly ſhorter than at preſent: And I have ſeen one in particular (which ſeems to have belonged to the play-houſe, by having the parts divided with lines, and the Actors names in the margin)

margin) where ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages were added in a written hand, which are ſince to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages which are extant in the firſt ſingle editions, are omitted in this: as it ſeems without any other reaſon, than their willingneſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes: Theſe men (as it was ſaid of *Procruſtes*) either lopping, or ſtretching an Author, to make him juſt fit for their Stage.

This edition is ſaid to be printed from the *Original Copies*; I believe they meant thoſe which had lain ever ſince the Author's days in the play-houſe, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the Quarto's, was printed (at leaſt partly) from no better copies than the *Prompter*'s *Book*, or *Piecemeal Parts* written out for the uſe of the actors: For in ſome places their very (*a*) names are thro' careleſsneſs ſet down inſtead of the *Perſonæ Dramatis:* And in others the notes of direction to the *Property-men* for their *Moveables*, and to the *Players* for their *Entries*, are inſerted into the Text, thro' the ignorance of the Tranſcribers.

The Plays not having been before ſo much as diſtinguiſh'd by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they play'd them; often where there is no pauſe in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the ſake of Muſick, Maſques, or Monſters.

Sometimes the ſcenes are tranſpoſed and ſhuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwiſe happen, but by their being taken from ſeparate and piece-meal-written parts.

(*a*) Much ado about nothing. *Act* 2. *Enter Prince* Leonato, Claudio, *and* Jack Wilſon, *inſtead of* Balthaſar. *And in Act.* 4. Cowley, *and* Kemp, *conſtantly thro' a whole Scene.* Edit. Fol. of 1623, and 1632.

Many

Many verſes are omitted entirely, and others tranſpoſed; from whence invincible obſcurities have ariſen, paſt the gueſs of any Commentator to clear up, but juſt where the accidental glimpſe of an old edition enlightens us.

Some Characters were confounded and mix'd, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the Quarto edition of *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act 5. *Shakeſpear* introduces a kind of Maſter of the Revels called *Philoſtrate:* all whoſe part is given to another character (that of *Egeus*) in the ſubſequent editions: So alſo in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that the Prompter's Books were what they call'd the Original Copies.

From liberties of this kind, many ſpeeches alſo were put into the mouths of wrong perſons, where the Author now ſeems chargeable with making them ſpeak out of character: Or ſometimes perhaps for no better reaſon, than that a governing Player, to have the mouthing of ſome favourite ſpeech himſelf, would ſnatch it from the unworthy lips of an Underling.

Proſe from verſe they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to ſay ſo much of the Players, I think I ought in juſtice to remark, that the Judgment, as well as Condition, of that claſs of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the beſt Playhouſes were Inns and Taverns (the *Globe*, the *Hope*, the *Red Bull*, the *Fortune*, &c.) ſo the top of the profeſſion were then meer Players, not Gentlemen of the ſtage: They were led into the Buttery by the Steward, not plac'd at the Lord's table, or Lady's toilette: and conſequently were intirely depriv'd of thoſe advantages they now enjoy, in the familiar converſation of our Nobility, and an intimacy (not to ſay dearneſs) with people of the firſt condition.

From

From what has been ſaid, there can be no queſtion but had *Shakeſpear* publiſhed his works himſelf (eſpecially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the ſtage) we ſhould not only be certain which are genuine; but ſhould find in thoſe that are, the errors leſſened by ſome thouſands. If I may judge from all the diſtinguiſhing marks of his ſtyle, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that thoſe wretched plays *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, *Yorkſhire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I ſhould conjecture of ſome of the others, (particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus)* that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occaſion'd ſome Plays to be ſuppoſed *Shakeſpear*'s was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the Theatre while it was under his adminiſtration: and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give Strays to the Lord of the Manor: A miſtake which (one may alſo obſerve) it was not for the intereſt of the Houſe to remove. Yet the Players themſelves, *Heminges* and *Condell*, afterwards did *Shakeſpear* the juſtice to reject thoſe eight plays in their edition; tho' they were then printed in his Name, in every body's hands, and acted with ſome applauſe; (as we learn from what *Ben Johnſon* ſays of *Pericles* in his Ode on the *New Inn.)* That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this claſs I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the ſame Author openly expreſs his contempt of it in the *Induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when *Shakeſpear* was yet living. And there is no better authority for theſe latter ſort, than for the former, which were equally publiſhed in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and paſſages might no longer reflect upon this great Genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in thoſe which are really his, how many faults may have been unjuſtly laid to his account from arbitrary Additions, Expunctions, Tranſpoſitions of ſcenes and lines, confuſion of Characters and Perſons, wrong application of Speeches, corruptions of innumerable Paſſages by the Ignorance, and wrong Corrections of 'em again by the Impertinence, of his firſt Editors? From one or other of theſe conſiderations, I am verily perſuaded, that the greateſt and the groſſeſt part of what are thought his errors would vaniſh, and leave his character in a light very different from that diſadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

This is the ſtate in which *Shakeſpear*'s writings lye at preſent; for ſince the abovementioned Folio Edition, all the reſt have implicitly followed it, without having recourſe to any of the former, or ever making the compariſon between them. It is impoſſible to repair the Injuries already done him; too much time has elaps'd, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingneſs and deſire, than of my ability, to do him juſtice. I have diſcharg'd the dull duty of an Editor, to my beſt judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private ſenſe or conjecture. The method taken in this Edition will ſhow itſelf. The various Readings are fairly put in the margin, ſo that every one may compare 'em; and thoſe I have prefer'd into the Text are conſtantly *ex fide Codicum*, upon authority. The Alterations or Additions which *Shakeſpear* himſelf made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some ſuſpected paſſages which are exceſſively bad, (and which ſeem Interpolations

lations by being ſo inſerted that one can intirely omit them without any chaſm, or deficience in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an Aſterisk referring to the places of their inſertion. The Scenes are mark'd ſo diſtinctly that every removal of place is ſpecify'd; which is more neceſſary in this Author than any other, ſince he ſhifts them more frequently: and ſometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obſcurities. The more obſolete or unuſual words are explained. Some of the moſt ſhining paſſages are diſtinguiſh'd by comma's in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars but in the whole, a ſtar is prefix'd to the ſcene. This ſeems to me a ſhorter and leſs oſtentatious method of performing the better half of Criticiſm (namely the pointing out an Author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine paſſages, with *general Applauſes*, or *empty Exclamations* at the tail of them. There is alſo ſubjoin'd a Catalogue of thoſe firſt Editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected paſſages are authoriſed, (moſt of which are ſuch as carry their own evidence along with them.) Theſe Editions now hold the place of Originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiences or reſtore the corrupted ſenſe of the Author: I can only wiſh that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever publiſhed) may yet be found, by a ſearch more ſucceſsful than mine, for the better accompliſhment of this end.

I will conclude by ſaying of *Shakeſpear*, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *Drama*, one may look upon his works, in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſh'd and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtick piece of *Gothick* Architecture, compar'd with a neat Modern building: The latter is more

elegant

elegant and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allow'd, that in one of theſe there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; tho' we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth Paſſages. Nor does the Whole fail to ſtrike us with greater reverence, tho' many of the Parts are childiſh, ill-plac'd, and unequal to its grandeur.

SOME

SOME

ACCOUNT *of the* LIFE, *&c.*

OF

Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*

Written by Mr. ROWE.

IT ſeems to be a kind of reſpect due to the memory of excellent men, eſpecially of thoſe whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver ſome account of themſelves, as well as their works, to Poſterity. For this reaſon, how fond do we ſee ſome people of diſcovering any little perſonal ſtory of the great men of Antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their ſhape, make, and features have been the ſubject of critical enquiries. How trifling ſoever this Curioſity may ſeem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly ſatisfy'd with an account of any remarkable perſon, till we have heard him deſcrib'd even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an Author may ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his book: And tho'

tho' the Works of Mr. *Shakeſpear* may ſeem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy ſome little account of the man himſelf may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the ſon of Mr. *John Shakeſpear*, and was born at *Stratford* upon *Avon*, in *Warwickſhire*, in *April* 1564. His family, as appears by the Regiſter and publick Writings relating to that Town, were of good figure and faſhion there, and are mention'd as gentlemen. His father, who was a conſiderable dealer in wool, had ſo large a family, ten children in all, that tho' he was his eldeſt ſon, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for ſome time at a Free-ſchool, where 'tis probable he acquired what *Latin* he was maſter of: But the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, and the want of his aſſiſtance at home, forc'd his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controverſy, that in his works we ſcarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the Ancients. The delicacy of his taſte, and the natural bent of his own great *Genius*, (equal, if not ſuperior to ſome of the beſt of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and ſtudy 'em with ſo much pleaſure, that ſome of their fine images would naturally have inſinuated themſelves into, and been mix'd with his own writings; ſo that his not copying at leaſt ſomething from them, may be an argument of his never having read 'em. Whether his ignorance of the Ancients were a diſadvantage to him or no, may admit of a diſpute: For tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctneſs, might have reſtrain'd ſome of that fire, impetuoſity, and even beautiful extravagance which we admire in *Shakeſpear*:

And

And I believe we are better pleas'd with thoſe thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination ſupply'd him ſo abundantly with, than if he had given us the moſt beautiful paſſages out of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets, and that in the moſt agreeable manner that it was poſſible for a maſter of the *Engliſh* language to deliver 'em.

Upon his leaving ſchool, he ſeems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father propos'd to him; and in order to ſettle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the Daughter of one *Hathaway*, ſaid to have been a ſubſtantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of *Stratford*. In this kind of ſettlement he continu'd for ſome time, 'till an extravagance that he was guilty of forc'd him both out of his country and that way of living which he had taken up; and tho' it ſeem'd at firſt to be a blemiſh upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily prov'd the occaſion of exerting one of the greateſt *Genius's* that ever was known in dramatick Poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongſt them, ſome that made a frequent practice of Deer-ſtealing, engag'd him with them more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Cherlecot*, near *Stratford*. For this he was proſecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, ſomewhat too ſeverely; and in order to revenge that ill uſage, he made a ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the firſt eſſay of his Poetry, be loſt, yet it is ſaid to have been ſo very bitter, that it redoubled the Proſecution againſt him to that degree, that he was oblig'd to leave his buſineſs and family in *Warwickſhire*, for ſome time, and ſhelter himſelf in *London*.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is ſaid to have made his firſt acquaintance in the Play-houſe.

houſe. He was receiv'd into the company then in being, at firſt in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the ſtage, ſoon diſtinguiſh'd him, if not as an extraordinary Actor, yet as an excellent Writer. His name is printed, as the cuſtom was in thoſe times, amongſt thoſe of the other Players, before ſome old Plays, but without any particular account of what ſort of parts he us'd to play; and tho' I have enquir'd, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his Performance was the ghoſt in his own *Hamlet*. I ſhould have been much more pleas'd, to have learn'd from ſome certain authority, which was the firſt Play he wrote (*a*); it would be without doubt a pleaſure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to ſee and know what was the firſt eſſay of a fancy like *Shakeſpear*'s. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like thoſe of other authors, among their leaſt perfect writings; art had ſo little, and nature ſo large a ſhare in what he did, that, for ought I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, and had the moſt fire and ſtrength of imagination in 'em, were the beſt. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was ſo looſe and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly ſo great, ſo juſtly and rightly conceiv'd in it ſelf, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approv'd by an impartial judgment at the firſt ſight. But tho' the order of time in which the ſeveral pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are paſſages in ſome few of them which ſeem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the

(a) *The higheſt date of any I can yet find, is* Romeo *and* Juliet *in* 1597, *when the Author was* 33 *years old; and* Richard the 2*d*, *and* 3*d*, *in the next year*, viz. *the* 34*th of his age.*

end

end of the fourth Act of *Henry* V. by a compliment very handſomely turn'd to the Earl of *Eſſex*, ſhews the Play to have been written when that Lord was General for the Queen in *Ireland:* And his Elogy upon Queen *Elizabeth*, and her ſucceſſor King *James*, in the latter end of his *Henry* VIII. is a proof of that Play's being written after the acceſſion of the latter of thoſe two Princes to the crown of *England*. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diverſions of this kind, could not but be highly pleas'd to ſee a *Genius* ariſe amongſt 'em of ſo pleaſurable, ſo rich a vein, and ſo plentifully capable of furniſhing their favourite entertainments. Beſides the advantages of his wit, he was in himſelf a good-natur'd man, of great ſweetneſs in his manners, and a moſt agreeable companion; ſo that it is no wonder if with ſo many good qualities he made himſelf acquainted with the beſt converſations of thoſe times. Queen *Elizabeth* had ſeveral of his Plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: It is that maiden Princeſs plainly, whom he intends by

——*A fair Veſtal, Throned by the Weſt.*
Midſummer-Night's Dream.

And that whole paſſage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handſomely apply'd to her. She was ſo well pleas'd with that admirable character of *Falſtaff*, in the two parts of *Henry* the fourth, that ſhe commanded him to continue it for one Play more, and to ſhew him in love. This is ſaid to be the occaſion of his writing *The Merry Wives of* Windſor. How well ſhe was obey'd, the Play itſelf is an admirable proof. Upon this occaſion it may not be improper to obſerve, that this part of *Falſtaff* is ſaid to

have been written originally under the name of (a) *Old-caſtle*; ſome of that family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made uſe of *Falſtaff*. The preſent offence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the Author may not have been ſomewhat to blame in his ſecond choice, ſince it is certain that Sir *John Falſtaff*, who was a Knight of the garter, and a Lieutenant-general, was a name of diſtinguiſh'd merit in the wars in *France* in *Henry* the fifth's and *Henry* the ſixth's times. What grace ſoever the Queen confer'd upon him, it was not to her only he ow'd the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendſhip from the Earl of *Southampton*, famous in the hiſtories of that time for his friendſhip to the unfortunate Earl of *Eſſex*. It was to that noble Lord that he dedicated his Poem of *Venus* and *Adonis*. There is one inſtance ſo ſingular in the magnificence of this Patron of *Shakeſpear*'s, that if I had not been aſſur'd that the ſtory was handed down by Sir *William D'Avenant*, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I ſhould not have ventur'd to have inſerted, that my Lord *Southampton* at one time gave him a thouſand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchaſe which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almoſt equal to that profuſe generoſity the preſent age has ſhewn to *French* Dancers and *Italian* Singers.

What particular habitude or friendſhips he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true taſte of merit, and could diſtinguiſh men, had generally a juſt value and eſteem for him. His exceeding candor and good-nature muſt certainly have inclin'd all the gentler

(a) *See the Epilogue to* Henry IVth.

part

part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit oblig'd the men of the moſt delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with *Ben Johnſon* began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature; Mr. *Johnſon*, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offer'd one of his Plays to the Players, in order to have it acted; and the perſons into whoſe hands it was put, after having turn'd it careleſly and ſuperciliouſly over, were juſt upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd anſwer, that it would be of no ſervice to their Company; when *Shakeſpear* luckily caſt his eye upon it, and found ſomething ſo well in it as to engage him firſt to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. *Johnſon* and his writings to the publick. *Johnſon* was certainly a very good ſcholar, and in that had the advantage of *Shakeſpear*; tho' at the ſame time I believe it muſt be allow'd, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what Books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occaſion was, I think, very juſt and proper. In a converſation between Sir *John Suckling*, Sir *William D'Avenant*, *Endymion Porter*, Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, and *Ben Johnſon*; Sir *John Suckling*, who was a profeſs'd admirer of *Shakeſpear*, had undertaken his defence againſt *Ben Johnſon* with ſome warmth; Mr. *Hales*, who had ſat ſtill for ſome time, told 'em, *That if Mr.* Shakeſpear *had not read the Ancients, he had likewiſe not ſtolen any thing from 'em; and that if he would produce any one Topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to ſhew ſomething upon the ſame ſubject at leaſt as well written by* Shakeſpear.

The latter part of his life was ſpent, as all men of good ſenſe will wiſh theirs may be, in eaſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an eſtate equal to his occa-

ſion, and, in that, to his wiſh; and is ſaid to have ſpent ſome years before his death at his native *Stratford*. His pleaſurable wit, and good-nature, engag'd him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendſhip of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongſt them, it is a ſtory almoſt ſtill remember'd in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. *Combe*, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury: It happen'd that in a pleaſant converſation amongſt their common friends, Mr. *Combe* told *Shakeſpear* in a laughing manner, that he fancy'd he intended to write his Epitaph, if he happen'd to out-live him; and ſince he could not know what might be ſaid of him when he was dead, he deſir'd it might be done immediately: Upon which *Shakeſpear* gave him theſe four verſes.

Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd:
If any man ask, Who lyes in this tomb?
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

But the ſharpneſs of the Satire is ſaid to have ſtung the man ſo ſeverely, that he never forgave it.

He dy'd in the 53d year of his age, and was bury'd on the north ſide of the chancel, in the great Church at *Stratford*, where a monument, as engrav'd in the plate, is plac'd in the wall. On his Grave-ſtone underneath is,

Good friend, for Jeſus' *ſake forbear*
To dig the duſt incloſed here.
Bleſt be the man that ſpares theſe ſtones,
And curſt be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two liv'd to be marry'd; *Judith*, the elder, to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*, by whom ſhe had three Sons, who all died without children; and *Suſannah*, who was his favourite,

to

to Dr. *John Hall*, a phyſician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was marry'd firſt to *Thomas Naſh*, Eſq; and afterwards to Sir *John Bernard* of *Abbington*, but dy'd likewiſe without iſſue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himſelf or family: The character of the man is beſt ſeen in his writings. But ſince *Ben Johnſon* has made a ſort of an eſſay towards it in his *Diſcoveries*, I will give it in his words.

" I remember the Players have often mention'd it " as an honour to *Shakeſpear*, that in writing (what- " ſoever he penn'd) he never blotted out a line. My " anſwer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thouſand!* " which they thought a malevolent ſpeech. I had " not told poſterity this, but for their ignorance, who " choſe that circumſtance to commend their friend " by, wherein he moſt faulted: and to juſtifie mine " own candour, for I lov'd the man, and do honour " his memory, on this ſide idolatry, as much as any. " He was, indeed, honeſt, and of an open and free " nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and " gentle expreſſions; wherein he flow'd with that fa- " cility, that ſometimes it was neceſſary he ſhould be " ſtopp'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as *Auguſtus* ſaid of " *Haterius*. His wit was in his own power, would " the rule of it had been ſo too. Many times he fell " into thoſe things which could not eſcape laughter; " as when he ſaid in the perſon of *Cæſar*, one ſpeaking " to him,

" Cæſar *thou doſt me wrong.*

" He reply'd:

" Cæſar *did never wrong, but with juſt cauſe.*

" and ſuch like, which were ridiculous. But he re- " deem'd his vices with his virtues: There was ever " more in him to be prais'd than to be pardon'd.

As for the paſſage which he mentions out of *Shakeſpear*, there is ſomewhat like it in *Julius Cæſar*, but without the abſurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have ſeen, as quoted by Mr. *Johnſon*. Beſides his plays in this edition, there are two or three aſcrib'd to him by Mr. *Langbain*, which I have never ſeen, and know nothing of. He writ likewiſe *Venus* and *Adonis*, and *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, in ſtanza's, which have been printed in a late collection of Poems. As to the character given of him by *Ben Johnſon*, there is a good deal true in it: But I believe it may be as well expreſs'd by what *Horace* ſays of the firſt *Romans*, who wrote Tragedy upon the *Greek* models, (or indeed tranſlated 'em) in his epiſtle to *Auguſtus*.

——— *Naturâ ſublimis & acer,*
Nam ſpirat Tragicum ſatis & feliciter Audet,
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitque Lituram.

As I have not propos'd to myſelf to enter into a large and compleat collection upon *Shakeſpear's* Works, ſo I will only take the liberty, with all due ſubmiſſion to the judgment of others, to obſerve ſome of thoſe things I have been pleas'd with in looking him over.

His Plays are properly to be diſtinguiſh'd only into Comedies and Tragedies. Thoſe which are call'd Hiſtories, and even ſome of his Comedies are really Tragedies, with a run or mixture of Comedy amongſt 'em. That way of Tragi-comedy was the common miſtake of that age, and is indeed become ſo agreeable to the *Engliſh* taſte, that tho' the ſeverer Critics among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences ſeem to be better pleas'd with it than with an exact Tragedy. The *Merry Wives of* Windſor, the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure Comedy; the reſt, however they are call'd, have ſomething of both kinds. 'Tis not very eaſy

to

to determine which way of writing he was moſt excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and tho' they did not then ſtrike at all ranks of people, as the Satire of the preſent age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleaſing and a well-diſtinguiſh'd variety in thoſe characters which he thought fit to meddle with. *Falſtaff* is allow'd by every body to be a maſter-piece; the Character is always well-ſuſtain'd, tho' drawn out into the length of three Plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. *Quickly*, in the firſt act of *Henry* V. tho it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that tho' he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in ſhort every way vicious, yet he has given him ſo much wit as to make him almoſt too agreeable; and I don't know whether ſome people have not, in remembrance of the diverſion he had formerly afforded 'em, been ſorry to ſee his friend *Hal* uſe him ſo ſcurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of the ſecond part of *Henry* the fourth. Amongſt other extravagancies, in the *Merry Wives of* Windſor, he has made him a Deer-ſtealer, that he might at the ſame time remember his *Warwickſhire* proſecutor, under the name of Juſtice *Shallow*; he has given him very near the ſame coat of arms which *Dugdale*, in his antiquities of that county, deſcribes for a family there, and makes the *Welſh* parſon deſcant very pleaſantly upon 'em. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well oppos'd; the main deſign, which is to cure *Ford* of his unreaſonable jealouſy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is ſomething ſingularly ridiculous and pleaſant in the fantaſtical ſteward *Malvolio*. The paraſite and the vain-glorious in *Parolles*, in *All's well that Ends well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus*

or *Terence*. *Petruchio*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The converſation of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, in *Much ado about Nothing*, and of *Roſalind* in *As you like it*, have much wit and ſprightlineſs all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: And, I believe, *Therſites* in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, and *Apemantus* in *Timon*, will be allow'd to be maſter-pieces of ill-nature, and ſatyrical ſnarling. To theſe I might add, that incomparable character of *Shylock* the *Jew*, in the *Merchant of Venice*; but tho' we have ſeen that play receiv'd and acted as a comedy, and the part of the *Jew* perform'd by an excellent Comedian, yet I cannot but think it was deſigned tragically by the Author. There appears in it a deadly ſpirit of revenge, ſuch a ſavage fierceneſs and fellneſs, and ſuch a bloody deſignation of cruelty and miſchief, as cannot agree either with the ſtyle or characters of Comedy. The play itſelf, take it altogether, ſeems to me to be one of the moſt finiſh'd of any of *Shakeſpear*'s. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unuſual kind of bond given by *Antonio*, is too much remov'd from the rules of probability: But taking the fact for granted, we muſt allow it to be very beautifully written. There is ſomething in the friendſhip of *Antonio* to *Baſſanio* very great, generous and tender. The whole fourth act (ſuppoſing, as I ſaid, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two paſſages that deſerve a particular notice. The firſt is, what *Portia* ſays in praiſe of mercy, and the other on the power of muſick. The melancholy of *Jaques*, in *As you like it*, is as ſingular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what *Horace* ſays,

Difficile eſt proprie communia dicere,

'twill

'twill be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the deſcription of the ſeveral degrees and ages of man's life, though the Thought be old, and common enough.

——*All the world is a Stage,*
And all the men and women meerly Players;
They have their Exits and their Entrances,
And one man in his time plays many Parts,
His Acts being ſeven ages. Firſt the Infant
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms:
And then, the whining School-boy with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the Lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his Miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a Soldier
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the Juſtice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd Pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful Hiſtory,
Is ſecond Childiſhneſs and meer oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.
Vol. 2. p. 203.

His Images are indeed every where ſo lively, that the thing he would repreſent ſtands full before you, and

and you poſſeſs every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as ſtrong and as uncommon as any thing I ever ſaw; 'tis an image of Patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he ſays,

> — *She never told her love,*
> *But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,*
> *Feed on her damask cheek: She pin'd in thought,*
> *And ſat like* Patience *on a monument,*
> *Smiling at* Grief.

What an Image is here given! and what a task would it have been for the greateſt maſters of *Greece* and *Rome* to have expreſs'd the paſſions deſign'd by this ſketch of Statuary! The ſtyle of his Comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and eaſy in itſelf; and the wit moſt commonly ſprightly and pleaſing, except in thoſe places where he runs into doggril rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and ſome other plays. As for his jingling ſometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he liv'd in: And if we find it in the pulpit, made uſe of as an ornament to the Sermons of ſome of the graveſt Divines of thoſe times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the Stage.

But certainly the greatneſs of this Author's genius do's no where ſo much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire looſe, and raiſes his fancy to a flight above mankind and the limits of the viſible world. Such are his attempts in *The Tempeſt*, *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, *Mackbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of theſe, *The Tempeſt*, however it comes to be plac'd the firſt by the Publiſhers of his works, can never have been the firſt written by him: It ſeems to me as perfect in its kind, as almoſt any thing we have of his. One may obſerve, that the Unities are kept here, with an exactneſs uncommon to the liberties of his writing: tho'

tho' that was what, I ſuppoſe, he valu'd himſelf leaſt upon, ſince his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very ſenſible that he do's, in this play, depart too much from that likeneſs to truth which ought to be obſerv'd in theſe ſort of writings; yet he does it ſo very finely, that one is eaſily drawn in to have more faith for his ſake, than reaſon does well allow of. His Magick has ſomething in it very ſolemn and very poetical: And that extravagant character of *Caliban* is mighty well ſuſtain'd, ſhews a wonderful invention in the Author, who could ſtrike out ſuch a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the fineſt and moſt uncommon Groteſques that was ever ſeen. The Obſervation, which I have been inform'd (*a*) three very great men concurr'd in making upon this part, was extremely juſt; *That* Shakeſpear *had not only found out a new Character in his* Caliban, *but had alſo devis'd and adapted a new manner of Language for that Character.*

It is the ſame magick that raiſes the Fairies in *Midſummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Mackbeth*, and the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language ſo proper to the parts they ſuſtain, and ſo peculiar to the talent of this Writer. But of the two laſt of theſe Plays I ſhall have occaſion to take notice, among the Tragedies of Mr. *Shakeſpear*. If one undertook to examine the greateſt part of theſe by thoſe rules whch are eſtabliſh'd by *Ariſtotle*, and taken from the model of the *Grecian* Stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults: But as *Shakeſpear* liv'd under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of thoſe written precepts, ſo it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to conſider him as a man that liv'd in a ſtate of almoſt univerſal licenſe and ignorance: there was no eſtabliſh'd judge

(a) *Lord* Falkland, *Lord C. J.* Vaughan, *and Mr.* Selden.

judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one conſiders, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the preſent Stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he ſhould advance dramatick Poetry ſo far as he did. The Fable is what is generally plac'd the firſt, among thoſe that are reckon'd the conſtituent parts of a Tragick or Heroick Poem; not, perhaps, as it is the moſt difficult or beautiful, but as it is the firſt properly to be thought of in the contrivance and courſe of the whole; and with the Fable ought to be conſider'd, the fit Diſpoſition, Order and Conduct of its ſeveral parts. As it is not in this province of the *Drama* that the ſtrength and maſtery of *Shakeſpear* lay, ſo I ſhall not undertake the tedious and ill-natur'd trouble to point out the ſeveral faults he was guilty of in it. His Tales were ſeldom invented, but rather taken either from true Hiſtory, or Novels and Romances: And he commonly made uſe of 'em in that order, with thoſe Incidents, and that extent of time in which he found 'em in the Authors from whence he borrow'd them. Almoſt all his hiſtorical Plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and diſtinct places: And in his *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, the Scene travels over the greateſt part of the *Roman* Empire. But in recompence for his careleſsneſs in this point, when he comes to another part of the *Drama*, *The Manners of his Characters, in acting or ſpeaking what is proper for them, and fit to be ſhown by the Poet*, he may be generally juſtify'd, and in very many places greatly commended. For thoſe Plays which he has taken from the *Engliſh* or *Roman* hiſtory, let any man compare 'em, and he will find the character as exact in the Poet as the Hiſtorian. He ſeems indeed ſo far from propoſing to himſelf any one action for a Subject, that the Title very often tells you, 'tis

The

The Life of King John, *King* Richard, *&c.* What can be more agreeable to the idea our hiſtorians give of *Henry* the ſixth, than the picture *Shakeſpear* has drawn of him! His Manners are every where exactly the ſame with the ſtory; one finds him ſtill deſcrib'd with ſimplicity, paſſive ſanctity, want of courage, weakneſs of mind, and eaſy ſubmiſſion to the governance of an imperious Wife, or prevailing Faction: Tho' at the ſame time the Poet does juſtice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by ſhewing him pious, diſintereſted, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly reſign'd to the ſevereſt diſpenſations of God's providence. There is a ſhort Scene in the ſecond part of *Henry* VI. which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had murder'd the Duke of *Glouceſter*, is ſhewn in the laſt agonies on his death-bed, with the good King praying over him. There is ſo much terror in one, ſo much tenderneſs and moving piety in the other, as muſt touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry* VIII, that Prince is drawn with that greatneſs of mind, and all thoſe good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not ſhewn in an equal degree, and the ſhades in this picture do not bear a juſt proportion to the lights, it is not that the Artiſt wanted either colours or skill in the diſpoſition of 'em; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to Queen *Elizabeth*, ſince it could have been no very great reſpect to the memory of his Miſtreſs, to have expos'd ſome certain parts of her father's life upon the ſtage. He has dealt much more freely with the Miniſter of that great King, and certainly nothing was ever more juſtly written, than the character of Cardinal *Wolſey*. He has ſhewn him inſolent in his proſperity; and yet, by a wonderful addreſs, he makes his fall and ruin the ſubject of general

general compaſſion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly deſcrib'd in the ſecond ſcene of the fourth act. The diſtreſſes likewiſe of Queen *Catharine*, in this Play, are very movingly touch'd; and tho' the art of the Poet has ſcreen'd King *Henry* from any groſs imputation of injuſtice, yet one is inclin'd to wiſh, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the Manners, proper to the perſons repreſented, leſs juſtly obſerv'd, in thoſe characters taken from the *Roman* Hiſtory; and of this, the fierceneſs and impatience of *Coriolanus*, his courage and diſdain of the common people, the virtue and philoſophical temper of *Brutus*, and the irregular greatneſs of mind in *M. Antony*, are beautiful proofs. For the two laſt eſpecially, you find 'em exactly as they are deſcrib'd by *Plutarch*, from whom certainly *Shakeſpear* copy'd 'em. He has indeed follow'd his original pretty cloſe, and taken in ſeveral little incidents that might have been ſpar'd in a Play. But, as I hinted before, his deſign ſeems moſt commonly rather to deſcribe thoſe great men in the ſeveral fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any ſingle great action, and form his work ſimply upon that. However, there are ſome of his pieces, where the Fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more eſpecially, *Romeo* and *Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The deſign in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, is plainly the puniſhment of their two families, for the unreaſonable feuds and animoſities that had been ſo long kept up between 'em, and occaſion'd the effuſion of ſo much blood. In the management of this ſtory, he has ſhewn ſomething wonderfully tender and paſſionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the diſtreſs. *Hamlet* is founded on much the ſame Tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of 'em a young Prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally

equally guilty, are both concern'd in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the firſt part of the *Greek* Tragedy, ſomething very moving in the grief of *Electra*; but as Mr. *Dacier* has obſerv'd, there is ſomething very unnatural and ſhocking in the Manners he has given that Princeſs and *Oreſtes* in the latter part. *Oreſtes* embrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is perform'd, tho' not immediately upon the ſtage, yet ſo near, that the audience hear *Clytemneſtra* crying out to *Ægyſthus* for help, and to her ſon for mercy: While *Electra* her daughter, and a Princeſs (both of them characters that ought to have appear'd with more decency) ſtands upon the ſtage and encourages her brother in the Parricide. What horror does this not raiſe! *Clytemneſtra* was a wicked woman, and had deſerv'd to die; nay, in the truth of the ſtory, ſhe was kill'd by her own ſon; but to repreſent an action of this kind on the ſtage, is certainly an offence againſt thoſe rules of manners proper to the perſons, that ought to be obſerv'd there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of *Shakeſpear*. *Hamlet* is repreſented with the ſame piety towards his father, and reſolution to revenge his death, as *Oreſtes*; he has the ſame abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heighten'd by inceſt: But 'tis with wonderful art and juſtneſs of judgment, that the Poet reſtrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghoſt forbid that part of his vengeance.

But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this Act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother ought; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her.

This

This is to diſtinguiſh rightly between *Horror* and *Terror*. The latter is a proper paſſion of Tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick Writer ever ſucceeded better in raiſing *Terror* in the minds of an audience than *Shakeſpear* has done. The whole Tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more eſpecially the ſcene where the King is murder'd, in the ſecond act, as well as this Play, is a noble proof of that manly ſpirit with which he writ; and both ſhew how powerful he was, in giving the ſtrongeſt motions to our ſouls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have ſeen this Maſter-piece of *Shakeſpear* diſtinguiſh itſelf upon the ſtage, by Mr. *Betterton*'s fine performance of that part. A man, who tho' he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, muſt have made his way into the eſteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with *Shakeſpear*'s manner of expreſſion, and indeed he has ſtudy'd him ſo well, and is ſo much a maſter of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpoſe for him, and that the Author had exactly conceiv'd it as he plays it. I muſt own a particular obligation to him, for the moſt conſiderable part of the paſſages relating to this life, which I have here tranſmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of *Shakeſpear* having engaged him to make a journey into *Warwickſhire*, on purpoſe to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had ſo great a veneration.

The following Inſtrument was tranſmitted to us by John Anſtis, *Eſq*; Garter *King at Arms: It is mark'd*, G. 13. P. 349.

[*There is alſo a Manuſcript in the Heralds Office, mark'd* W. 2. p. 276; *where notice is taken of this Coat, and that the Perſon to whom it was granted, had born Magiſtracy at* Stratford *upon* Avon.]

TO all and ſingular Noble and Gentlemen of all Eſtates and Degrees, bearing Arms, to whom theſe Preſents ſhall come; *William Dethick*, Garter Principal King of Arms of *England*, and *William Camden*, alias *Clarencieulx*, King of Arms for the South, Eaſt, and Weſt Parts of this Realm, ſend Greetings. Know ye, that in all Nations and Kingdoms the Record and Remembrance of the valiant Facts and virtuous Diſpoſitions of worthy Men have been made known and divulged by certain Shields of Arms and tokens of Chivalrie; the Grant or Teſtimony whereof apperteineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the Queen's moſt Excellent Majeſty, and her Highneſs's moſt noble and victorious Progenitors: Wherefore being ſollicited, and by credible Report informed, that *John Shakeſpere*, now of *Stratford* upon *Avon* in the County of *Warwick*, Gentleman, whoſe Great Grandfather for his faithful and approved Service to the late moſt prudent Prince, King *Henry* VII. of famous Memory, was advanced and rewarded with Lands and Tenements, given to him in thoſe Parts of *Warwickſhire*, where they have continued by ſome Deſcents in good Reputation and Credit; And for that the ſaid *John Shakeſpere* having married the Daughter and one of the Heirs of *Robert Arden* of

Wellingcote in the ſaid County, and alſo produced this his ancient Coat of Arms, heretofore aſſigned to him whilſt he was her Majeſty's Officer and Bailiff of that Town. In conſideration of the Premiſes, and for the Encouragement of his Poſterity, unto whom ſuch Blazon of Arms and Atchievements of Inheritance from their ſaid Mother, by the ancient Cuſtom and Laws of Arms, may lawfully deſcend; We the ſaid *Garter* and *Clarencieulx* have aſſigned, granted, and confirmed, and by theſe Preſents exemplified unto the ſaid *John Shakeſpere*, and to his Poſterity, that Shield and Coat of Arms, *viz. In a Field of Gold upon a Bend Sables a Spear of the firſt, the Point upward, headed Argent*; and for his Creſt or Cogniſance, *A Falcon, Or, with his Wings diſplayed, ſtanding on a Wreathe of his Colours, ſupporting a Spear armed headed, or ſteeled Silver*, fixed upon an Helmet with Mantles and Taſſels, as more plainly may appear depicted in this Margent; And we have likewiſe impaled the ſame with the ancient Arms of the ſaid *Arden* of *Wellingcote*; ſignifying thereby, that it may and ſhall be lawful for the ſaid *John Shakeſpere*, Gent. to bear and uſe the ſame Shield of Arms, ſingle or impaled, as aforeſaid, during his natural Life; and that it ſhall be lawful for his Children, Iſſue, and Poſterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, uſe, and quarter, and ſhew forth the ſame, with their due Differences, in all lawful warlike Feats and civil Uſe or Exerciſes, according to the Laws of Arms, and Cuſtom that to Gentlemen belongeth, without Let or Interruption of any Perſon or Perſons, for uſe or bearing the ſame. In Witneſs and Teſtimony whereof we have ſubſcribed our Names, and faſtned the Seals of our Offices. Given at the Office of Arms, *London*, the Day of in the Forty ſecond Year of the Reign of our moſt Gracious Sovereign Lady *Elizabeth*, by the Grace of God, Queen of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, *&c.* 1599.

TO

TO THE

MEMORY of my beloved the AUTHOR,

Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR,*

And what he hath left us.

TO *draw no envy* (Shakeſpear) *on thy* Name,
Am I thus ample to thy Book, *and* Fame:
While I confeſs thy writings *to be ſuch,*
As neither Man, *nor* Muſe *can praiſe too much.*
'Tis true, and all mens ſuffrage. But theſe wayes
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praiſe:
For ſeelieſt Ignorance *on theſe may light,*
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but ecchoes *right;*
Or blind Affection, *which doth ne'er advance*
The truth, *but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;*
Or crafty Malice *might pretend this praiſe,*
And think to ruine, where it ſeem'd to raiſe.
Theſe are, as ſome infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praiſe a Matron. *What could hurt her more?*
But thou art proof againſt them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune *of them, or the* need.
I therefore will begin, Soul *of the* Age!
The applauſe! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakeſpear *riſe; I will not lodge thee by*
Chaucer, *or* Spenſer, *or bid* Beaumont *lye*
A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a Monument *without a* Tomb,
And art alive ſtill, while thy Book *doth live,*
And we have wits to read, and praiſe to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuſes;
I mean with great, but diſproportion'd Muſes:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy Peers,

And tell how far thou didſt our Lily *out-ſhine,*
Or ſporting Kid, *or* Marlow*'s mighty Line.*
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latin *and leſs* Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æſchylus,
Euripides, *and* Sophocles *to us,*
Pacuvius, Accius, *him of* Cordova *dead,*
To live again, to hear thy Buskin *tread,*
And ſhake a Stage*: Or, when thy* Socks *were on,*
Leave thee alone for the compariſon
Of all, that inſolent Greece, *or haughty* Rome
Sent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my Britain, *thou haſt one to ſhow,*
To whom all Scenes *of* Europe *homage owe.*
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muſes, *ſtill were in their prime,*
When like Apollo *he came forth to warm*
Our ears, or like a Mercury *to charm!*
Nature *herſelf was proud of his* deſignes,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his Lines!
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and woven ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, *tart* Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, *witty* Plautus, *now not pleaſe;*
But antiquated, and deſerted lye,
As they were not of Nature*'s family.*
Yet muſt I not give Nature *all: Thy* Art,
My gentle Shakeſpear, *muſt enjoy a part.*
For tho' the Poet*'s matter* Nature *be,*
His Art *doth give the* Faſhion. *And, that he*
Who caſts to write a living line, *muſt ſweat,*
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike the ſecond heat
Upon the Muſes *Anvile; turn the ſame,*
(And himſelf with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the Lawrel, he may gain a ſcorn,
For a good Poet*'s* made, *as well as* born.
And ſuch wert thou. Look how the Father's face
Lives in his Iſſue, even ſo the race

Of Shakeſpear's *mind and manners brightly ſhines*
In his well torned, and true filed lines:
In each of which he ſeems to ſhake a Lance,
As brandiſh'd at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan *of* Avon! *what a ſight it were*
To ſee thee in our water yet appear,
And make thoſe flights upon the Banks of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza, *and our* James!
But ſtay, I ſee thee in the Hemiſphere
Advanc'd, and made a Conſtellation *there!*
Shine forth, thou Starre *of* Poets, *and with rage,*
Or influence, chide, or chear the drooping Stage,
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpairs day, but for thy Volume's *light.*

BEN. JOHNSON.

A

TABLE

OF THE

Several Editions of *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, whether ſeparate or together, made uſe of, and collated for this Edition by Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Warburton*.

MR. *William Shakeſpear*'s Comedies, Hiſtories and Tragedies, publiſh'd according to the Original Copies. the firſt Edition in Folio, 1623.

The ſecond Impreſſion in Folio, of 1632.

The Third Impreſſion in Folio, of 1664.

A Midſummer Night's dreame. As it hath been ſundry Times publikely acted, by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. Imprinted at *London* for *Thomas Fiſher*, and are to be ſoulde at his Shoppe at the Signe of the White Hart in Fleetſtreete, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The ſame. Printed by *James Roberts*, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

A moſt pleaſaunt and excellent conceited Comedie of Syr *John Falſtaffe*, and the merry Wives of *Windſor*. Entermixed with ſundrie variable and pleaſing humors of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Juſtice

TABLE.

Juſtice *Shallow*, and his wife Couſin M. *Slender*. With the ſwaggering Vaine of Auncient *Piſtoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. By *William Shakeſpeare*. As it hath bene divers times acted by the right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's Servants: both before her Majeſtie, and elſewhere. *London:* Printed by *T. C.* for *Arthur Johnſon*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Powles Churchyard at the Signe of the Flower de Leuſe and the Crowne, 1602. (*Quarto.*)

A moſt pleaſant and excellent conceited Comedy of Sir *John Falſtaffe*, and the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, with the ſwaggering Vain of Ancient *Piſtol* and Corporal *Nym*. printed for *Arthur Johnſon*, 1619, Quarto.

The Merry Wives of *Windſor*. With the Humours of Sir *John Falſtaffe*; as alſo the ſwaggering Vaine of Ancient *Piſtoll*, and Corporal *Nym*. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*, newly corrected. *London:* Printed by *T. H.* for *R. Meighen*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, next to the *Middle Temple* Gate, and in St. *Dunſtan*'s Churchyard in *Fleetſtreet*, 1630. (*Quarto.*)

Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been ſundrie times publickly acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London:* Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe* and *William Aſpley*, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The excellent Hiſtory of the *Merchant of Venice*, with the extream Cruelty of *Shylock* the *Jew* toward the ſaid Merchant, in cutting a juſt Pound of his Fleſh, and the obtaining of *Portia* by the choice of three Caskets. Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600, Quarto.

Another Edition of the ſame, printed by *J. R.* for *Tho. Heyes*, in the ſame Year (the 36th of his Age.)

TABLE.

The excellent Hiſtory of the Merchant of *Venice*. With the extream Cruelty of *Shylock* the Jew; and the obtaining of *Portia* by the Choice of three Caskets As it hath been ſundry times publikely acted by the King's Majeſties Servants at the Globe. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London:* printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtans* Churchyard in *Fleet-ſtreet*, under the Dyall, 1637. (*Quarto.*)

A pleaſant conceited Comedy called *Loves Labour loſt*, as it was preſented before her Highneſs this laſt *Chriſtmas*, newly corrected and augmented by *William Shakeſpear*. Imprinted at *London* by *W. W.* for *Cuthert Burley*, 1598.

Love's Labour's loſt. A wittie and pleaſant Comedie; as it was acted by his Majeſties Servants at the *Black-Friers* and the *Globe*. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London:* Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtones* Churchyard under the Diall, 1631. (*Quarto.*)

A pleaſant conceited Hiſtory called *The Taming of a Shrew*, as it hath been ſundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of *Pembroke* his Servants. Printed at *London* by *V. S.* for *Nich. Ling*, 1607. There is ſcarce a line of this the ſame with the preſent Play, yet the Plot and Scenary ſcarce differ at all from it. I ſhou'd think it not written by *Shakeſpear*; but there are ſome Speeches (in one or two Scenes only) the ſame: And we have there the concluſion of the Play, which is manifeſtly wanting in all the ſubſequent Editions, as well as the latter part of the laſt Act, manifeſtly better, and clear of that impertinent Prolixity which is in the common Editions.

TABLE.

A witty and pleaſant Comedie called, *The Taming of the Shrew.* As it was acted by his Majeſties Servants at the *Blacke-Friers* and the *Globe.* Written by *Will. Shakeſpeare. London:* Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtones* Churchyard under the Diall, 1631. (*Quarto.*)

Mr. *William Shakeſpear* his true Cronicle Hiſtory of the Life and Death of King *Lear* and his three Daughters, with the unfortunate Life of *Edgar* Son and Heir to the Earl of *Glouceſter*, and his ſullen and aſſumed humour of *Tom a Bedlam.* As it was play'd before the King's Majeſty at *Whitehall* upon St. *Stephens* Night in *Chriſtmas* Holydays. By His Majeſty's Servants playing uſually at the *Globe* on the *Bankſide.* Printed for *Nath. Butler*, 1608.

Mr. *William Shakeſpeare*, his true Chronicle Hiſtory of the Life and Death of King *Lear* and his *three Daughters.* With the Unfortunate Life of *Edgar*, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Gloceſter*, and his ſullen aſſumed humour of *Tom* of *Bedlam.* As it was plaid before the King's Majeſty at *Whit-hall* upon S. *Stephens* night, in *Chriſtmas* Hollidaies. By his Majeſties Servants, playing uſually at the Globe on the *Bank-ſide. London*, Printed by *Jane Bell*, and are to be ſold at the Eaſt-end of *Chriſt-church*, 1655. (*Quarto.*)

The firſt Part of the troubleſome Reign of *John* King of *England*, with the Diſcovery of *Richard Cordelion*'s Baſe Son, vulgarly call'd the Baſtard *Fawconbridge.* Alſo the Death of King *John* at *Swinſtead*-Abbey; as it was ſundry times publiquely acted by the Queen's Majeſty's Players in the honourable Citty of *London.* Imprinted at *London* for *Sampſon Clarke*, ſold at his Shop the Back-ſide of the Royal Exchange, 1591. (*Quarto.*)

The

TABLE.

The ſecond Part of the troubleſome Reign of *John* King of *England*, conteyning the Death of *Arthur Plantagenet*, the landing of *Lewis*, and the poyſoning of King *John* at *Swinſtead*-Abbey. As it was &c. Imprinted &c. 1591. (*Quarto.*)

The firſt and ſecond Part of the troubleſome Raigne of *John* King of *England*. With the diſcoverie of King *Richard Cordelion*'s Baſe Sonne (vulgarly named, the Baſtard *Fawconbridge*:) alſo, the Death of King *John* at *Swinſtead*-Abbey. As they were (ſundry times) lately acted by the Queenes Majeſties Players. Written by *W. Sh.* Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes* for *John Helme*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtons* Churchyard in *Fleeteſtreet*, 1611. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. As they were (ſundry times) lately acted. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare. London*, Printed by *Aug. Mathewes* for *Thomas Dewe*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtones* Churchyard in *Fleeteſtreet*, 1622. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragedy of King *Richard the Second*, as it hath been publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. By *William Shakeſpear*. Printed by *Valentine Simms* for *Andrew Wiſe*, 1598. (the 34th Year of *Shakeſpear*'s Age.)

The Same, with new Additions, of the Parliament Scene, and the depoſing of King *Richard*. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majeſty's Servants at the *Globe*. By *W. Shakeſpear*. Printed by *W. W.* for *Matthew Law*, 1608, and again 1615.

The Life and Death of King *Richard* the Second. With new Additions of the *Parliament Scene*, and the Depoſing of King *Richard*. As it hath beene acted by the King's Majeſties Servants, at the *Globe*.

By

TABLE.

By *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. (*Quarto.*)

The Hiſtory of *Henry the 4th*, with the Battle at *Shrewsbury*, between the King and Lord *Henry Piercy*, Sirnamed *Henry Hotſpur* of the *North*. With the humourous Conceits of Sir *John Falſtaffe*. newly corrected by *William Shakeſpear*. Printed by *P. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe*, 1599, Quarto. his 35th Year.

The Same. Printed in 1604.

The Same. Printed for *Matthew Law*, *&c.* in 1608, Quarto.

The Same. *London*, Printed by *T. P.* and are to be ſold by *Mathew Lawe*, dwelling in *Pauls* Church-yard, at the Sign of the *Foxe* neere S. *Auſtine*'s Gate, 1622. (*Quarto.*)

The Hiſtorie of *Henry* the Fourth: With the Battel at *Shrewsbury*, betweene the King and Lord *Henry Percy*, ſurnamed *Henry Hotſpur* of the *North*. With the humorous Conceits of Sir *John Falſtaffe*. Newly corrected, by *William Shake-ſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be ſold by *Hugh Perry*, at his Shop next to Ivie-bridge in the Strand, 1639. (*Quarto.*)

The *Second Part* of *Henry the 4th*, containing to his Death and Coronation of *Henry* the 5th. With the Humours of Sir *John Falſtaffe* and ſwaggering *Piſtol*. As it hath been ſundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpear*. Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe* and *William Aſpley*, 1600, Quarto, (the 36th Year of his Age.)

The Cronicle Hiſtory of *Henry the 5th*, with his Battle fought at *Agincourt* in *France*. Together with Ancient *Piſtol*. As it hath been ſundry times played

played by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain's Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede* for *Tho. Millington*, 1600.

Another, Printed for *T. P.* 1608, Quarto. Theſe Editions are ſhort in many Scenes and Speeches, and want the Chorus's; which (with many other noble Improvements) were ſince added by the Author, not above 8 Years before his Death. This was one of the laſt Plays he finiſh'd, a conſiderable time after *Henry* the 6th had been written and acted. See the Epilogue of *Henry* 5th.

Henry the 6th, firſt Printed under this Title. The whole Contention between the two famous Houſes, *Lancaſter* and *York*: With the Tragical Ends of the good Duke *Humphry*, *Richard* Duke of *York*, and King *Henry* the Sixth: divided into two parts, and newly corrected and inlarged. Written by *W. Shakeſpear*, Gent. Printed at *London* for *T. P.* (without a date) Quarto.

This was the firſt Sketch only of the preſent ſecond and third Parts of *Henry* the Sixth; which were ſince greatly inlarged, and the Poetry improved; the Scenary was much the ſame as at preſent.

Since Printed under the ſame Title by *W. W.* for *Tho. Millington*, with the true Tragedy of *Richard* D. of *York*, and the Death of good King *Henry* the 6th, acted by the Earl of *Pembroke* his Servants. 1600.

The Tragedy of King *Richard* the Third. Containing his treacherous Plots againſt his Brother *Clarence*: the pittiefull Murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Uſurpation: with the whole Courſe of his deteſted Life, and moſt deſerved Death. As it hath beene lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, at *London*. Printed by *Valentine Sims*, for *Andrew*

TABLE.

Andrew Wiſe, dwelling in *Paule*'s Church-yard, at the Signe of the Angell, 1597. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. By *W. Shakeſpeare*, Printed by *Tho. Creed*, for *Andrew Wiſe*, 1598. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Newly augmented, by *William Shakeſpeare. London*, Printed by *Thomas Creede*, &c. 1602. (*Quarto.*)

The Same in 1612.

The Tragedie of King *Richard* the Third. Contayning his treacherous Plots againſt his Brother *Clarence:* The pittifull Murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Uſurpation: with the whole Courſe of his deteſted Life, and moſt deſerved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majeſties Servants. Newly augmented. By *William Shakeſpeare. London*, Printed by *Thomas Purfoot*, and are to be ſold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling in *Pauls* Churchyard at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere St. *Auſtine*'s Gate, 1624. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be ſold by *Mathew Law*, &c. 1629. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. (*Quarto.*)

The moſt lamentable Tragedy of *Titus Andronicus.* As it hath been ſundry times play'd by the King's Majeſty's Servants. Printed for *Edw. White*, 1611. It appears from *B. Johnſon*'s *Induction to Barthol. Fair*, that this Play was of 25 Years ſtanding, in the Year 1614, ſo that if it was *Shakeſpear*'s, it muſt have been writ in the 25th Year of his Age.

The famous Hiſtory of *Troilus and Creſſeida*, excellently expreſſing the beginning of their Loves, with the conceited wooing of *Pandarus* Prince of *Lycia.* Written by *Will. Shakeſpear.* Imprinted by *G. Eld*, for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, 1609, Quarto, with a Preface of the Publiſher. (This was 8 Years before his Death.)

The

TABLE.

The Same, as it was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the *Globe*. Printed by the same.

An excellent conceited Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*. As it hath been often with great Applause play'd publickly, by the Right Honourable the Lord of *Hunsdon* his Servants. *London*, Printed by *John Danter*, 1597, Quarto.

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, newly corrected, augmented, and amended. As it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain his Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede*, for *Cuthbert Burby*, 1599, Quarto.

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. As it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the Kings Majesties Servants at the *Globe*. Written by *W. Shake-speare*. Newly corrected, augmented and amended. *London*, printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be sold at his Shop in St. *Dunstans* Churchyard in *Fleetstreet*, under the Dyall, 1637. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragical History of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*. By *W. Shakespear*. Newly imprinted and enlarg'd to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect Copy. Printed by *J. R.* for *N. L.* 1605. Quarto.

The Tragedy of *Hamlet Prince of Denmark*, newly imprinted and enlarg'd according to the true and perfect Copy lately Printed. Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwich*, 1611.

The Tragedy of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark*. Newly imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy last printed. By *William Shakespeare*. *London*, printed by *R. Younge* for *John Smethwicke*, *&c.* 1637. (*Quarto.*)

The

TABLE.

The Tragedy of *Othello, the Moor of Venice.* As it hath been divers times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black Fryars*, by his Majesty's Servants. Written by *Will. Shakespear.* Published by *Tho. Walkely*, Quarto, (soon after his Death, as appears by the Preface.)

The Tragædy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice.* As it hath beene diverse times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majesties Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare. London*, Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Eagle and Child in *Brittan's Burſſe*, 1622. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragædy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice.* As it hath been diverse times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majesties Servants. Written by *William Shakespeare. London*, printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be sold at his Shoppe in *Chancery-Lane*, neere Serjeants-Inne, 1630. (*Quarto.*)

It ſeemed not amiſs to introduce the following Obſervations with one general Criticiſm on our Author's Dramatick Works, by dividing them into four Claſſes, and ſo giving an eſtimate of each Play reduced to its proper Claſs.

COMEDIES.

Class I.

1 *Tempeſt.* Vol. 1.
2 *Merry Wives of* Windſor. Vol. 1.
3 *Meaſure for Meaſure.* Vol. 1.
4 *Merchant of* Venice. Vol. 2.
5 *Twelfth-Night.* Vol. 3.

Class II.

1 *Midſummer-Night's Dream.* Vol. 1.
2 *Much Ado about Nothing.* Vol. 2.
3 *As you like it.* Vol. 2.
4 *All's well that ends well.* Vol. 3.
5 *Winter's Tale.* Vol. 3.

Class III.

1 *Two Gentlemen of* Verona. Vol. 1.
2 *Love's Labour's Loſt.* Vol. 2.

Class IV.

1 *Taming of the Shrew.* Vol. 2.
2 *Comedy of Errors.* Vol. 3.

TRAGE-

TRAGEDIES.

CLASS I.

1 Henry IV. *Part* 1 Vol. 4.
2 Henry IV. *Part* 2. Vol. 4.
3 *King* Lear. Vol. 6.
4 Macbeth. Vol. 6.
5 Julius Cæſar. Vol. 7.
6 Hamlet. Vol. 8.
7 Othello. Vol. 8.

CLASS II.

1 *King* John. Vol. 3.
2 Henry V. Vol. 4.
3 Richard III. Vol. 5.
4 Henry VIII. Vol. 5.
5 Timon *of* Athens. Vol. 6.
6 Anthony *and* Cleopatra. Vol. 7.
7 Cymbeline. Vol. 7.

CLASS III.

1 Richard II. Vol. 4.
2 Coriolanus. Vol. 6.
3 Troilus *and* Creſſida. Vol. 7.
4 Romeo *and* Juliet. Vol. 8.

CLASS IV.

1 Henry VI. *Part* 1. Vol. 4.
2 Henry VI. *Part* 2. Vol. 5.
3 Henry VI. *Part* 3. Vol. 5.
4. Titus Andronicus. Vol. 6.

The Comedies and Tragedies in the laſt Claſs are certainly not of *Shakeſpear*. The moſt that can be ſaid of them is, that he has, here and there, corrected the dialogue; and now and then added a Scene. It may be juſt worth while to obſerve, in this place, that the whole firſt Act of *Fletcher*'s *Two Noble Kinſmen* was wrote by *Shakeſpear*, but in his worſt manner.

THE TEMPEST.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ALONSO, *King of* Naples.
Sebaſtian, *his Brother.*
Proſpero, *the rightful Duke of* Milan.
Anthonio, *his Brother, the uſurping Duke of* Milan.
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of* Naples.
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old Counſellor of* Naples.
Adrian, Franciſco, } *Lords.*
Caliban, *a Salvage, and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Maſter of a Ship, Boatſwain, and Mariners.
Miranda, *Daughter to* Proſpero.
Ariel, *an aiery Spirit.*
Iris, Ceres, Juno, *Nymphs, Reapers,* } *Spirits, employ'd in the* Maſque.

Other Spirits, attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, *An uninhabited Iſland.*

THE

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a Ship at Sea.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of thunder and lightning heard; Enter a Ship-maſter, and a Boatſwain.

MASTER.

Boatſwain.——

Boatſ. Here, Maſter: what cheer?

Maſt. Good, ſpeak to th' mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run our ſelves a-ground; beſtir, beſtir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boatſ. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare; take in the top-ſail; tend to th' maſter's whiſtle; blow, 'till thou burſt thy wind, if room enough.

Enter

1 The *Tempeſt.*] Theſe two firſt Plays, the *Tempeſt* and the *Midſummer-night's Dream*, are the nobleſt Efforts of that ſublime and amazing Imagination, peculiar to *Shakeſpear*, which ſoars above the Bounds of Nature without forſaking Senſe: or, more properly, carries Nature along with him beyond her eſtabliſhed Limits. *Fletcher* ſeems particularly to have admired theſe two

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, *and others.*

Alon. Good Boatſwain, have care: where's the maſter? play the men.

Boatſ. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the maſter, boatſwain?

Boatſ. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do aſſiſt the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatſ. When the ſea is. Hence—— what care theſe Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; ſilence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Boatſ. None, that I more love than my ſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace o'the preſent, we will not hand a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make your ſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exeunt.*

Plays, and hath wrote two in Imitation of them, the *Sea-voyage* and the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*. But when he preſumes to break a Lance with *Shakeſpear*, and write in emulation of him, as he does in the *Falſe one*, which is the Rival of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, he is not ſo ſucceſsful. After him, Sir *John Suckling* and *Milton* catched the brighteſt Fire of their Imagination from theſe two Plays; which ſhines fantaſtically indeed, in the *Goblins*, but much more nobly and ſerenely in *The Mask at Ludlow-Caſtle*.

Re-enter

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Down with the top-maſt: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe. A plague upon this howling!——

A cry within. Re-enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio, *and* Gonzalo.

they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? ſhall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to ſink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatſ. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang; you whoreſon, inſolent, noiſemaker; we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ſhip were no ſtronger than a nut-ſhell, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd wench.

Boatſ. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; ſet her two courſes off to ſea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All loſt! to prayers! to prayers! all loſt! [*Exe.*

Boatſ. What, muſt our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at pray'rs! let us aſſiſt 'em.
For our caſe is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience. [kards.

Ant. We're meerly cheated of our lives by drun-
This wide-chopt raſcal——'Would, thou might'ſt lye drowning,
The waſhing of ten tides!

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water ſwear againſt it,
And gape at wid'ſt to glut him.

A confuſed noiſe within.] Mercy on us!
We ſplit, we ſplit! Farewel, my Wife and Children!
Brother, farewel! we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit!
Ant. Let's all ſink with the King. [*Exit.*
Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*
Gonz. Now would I give a thouſand furlongs of ſea for an acre of barren ground, [2] long heath, brown furze, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a Part of the Inchanted Iſland near the Cell of Proſpero.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Mira. [3] IF by your art (my deareſt father) you have
Put the wild Waters in this roar, allay them:
The ſky, it ſeems, would pour down ſtinking pitch,
But that the ſea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Daſhes the fire out. O! I have ſuffer'd
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: a brave veſſel
(Who had, no doubt, ſome noble creatures in her)
Daſh'd all to pieces. O the cry did knock
Againſt my very heart: poor ſouls, they periſh'd!
Had I been any God of Pow'r, I would
Have ſunk the ſea within the earth; or ere
It ſhould the good ſhip ſo have ſwallow'd, and
The fraighting ſouls within her.

2 —— *long heath,*] This is the common name for the *erica baccifera*; which the *Oxford* Editor not underſtanding, conjectured that *Shakeſpear* wrote, — *Ling, Heath:* But, unluckily, *Heath* and *Ling* are but two words for the ſame plant.

3 *If by your Art,* &c.] Nothing was ever better contrived to inform the Audience of the Story than this Scene. It is a converſation that could not have happened before, and could not but happen now.

Pro.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.
Mira. O wo the day!
Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than *Proſpero*, maſter of a full-poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pro. 'Tis time,
I ſhould inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me: ſo!
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lye there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful ſpectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
[4] The very virtue of compaſſion in thee,
I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
So ſafely order'd, that there's no ſoul loſt,
No, not ſo much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the veſſel down;
Which thou heard'ſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſink: ſit
For thou muſt now know farther.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt,

4 *The very Virtue of compaſſion in thee,*] We muſt not think that *the very Virtue* was intended to ſhew the *degree* of her compaſſion, but the *kind*. Compaſſion for other's Misfortunes ofteneſt ariſes from a ſenſe or apprehenſion of the like. And then it is *Sympathy*, not *Virtue*. Tho' the want of it may be eſteemed *vicious* as ariſing from a degeneracy of Nature, which cannot happen but by our own fault. Now the *Compaſſion* of *Miranda*, who never ventured to Sea, not being of this kind, *Shakeſpear* with great propriety calls it the *very Virtue*, i. e. the real pure Virtue of Compaſſion.

And left me to a bootleſs inquiſition;
Concluding, *Stay*; *not yet.*——
Pro. The hour's now come.
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canſt thou remember
A time, before we came unto this cell?
I do not think, thou canſt; for then thou waſt not
Out three years old.
Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four, or five, women once, that tended me?
Pro. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda:* but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? what ſeeſt thou elſe
In the dark back-ward and abyſme of time?
If thou remember'ſt aught, ere thou cam'ſt here;
How thou cam'ſt here, thou may'ſt.
Mira. But that I do not.
Pro. 'Tis twelve years ſince, *Miranda*; twelve years ſince,
Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of Pow'r.
Mira. Sir, are not you my father?
Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She ſaid, thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir
A Princeſs, no worſe iſſu'd.
Mira. O the heav'ns!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't, we did?
Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou ſay'ſt) were we heav'd thence;
But bleſſedly help'd hither.

Mira.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Pleaſe you, farther.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Anthonio*——
I pray thee, mark me;—— (that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious!) he whom next thy ſelf
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my ſtate; (as, at that time,
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt;
And *Proſpero* the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; thoſe being all my ſtudy:)
The government I caſt upon my brother,
And to my ſtate grew ſtranger; being tranſported,
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies. Thy falſe uncle——
(Doſt thou attend me?)
Mira. Sir, moſt heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
[5] To traſh for over-topping; new-created
The creatures, that were mine; I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or elſe new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, ſet all hearts i'th' ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk, [not.
And ſuckt my verdure out on't.—— Thou attend'ſt
Mira. Good Sir, I do.
Pro. I pray thee, mark me then.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my mind,
With that which, but by being ſo retired,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my falſe brother

5 *To traſh*] ſignifies to cut away the traſh or ſuperfluities; as, *to top*, ſignifies, to cut off the top. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to *plaſh*, not conſidering that *to plaſh* ſignifies to bind and complicate branches together, and ſo is only uſed to ſignify the dreſſing and pleating of an Hedge.

Awak'd

Awak'd an evil nature; and my truſt,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſhood in its contrary as great
As my truſt was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence *ſans* bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my Revenue yielded,
But what my power might elſe exact[6]; like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling oft,
Made ſuch a ſinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was, indeed, the Duke; from ſubſtitution,
And executing th' outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
Doſt thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafneſs.

Pro. To have no ſcreen between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
Abſolute *Milan*. Me, poor man!—my library
Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for ſway) wi' th' King of *Naples*

6 ——— *like one*
Who having INTO *truth by telling of it,*
Made ſuch a Sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie.] The corrupted reading of the Second line has rendered this beautiful Similitude quite unintelligible. For what is [*having into truth*]? or what doth [*it*] refer to? not to [*truth*], becauſe if he *told truth* he could never *credit a lie*. And yet there is no other correlative to which [*it*] can belong.

I read and point it thus,

——— *like one*
Who having, UNTO *truth, by telling* OFT,
Made ſuch a Sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie.

i. e. by often repeating the ſame Story, made his memory ſuch a Sinner *unto* truth as to give credit to his own lie. A miſerable deluſion to which Story-tellers are frequently ſubject. The *Oxford Editor* having, by this Correction, been let into the Senſe of the Paſſage, gives us this Senſe in his own Words,

Who *loving an untruth, and telling't oft,*
Makes ———

To

To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
The Dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan!*)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.
Mira. O the heav'ns!
Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event; then tell me,
If this might be a Brother?
Mira. I ſhould ſin,
To think but nobly of my grand-mother;
[7] Good wombs have bore bad ſons.
Pro. Now the condition:
This King of *Naples*, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearks my brother's ſuit;
Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom; and confer fair *Milan*,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Milan*; and, i'th' dead of darkneſs,
The miniſters for the purpoſe hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying ſelf.
Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembring how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.
Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the preſent buſineſs,
Which now's upon's; without the which this ſtory
Were moſt impertinent.

[7] *Good wombs have bore bad ſons*] Mr. *Theobald* would give theſe words to *Proſpero*, becauſe *Miranda*, *bred up in the deſart Iſland from her infancy, could not be ſuppos'd to be furniſhed with ſuch an obſervation from life.* An idle reaſon. *Proſpero* tells us, he had educated her more carefully than uſual. Would he then ſuffer her to be ignorant of the moſt common caſes in human life? Yet the *Oxford Editor* follows Mr. *Theobald*.

Mira.

Mira. Why did they not
That hour deſtroy us?
Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that queſtion. Dear, they durſt not
(So dear the love my people bore me;) ſet
A mark ſo bloody on the buſineſs; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us ſome leagues to Sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcaſs of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſail, nor maſt; the very rats
Inſtinctively had quit it: there they hoiſt us
To cry to th' ſea, that roar'd to us; to ſigh
To th' winds, whoſe pity, ſighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou waſt, that did preſerve me: Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heav'n,
[8] (When I have mock'd the ſea with drops full-ſalt;
Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing ſtomach, to bear up
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mira. How came we a-ſhore?
Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Maſter of this deſign) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries,
Which ſince have ſteeded much. So of his gentleneſs,

8 *When I have* DECK'D *the ſea*] *i. e.* honour'd. But this is a poor thought. The *Oxford Editor* reads *brack'd*, which is ſtill poorer. I imagine that *Shakeſpear* wrote MOCK'D, i. e. lent the Sea this trifling addition of ſalt-water: For when any thing is given or added, the effect of which is not felt or perceived, it was in the language of that time properly called *mocking*.

Knowing

Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.
Mira. Would I might
But ever ſee that man!
9 *Pro.* Now, I ariſe:——
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy ſchool-maſter, made thee more profit
Than other Princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.
Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't! And now, I pray you, Sir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?
Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and, by my preſcience
I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe Influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—— Here ceaſe more queſtions;
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep. 'Tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way; I know, thou canſt not chuſe——
[Miranda *ſleeps.*
Come away, ſervant, come; I'm ready now:
Approach, my *Ariel.* Come.

9 *Pro. Now I ariſe:*——] *i. e.* now I come to the principal part of my Story, for the ſake of which I told the foregoing; namely this, that I have now my Enemies in my Power; and if I omit this Opportunity, I ſhall never have another to recover my Dukedom. The word is uſed to uſher in a matter of importance. So *Richard* III. when he comes to the murder of his Nephews, ſays to *Tirrel*,

——— Riſe, *and lend an ear.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great maſter! grave Sir, hail! I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure: Be't to fly;
To ſwim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy ſtrong bidding task
Ariel, and all his qualities.
Pro. Haſt thou, Spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempeſt that I bad thee?
Ari. To every Article.
I boarded the King's ſhip: now on the beak,
Now in the waſte, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-maſt,
The yards, and bolt-ſprit, would I flame diſtinctly;
Then meet and join. *Jove*'s lightnings, the precurſers
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And ſight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to beſiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident ſhake.
Pro. My brave, brave ſpirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coyl
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ari. Not a ſoul
But felt a feaver of the mind, and plaid
Some tricks of deſperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's ſon *Ferdinand*
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man, that leap'd; cry'd, "hell is empty;
"And all the devils are here.
Pro. Why, that's my Spirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?

Ari.

Ari. Cloſe by, my Maſter.
Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, ſafe?
Ari. Not a hair periſh'd:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher than before. And as thou badſt me,
In troops I have diſpers'd them 'bout the iſle:
The King's ſon have I landed by himſelf;
Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs,
In an odd angle of the iſle, and ſitting,
His arms in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the King's ſhip
The mariners, ſay how thou haſt diſpos'd,
And all the reſt o'th' fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ſhip; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dſt me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vext [1] *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid:
The mariners all under hatches ſtow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their ſuffered labour,
I've left aſleep; and for the reſt o'th' fleet
(Which I diſpers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*;
Suppoſing, that they ſaw the King's ſhip wreckt,
And his great perſon periſh.
Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge

1 *From the ſtill-vext* Bermoothes,] *Theobald* ſays *Bermoothes* is printed by miſtake for *Bermudas*. No. That was the name by which the Iſlands then went, as we may ſee by the Voyagers of that time; and by our Author's contemporary Poets. *Fletcher*, in his *Woman pleaſed*, ſays, *The Devil ſhould think of purchaſing that Eggſhell to victual out a Witch for the* Bermoothes. *Smith*, in his account of theſe Iſlands *p.* 172. ſays, that *the* Bermudas *were ſo fearful to the world, that many call'd them the Iſle of Devils.* —*p.* 174.—*to all Seamen no leſs terrible than an inchanted den of Furies.* And no wonder, for the clime was extremely ſubject to Storms and Hurricanes; and the Iſlands were ſurrounded with ſcattered Rocks lying ſhallowly hid under the Surface of the Water.

Exactly

Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
[2] What is the time o'th' day?
Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon, at leaſt two glaſſes.
Pro. The time 'twixt ſix and now
Muſt by us both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ari. Is there more toil; ſince thou doſt give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canſt demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy ſervice;
Told thee no lies, made no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didſt promiſe
To bate me a full year.
Pro. Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pro. Thou doſt; and think'ſt it much to tread the ooze
Of the ſalt deep;
To run upon the ſharp Wind of the North;
To do me buſineſs in the veins o'th' earth,
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ari. I do not, Sir.
Pro. Thou ly'ſt, malignant thing! haſt thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy

[2] *Pro.* — *What is the time o'th' day?*
Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two glaſſes.
In this reading, both the Queſtion and the Anſwer are made impertinently. *Proſpero* asks what time of day it was, when he knew it was two glaſſes paſt the mid ſeaſon: And *Ariel* replies indefinitely, that it was paſt the mid ſeaſon.
The Queſtion and Reply ſhould be divided thus,
Pro. — *What is the time o'th' day?*
Ari. Paſt the mid ſeaſon, at leaſt, two glaſſes.

Was

Was grown into a hoop? haſt thou forgot her?
Ari. No, Sir. [tell me.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe born? ſpeak;
Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo? I muſt
Once in a month recount what thou haſt been,
Which thou forget'ſt. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For miſchiefs manifold and ſorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'ſt, was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, Sir. [child,
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
And here was left by th' ſailors; thou my ſlave
As thou report'ſt thy ſelf, waſt then her ſervant.
And, for thou waſt a ſpirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refuſing her grand hefts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent miniſters,
And in her moſt unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou did'ſt painfully remain
A dozen years, within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike. Then was this Iſland
(Save for the ſon that ſhe did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human ſhape.
Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her ſon.
Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in ſervice. Thou beſt know'ſt,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breaſts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape

The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, maſter.
Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'ſt howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, maſter.
I will be correſpondent to command,
And do my ſp'riting gently.
Pro. Do ſo: and after two days
I will diſcharge thee.
Ari. That's my noble maſter:
What ſhall I do? ſay what? what ſhall I do?
Pro. Go make thy ſelf like to a nymph o'th' ſea.
Be ſubject to no ſight but mine: inviſible
To every eye-ball elſe. Go take this ſhape,
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.
[*Exit* Ariel.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou haſt ſlept well;
Awake ——
Mira. The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.
Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll viſit *Caliban* my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.
Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on ——
Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerves in offices
That profit us. What ho! ſlave! *Caliban!*
Thou earth, thou! ſpeak.
Cal. [*within.*] There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for thee.
Come, thou Tortoiſe! when? ——

Enter

Enter Ariel *like a Water-Nymph.*

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

Pro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

SCENE IV.

Enter Caliban.

[3] *Cal.* " As wicked dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd
" With raven's feather from unwholſom fen,
" Drop on you both! a ſouth-weſt blow on ye,
" And bliſter you all o'er! [cramps,

Pro. For this, be ſure, to night thou ſhalt have
Side-ſtiches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins

[3] Cal. *As* wicked *dew, as e'er my mother bruſh'd*
With raven's feather from unwholſom fen,
Drop on you both.] *Shakeſpear* hath very artificially given the air of the antique to the language of *Caliban*, in order to heighten the groteſque of his character. As here he uſes *wicked* for *unwholſome*. So Sir *John Maundevil*, in his travels *p.* 334. Edit. *Lond.* 1725. ——— *at alle tymes brennethe a Veſſelle of Griſtalle fulle of Bawme for to zeven gode ſmalle and odour to the Emperour, and to voyden awey alle* WYKKEDE *Eyres and Corrupcionns.* It was a tradition, it ſeems, that Lord *Falkland*, Lord *C. J. Vaughan*, and Mr. *Selden* concurred in obſerving, that *Shakeſpear* had not only found out a new character in his *Caliban*, but had alſo deviſed and adapted a *new manner of language* for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that *Shakeſpear* gave his language a certain groteſque air of the Savage and Antique; which it certainly has. But Dr. *Bentley* took this, *of a new language*, literally; for ſpeaking of a phraſe in *Milton*, which he ſuppoſed altogether abſurd and unmeaning, he ſays, *Satan had not the privilege as* Caliban *in* Shakeſpear, *to uſe new phraſe and diction unknown to all others* —— and again —— *to practice diſtances is ſtill a* Caliban *ſtile.* Note on *Milton's paradiſe loſt*, l. 4. v. 945. But I know of no ſuch *Caliban ſtile* in *Shakeſpear* that hath new phraſe and diction unknown to all others.

Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. " I muſt eat my dinner.
" This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
" Which thou tak'ſt from me. When thou cameſt firſt,
" Thou ſtroak'dſt me, and mad'ſt much of me; and would'ſt give me
" Water with berries in't; and teach me how
" To name the bigger light, and how the leſs,
" That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
" And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Iſle,
" The freſh ſprings, brine-pits; barren place, and fertile.
" Curs'd be I, that I did ſo! all the charms
" Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
" For I am all the ſubjects that you have,
" Who firſt was mine own King; and here you ſty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The reſt of th' Iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlave,
Whom Stripes may move, not kindneſs; I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, 'till thou didſt ſeek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!——I wou'd, it had been done!
Thou didſt prevent me, I had peopled elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans*.

Pro. [4] Abhorred ſlave;
Which any print of goodneſs wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour

4 *Abhorred ſlave*;] In the common Editions this ſpeech was given to *Miranda*. Mr. *Dryden* in his alteration of this play rightly tranſferred it to *Proſpero*.

One

One thing or other. [5] When thou couldſt not, ſavage,
Shew thine own meaning, but wouldſt gabble like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon———

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

5 *When thou* DIDST *not, Savage,*
KNOW *thy own meaning, but wouldſt gabble like*
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words to make them known.] The benefit which *Proſpero* here upbraids *Caliban* with having beſtowed, was teaching him language. He ſhews the greatneſs of this benefit by marking the inconvenience *Caliban* lay under for want of it. What was the inconvenience? This, that he *did not know his own meaning*. But ſure a Brute, to which he is compared, doth know its own meaning, that is, knows what it would be at. This, indeed, it cannot do, it cannot *ſhew* its meaning to others. And this certainly is what *Proſpero* would ſay,

——*When thou* COULDST *not, Savage,*
SHEW *thy own meaning,*——

The following words makes it evident,

——*but wouldſt gabble like*
A thing moſt brutiſh.——

And when once [*ſhew*] was corrupted to [*know*] the tranſcribers would of courſe change [*couldſt*] into [*didſt*] to make it agree with the other falſe reading. There is indeed a Senſe in which *Know thy own meaning*—— may be well applied to a brute. For it may ſignify the not having any reflex knowledge of the operations of its own mind, which, it would ſeem, a Brute hath not. Tho' this, I ſay, may be applied to a brute, and conſequently to *Caliban*, and tho' to remedy this brutality be a nobler benefit than even the teaching language; yet ſuch a ſenſe would be impertinent and abſurd in this place, where only the *benefit of language* is talked of by an exact and learned Speaker. Beſides, *Proſpero* expreſly ſays, that *Caliban* had *purpoſes*; which, in other words, is that he did *know his own meaning*.

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wert' beſt)
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey; his art is of ſuch pow'r,
It would controul my dam's god *Setebos*,
And make a vaſſal of him.
Pro. So, ſlave, hence! [*Exit* Caliban.

SCENE V.

Enter Ferdinand; *and* Ariel *inviſible, playing and ſinging.*

ARIEL's SONG.

Come unto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Curt'ſied when you have, and kiſt
(The wild waves whiſt;)
Foot it featly here and there,
And, ſweet ſprites, the burthen bear.
Burthen, diſperſedly.
Hark, bark, bough-waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Baugh-waugh.
Ari. *Hark, bark, I hear*
The ſtrain of ſtrutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.

Fer. Where ſhould this Muſick be, i'th' air, or earth? —
It ſounds no more: and, ſure, it waits upon
Some God o'th' Iſland. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping againſt the King my father's wreck,
This

This muſick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my paſſion,
With its ſweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather—— but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Thoſe are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade,

But

6 *Full fathom five thy father lies*, &c.] *Gildon*, who has pretended to criticiſe our Author, would give this up as an inſufferable and ſenſeleſs piece of trifling. And I believe this is the general opinion concerning it. But a very unjuſt one. Let us conſider the buſineſs *Ariel* is here upon, and his manner of executing it. The Commiſſion *Proſpero* had intruſted to him, in a whiſper, was plainly this; to conduct *Ferdinand* to the ſight of *Miranda*, and to diſpoſe him to the quick ſentiments of love, while he, on the other hand, prepared his daughter for the ſame impreſſions. *Ariel* ſets about his buſineſs by acquainting *Ferdinand*, in an extraordinary manner, with the afflictive news of his father's death. A very odd Apparatus, one would think, for a love-fit. And yet as odd as it appears, the Poet has ſhewn in it the fineſt conduct for carrying on his plot. *Proſpero* had ſaid,

I find my Zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtarr; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my Fortunes
Will ever after droop.——

In conſequence of this his preſcience, he takes advantage of every favourable circumſtance that the occaſion offers. The principal affair is the Marriage of his daughter with young *Ferdinand*. But to ſecure this point it was neceſſary they ſhould be contracted before the affair came to *Alonzo* the Father's knowledge. For *Proſpero* was ignorant how this ſtorm and ſhipwreck, cauſed by him, would work upon *Alonzo*'s temper. It might either ſoften him, or increaſe his averſion for *Proſpero* as the author. On the other hand, to engage *Ferdinand*, without the conſent of his Father, was difficult. For not to ſpeak of his Quality, where ſuch engagements are not made without the conſent of the Sovereign, *Ferdinand* is repreſented (to ſhew it a Match worth the ſeeking) of a moſt

But doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.
[Burthen: ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.

SCENE VI.

Pro. [7] The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And ſay, what thou ſeeſt yond.

Mira.

pious temper and diſpoſition, which would prevent his contracting himſelf without his Father's knowledge. The Poet therefore, with the utmoſt addreſs, has made *Ariel* perſuade him of his Father's death to remove this Remora, which might otherwiſe have either ſtop'd, and retarded beyond the time of action, or quite ſpoiled the whole Plot.

7 *The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,*
And ſay, what thou ſeeſt yond.]

The Daughters of *Proſpero*, as they are drawn by *Dryden*, ſeem rather to have had their Education in a Court or a Playhouſe, than under the ſevere precepts of a Philoſopher in a Deſert. But the *Miranda* of *Shakeſpear* is truly what the Poet gives her out. And his art in preſerving the unity of her character is wonderful. We muſt remember what was ſaid in the foregoing note of *Proſpero*'s intention to make his Daughter fall in love at ſight. And notwithſtanding what the *wits* may ſay, or the *Pretty-fellows* think, on this occaſion, it was no ſuch eaſy matter to bring this naturally about. Thoſe who are the leaſt acquainted with human nature know of what force inſtitution and education are to curb and even deface the very ſtrongeſt paſſions and affections. She had been brought up under the rough diſcipline of ſtoical Morality, and misfortunes generally harden the morality of virtuous men into Stoicism. Such a one was *Proſpero*. And he tells us, that his daughter fully anſwered the care he beſtowed upon her. So that there would be ſome difficulty for nature to regain its influence ſo ſuddenly as the Plot required. The Poet, therefore, with infinite addreſs, cauſes her to be ſoftened by the tender ſtory her father told her of his misfortunes. For pity preceeds love,

and

Mira. What is't, a ſpirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No, wench, it eats, and ſleeps, and hath ſuch ſenſes
As we have, ſuch. This gallant, which thou ſeeſt,
Was in the wreck: and, but he's ſomething ſtain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon. He hath loſt his fellows,
And ſtrays about to find 'em.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Pro. It goes on, I ſee, [*Aſide.*
As my ſoul prompts it. Spirit, fine ſpirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure, the Goddeſs
On whom theſe ayres attend! [8] vouchſafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this Iſland;

and facilitates its entrance into the mind. But this was, evidently, inſufficient. Therefore, to make the way the eaſier, ſhe is ſuppoſed to be under the influence of her Father's charm, which was to diſſolve, as it were, the rigid chains of virtue and obedience. This is inſinuated to the Audience when *Proſpero*, before he begins his ſtory, ſays to her,

——— *Lend thy hand*
And pluck this magick garment from me.

The touch communicated the charm, and its efficacy was to lay her to ſleep. This is the reaſon that *Proſpero* ſo often queſtions her, as he proceeds in his ſtory, whether ſhe was attentive: being apprehenſive the charm might operate too quick, even before he had ended his relation. Without this interpretation his frequent repetition will appear extremely cold, and abſurd. For the ſame reaſon, likewiſe, he ſays, in concluſion,

Thou art inclin'd to ſleep. 'Tis a good *dulneſs,*
And give it way: I know thou can'ſt not chuſe.

8 ——— *vouchſafe my pray'r*
May know, ———] For, *I may know.* Extremely poetical; and moſt expreſſive of the humility of the Speaker.

And

And that you will ſome good inſtruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be made or no?
Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But [9] certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heav'ns!
I am the beſt of them that ſpeak this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken!
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wert thou, if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee ſpeak of *Naples*. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: my ſelf am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er ſince at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreckt.
Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the Duke of *Milan*,
And his brave ſon, being twain.
Pro. The Duke of *Milan*, [thee,
And his more braver daughter, could [1] controul
If now 'twere fit to do't: —At the firſt ſight,
They have chang'd eyes: (delicate *Ariel*,
I'll ſet thee free for this.) A word, good Sir.
I fear, you've done your ſelf ſome wrong: a word—

9 —— *certainly a maid.*] Nothing could be more prettily imagined to illuſtrate the ſingularity of her character, than this pleaſant miſtake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philoſophy, which teaches us the knowledge of our ſelves: And was an utter ſtranger to the flattery invented by vicious and deſigning Men to corrupt the other Sex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaiſance and a deſire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which ſhe had been inſtructed, in her moral leſſons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into ſuch exceſs, as that any one ſhould be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a Goddeſs or an Immortal.

1 —— *controul thee,*] *i. e.* ſhew thee thy error.

Mira.

Mira. Why ſpeaks my father ſo ungently? this
Is the third man, that I e'er ſaw; the firſt,
That e'er I ſigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your Affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples.*

Pro. Soft, Sir: one word more. ——
They're both in either's power: but this ſwift buſineſs
I muſt uneaſie make, leſt too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: — thou doſt here uſurp
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelf
Upon this Iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No. as I'm a man. [ple.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a tem-
If the ill ſpirit have ſo fair an houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me ——
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink; thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſſels, wither'd roots, and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*

[2] *Mira.* O dear father,
Make

2 Mira. *O dear father,*
Make not too raſh a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, *and not* fearful.

This ſeems to be a very odd way of expreſſing her ſenſe of her Lover's good qualities. It is certain the beauty of it is not ſeen at firſt view. *Miranda,* 'till now, had never ſeen any Mortal (her

Make not too raſh a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.
Pro. What, I ſay,
My foot my tutor? put thy ſword up, traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike; thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſt with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here diſarm thee with this ſtick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you, father.
Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.
Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his ſurety.
Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impoſtor? huſh!
Thou think'ſt, there are no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
Having ſeen but him and *Caliban*; fooliſh wench!
To th' moſt of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I have no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.

(her father excepted) but *Caliban*. She had frequently beheld him under that kind of diſcipline which her father here threatens to inflict upon her lover.

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brook muſſles, wither'd roots and huſks
Wherein the acorn cradled.

The *perverſity* of *Caliban*'s nature, and the *Cowardlineſs* of it, made puniſhment neceſſary, and eaſy to be inflicted: Finding therefore *Ferdinand* threatened with the like treatment, out of tenderneſs both to her Father and Lover ſhe cries—— *He's gentle*, not like the *ſavage* Caliban, and ſo deſerves not puniſhment; this ſhe gathered from his preceeding converſation with her —— *and not fearful*, like that *coward*, and ſo is not to be eaſily managed. This ſhe collected from his drawing his ſword, and ſtanding on his defence.

Pro.

Pro. Come on, obey;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
[3] My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, were but light to me
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this maid: all corners elſe o'th' earth
Let liberty make uſe of; ſpace enough
Have I, in ſuch a priſon.
Pro. It works: come on.
(Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel:*) follow me.
Hark, what thou elſe ſhalt do me. [*To* Ariel.
Mira. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by ſpeech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.
Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To th' ſyllable.
Pro. Come, follow: ſpeak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the Iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *and others.*

GONZALO.

BESEECH you, Sir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy! for our eſcape

3 *My ſpirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.*] Alluding to a common ſenſation in dreams, when we ſtruggle, but with a total impuiſſance in our endeavours, to run, ſtrike, *&c.*

Is

Is much beyond our loſs; [4] our ſtint of woe
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſters of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theam of woe: but for the miracle,
(I mean our preſervation) few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good Sir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. [5]

[*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The [6] 'viſer will not give o'er ſo.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by and by it will ſtrike.

Gon. Sir, ——

Seb. One: — Tell, ———

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd; comes to the entertainer ———

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have ſpoken truer than you propos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiſelier than I meant you ſhould.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, ———

Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue?

Alon. I pr'ythee, ſpare. ———

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet —

Seb. He will be talking.

4 —— *our* HINT *of woe*] *hint of woe*, can ſignify only prognoſtic of woe: which is not the ſenſe required. We ſhould read STINT, *i. e.* proportion, allotment.

5 All this that follows after the words *Pr'ythee, peace.* —— to the words, *You cram theſe words*, &c. ſeems to have been interpolated, (perhaps by the *Players*) the verſes there beginning again; and all that is between in proſe, not only being very impertinent ſtuff, but moſt improper and ill-plac'd drollery, in the mouths of unhappy ſhipwreckt people. There is more of the ſame ſort interſperſed in the remaining part of the Scene. Mr. *Pope.*

6 *The* VISITOR *will not give o'er ſo.*] This *Viſitor* is a Comforter or Adviſer. We muſt read then,

'VISER, *i. e.* the Adviſer.

Ant.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this iſland ſeem to be deſart——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha,—— So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible——

Seb. Yet,——

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not miſs't.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſs looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He miſſes not much.

Seb. No: he does but miſtake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit——

Seb. [7] As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the ſea, hold notwithſtanding their freſh-

7 *As many voucht rarities are.*] A Satire on the extravagant accounts that Voyagers then told of the new diſcovered World.

neſs

neſs and gloſſes; being rather new dy'd, than ſtain'd with ſalt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeak, would it not ſay, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falſely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in *Africk*, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with ſuch a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not ſince widow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow, a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido?*

Seb. What if he had ſaid, widower *Æneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: ſhe was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage?*

Gon. I aſſure you, *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beſeech you, widow *Dido*.

Ant.

Ant. O, widow *Dido!* ay, widow *Dido!*

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean, in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.]

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! For, coming thence,
My ſon is loſt; and, in my rate, ſhe too;
Who is ſo far from *Italy* remov'd,
I ne'er again ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heir
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.
I ſaw him beat the ſurges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water;
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted
The ſurge moſt ſwoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore; that o'er his wave-worn baſis bow'd,
As ſtooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourſelf for this great loſs,
That would not bleſs our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather loſe her to an *African*;
Where ſhe, at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwiſe
By all of us; and the fair ſoul herſelf
Weigh'd between lothneſs and obedience, at
Which end the beam ſhould bow. We've loſt your ſon,
I fear, for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this buſineſs' making,

Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.
Alon. So is the deareſt o' th' loſs.
Gon. My lord *Sebaſtian*,
The truth, you ſpeak, doth lack ſome gentleneſs,
And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I the plantation of this iſle, my lord—
Ant. He'd ſow't with nettle-ſeed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?
Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
[8] *Gon.* "I' th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
" Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
" Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
" Letters ſhould not be known; wealth, poverty,
" And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
" Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
" No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl;
" No occupation, all men idle, all,
" And women too; but innocent and pure:
" No Sov'reignty.
Seb. And yet he would be King on't.
Ant. [8] The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
" *Gon.* All things in common, nature ſhould produce,
" Without ſweat or endeavour. Treaſon, felony,

8 *The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*] All this Dialogue is a fine Satire on the *Utopean* Treatiſes of Government, and the impracticable inconſiſtent Schemes therein recommended.

" Sword,

" Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
" Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,
" Of its own kind, [9] all foyzon, all abundance
" To feed my innocent People.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with ſuch perfection govern, Sir, T' excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majeſty!

Ant. Long live *Gonzalo!*

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou doſt talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highneſs; and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble lungs, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her ſphere, if ſhe would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, *playing ſolemn Muſick.*

Seb. We would ſo, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my diſcretion ſo weakly: will you laugh me aſleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, ſleep, and hear us.

9 —— *all* foyzon, *all abundance.*] foyzon *ſignifies the great plenty of any thing.*

Alon. What all ſo ſoon aſleep? I wiſh, mine eyes
Would with themſelves ſhut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do ſo.
Seb. Pleaſe you, Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It ſeldom viſits ſorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your perſon, while you take your reſt,
And watch your ſafety.
Alon. Thank you: wond'rous heavy——
[*All ſleep but* Seb. *and* Ant.
Seb. What a ſtrange drowſineſs poſſeſſes them?
Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſink? I find not
Myſelf diſpos'd to ſleep.
Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all as by conſent,
They dropt as by a thunder-ſtroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebaſtian*—O, what might—no more.
And yet, methinks, I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th' occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me ſpeak?
Seb. I do; and, ſurely,
It is a ſleepy language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleep; what is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleep
With eyes wide open: ſtanding, ſpeaking, moving;
And yet ſo faſt aſleep.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*.
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleep: die rather: wink'ſt,
Whilſt thou art waking.

Seb.

Seb. Thou doſt ſnore diſtinctly;
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious than my cuſtom. You
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me; [1] which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well; I am ſtanding water.
Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebb
Hereditary ſloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew, how you the purpoſe cheriſh,
Whilſt thus you mock it; how, in ſtripping it,
You more inveſt it: ebbing men, indeed,
Moſt often do ſo near the bottom run,
By their own fear or ſloth.
Seb. Pry'thee, ſay on;
The ſetting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, Sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who ſhall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd;) hath here almoſt perſuaded
(For he's a ſpirit of perſuaſion, only
Profeſſes to perſuade) the King, his ſon's alive:
'Tis as impoſſible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that ſleeps here, ſwims.

[1] — *which to do*, Trebles *thee o'er.*] i. e. follow my advice, and it will advance thy fortune to the height. So *Fletcher* in his *noble Gentleman*,

I now ſee your Father's honours
Trebling *upon you* ——

And again in his *Maid of the Mill*,

How did you bear her loſs?
With thy grief trebled.

Yet the *Oxford* Editor alters it to, *Troubles thee not.*

Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope, that way, is
Another way ſo high an hope, that even
[2] Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt diſcovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples?*
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; ſhe that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; ſhe that from *Naples*
Can have no note [3], unleſs the ſun were poſt,
(The man i'th'moon's too ſlow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; ſhe, from whom
We were ſea-ſwallow'd; tho' ſome, caſt again,
May by that deſtiny perform an act,
Whereof, what's paſt is prologue; what to come,
Is yours and my diſcharge———
Seb. What ſtuff is this? how ſay you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how ſhall that *Claribel*
Meaſure us back to *Naples?* Keep in *Tunis*,

2 *Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,*
But doubt diſcovery there.—] The meaning is, that *ambition* would be ſo affected with the pleaſing proſpect, that it would doubt whether the diſcovery, it there made of future greatneſs, was a real repreſentation, or only, what *Shakeſpear*, in another place, calls *a Dream of Advantage*. The *Oxford Editor* changes *doubt* to *drop*, and ſo makes nonſenſe of the whole Sentence; *to pierce a wink* ſignifies to ſee or diſcern; and to *drop diſcovery* ſignifies not to ſee. So that the Senſe plainly is, If you ſee further into this matter you will not ſee at all.

3 *No advices by letter.* Mr. *Pope.*

And

And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why, they were no worſe
Than now they are: there be, that can rule *Naples*,
As well as he that ſleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I myſelf could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a ſleep was this
For your advancement! do you underſtand me?
Seb. Methinks, I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember,
You did ſupplant your brother *Proſp'ro*.
Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments ſit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conſcience——
Ant. Ay, Sir; where lies that?
If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my ſlipper:
But I feel not this deity in my boſom.
Ten conſciences, that ſtand 'twixt me and *Milan*,
[4] Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they moleſt!
Here lyes your brother——
No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient ſteel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put

4 *Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they moleſt!*] i. e. did ten conſciences play all their tricks with me; ſometimes proving very ſtubborn, and ſometimes again as ſupple; now frozen up with cold, now diſſolved with heat, yet they ſhould ne'er moleſt, &c. *Shakeſpear* explains this thought, where in his *winter tale* he expreſſes it thus differently,

——— *whoſe honeſty till now*
Endur'd all weathers.

This ancient [5] Moral, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our courſe. For all the reſt,
They'll take ſuggeſtion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any buſineſs, that,
We ſay, befits the hour.

Seb. Thy caſe, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'ſt *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy ſword; one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'ſt;
And I the King ſhall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word———

Enter Ariel, *with Muſick and Song.*

Ari. My maſter through his art foreſees the danger,
That you his friend, are in; and ſends me forth
(For elſe his project dies) [6] to keep them living.

[*Sings in* Gonzalo's *Ear.*

While you here do ſnoring lye,
Open-ey'd conſpiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware:
Awake! awake!

5 *This ancient* MORSEL, *this Sir Prudence*, &c.] But why *morſel?* How does this characteriſe the perſon ſpoken of? We muſt read, *This ancient* MORAL.
i. e. this man of old faſhioned honeſty, for ſuch is his Character. — *An ancient moral* is almoſt proverbial, in the mouths of licentious people, to ſignify, *morals too ſevere*, and not fit for the times. This way of ſpeaking is familiar with our Author. *Rom. & Jul. And why my* Lady Wiſdom? *hold your tongue*, good Prudence.

6 —*to keep them living.*] i. e. *Alonzo* and *Antonio*; for it was on their lives that his project depended. Yet the *Oxford Editor* alters *them*, to *you*, becauſe in the verſe before, it is ſaid — *you his friend*; as if, becauſe *Ariel* was *ſent forth* to *ſave his friend*, he could not have another purpoſe in ſending him, *viz.* to *ſave his project* too.

Ant.

Ant. Then let us both be ſudden.
Gon. Now, good angels preſerve the King!
[*They wake.*
Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. While we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you?
It ſtrook mine ear moſt terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monſter's ear;
To make an earthquake: ſure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this?
Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me.
I ſhak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn: there was a noiſe,
That's verity. 'Tis beſt we ſtand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.
Gon. Heav'ns keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i'th' iſland.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. *Proſpero* my lord ſhall know what I have done.
So, King, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to another part of the Iſland.

Enter Caliban *with a burden of wood; a noiſe of thunder heard.*

Cal. " ALL the infections, that the ſun ſucks " up,
" From bogs, fens, flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make " him
" By inch-meal a diſeaſe! his ſpirits hear me,
" And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll not pinch,
" Fright me with urchin ſhews, pitch me i' th' mire,
" Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
" Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
" For every trifle are they ſet upon me.
" Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
" And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
" Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
" Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
" All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
" Do hiſs me into madneſs. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a ſpi'rit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in ſlowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i' th' wind: yond ſame black cloud, yond huge one, [7] looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud

7 *Looks like a foul* Bumbard] A large Veſſel for holding Drink, as well as the Piece of Ordnance ſo call'd. Mr. *Theobald.*

cannot

cannot chuſe but fall by pailfuls——What have we here, a man or a fiſh? dead or alive? a fiſh; he ſmells like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell. A kind of, not of the neweſt, *Poor John:* a ſtrange fiſh! " Were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had " but this fiſh painted, not an holiday-fool there but " would give a piece of ſilver. There would this " monſter make a man; [8] any ſtrange beaſt there " makes a man; when they will not give a doit to " relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee a " dead *Indian.*" Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! warm, o'my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander that hath lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the ſtorm is come again. My beſt way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout; " miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange " bed-fellows:" I will here ſhrowd, 'till the dregs of the ſtorm be paſt.

Enter Stephano, *ſinging.*

Ste. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I die a-ſhore.* This is a very ſcurvy tune to ſing at a man's funeral; well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings. *The maſter, the ſwabber, the boatſwain and I,*
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, *and* Marrian, *and* Margery,

8 *Any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man;*] I cannot but think this Satire very juſt upon our Countrymen: who have been always very ready to make Deniſons of the whole Tribe of the Pitheci, and compliment them with the *Donum Civitatis*, as appears by the names in uſe. Thus *Monkey*, which, the Etymologiſts tell us, comes from *Monkin*, *Monikin*, homunculus. *Baboon*, from *Babe*, the termination denoting addition and increment, a large Babe. *Mantygre* ſpeaks its original. And when they have brought their Sirnames with them from their native Country, as *Ape*, the common people have as it were Chriſten'd them by the addition of *Jack an-Ape.*

But

But none of us car'd for Kate;
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a ſailor, go hang:
She lov'd not the ſavour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might ſcratch her, where-e'er ſhe did itch.
Then to ſea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a ſcurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Ste. What's the matter? [9] have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with ſalvages, and men of *Inde?* ha? I have not ſcap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been ſaid, As proper a man, as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it ſhall be ſaid ſo again, while *Stephano* breathes at his noſtrils.

Cal. The ſpirit torments me: oh!

Ste. This is ſome monſter of the iſle with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil ſhould he learn our language? I will give him ſome relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a preſent for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, p'rythee; I'll bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wiſeſt: he ſhall taſte of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if

9 *Have we devils here?* —— *Salvages and men of* Inde?—— *your four legs;*] All this is a pleaſant ridicule of *Maundeville's* relations in his Voyages. *Who pretended to have traveled thro' an enchaunted Vale clepen the vale of Develes, which Vale, ſays he, is alle fulle of Develes, and hathe ben alle ways. And Men ſeyn there, that it is on of the entrees of Helle.* The ſame Author likewiſe in his account of the *Salvages and Men of Inde* has tranſcribed, as of his own knowledge, all the fables of *Pliny* concerning men with long Ears, one Eye, one Foot, without Heads, &c.

I can

I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he ſhall pay for him, that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou doſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now *Proſper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, Cat; open your mouth: this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin. I ſhould know that voice: it ſhould be—— but he is drown'd; and theſe are devils; O! defend me——

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a moſt delicate monſter! "his forward voice now is to ſpeak well of "his friend; his backward voice is to ſpatter foul "ſpeeches, and to detract." If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: come: *Amen!* I will pour ſome in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,——

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy! mercy! this is a devil, and no monſter: I will leave him; I have no long ſpoon.

Trin. Stephano! if thou beeſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beeſt *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the leſſer legs: if any be *Trinculo*'s legs, theſe are they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this [1] moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo's*.

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-ſtroke: but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano?* I hope now, thou art not drown'd: is the ſtorm over-blown? I hid

1 *Moon-calf?*] It was imagined that the Moon had an ill influence on the infant's underſtanding. Hence Idiots were called *Moon-calves*.

me

me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the ſtorm: and art thou living, *Stephano?* O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* ſcap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my ſtomach is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, an if they be not ſprights: that's a brave god, and bears celeſtial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didſt thou ſcape? how cam'ſt thou hither? ſwear, by this bottle, how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd upon a butt of ſack, which the ſailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, ſince I was caſt a-ſhore.

Cal. I'll ſwear upon that bottle, to be thy true ſubject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: ſwear then, how eſcap'dſt thou?

Trin. Swom a-ſhore, man, like a duck; I can ſwim like a duck, I'll be ſworn.

Ste. Here, kiſs the book. Though thou can'ſt ſwim like a duck, thou art made like a gooſe.

Trin. O *Stephano*, haſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' ſea-ſide, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Haſt thou not dropt from heav'n?

Ste. Out o' th' moon, I do aſſure thee. I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have ſeen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my miſtreſs ſhew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy buſh.

Ste. Come, ſwear to that; kiſs the book: I will furniſh it anon with new contents: ſwear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow monſter: [2] I afraid of him? a very ſhallow monſter: the

2 *I afraid of him? a very ſhallow monſter*, &c.] It is to be obſerved that *Trinculo* the ſpeaker is not charged with being afraid: but it was his Conſciouſneſs that he was ſo that drew this bragg from him. This is Nature.

man

man i' th' moon?——a moſt poor credulous monſter: well drawn, monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o'th' Iſle, and I will kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot. I'll ſwear my ſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh my ſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: a moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him———

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Trin.——But that the poor monſter's in drink: an abominable monſter!

Cal. " I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck
" thee berries,
" I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
" A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
" I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
" Thou wond'rous man."

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. " I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs
" grow;
" And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
" Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
" To ſnare the nimble marmazet; I'll bring thee
" To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
" [3] Young Shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go
" with me?"

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company elſe being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

3 *Young* SCAMELS *from the rock.*] We ſhould read SHAMOIS, *i. e.* young Kids.

Cal.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] *Farewel, maſter; farewel, farewel.*

Trin. A howling monſter; a drunken monſter.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fiſh,*
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trencher, nor waſh diſh,
Ban' Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new maſter, get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monſter, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

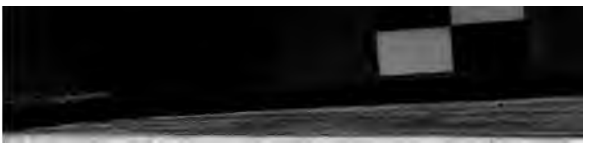
Before Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Ferdinand, *bearing a log.*

FERDINAND.

THERE be ſome ſports are painful, but their labour
Delight in them ſets off: ſome kinds of baſeneſs
Are nobly undergone, and moſt-poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but
The miſtreſs, which I ſerve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleaſures: O, ſhe is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſs. I muſt move
Some thouſands of theſe logs, and pile them up,
Upon a ſore Injunction. My ſweet Miſtreſs
Weeps when ſhe ſees me work, and ſays, ſuch baſeneſs
Had ne'er like executer; I forget;
But theſe ſweet thoughts do ev'n refreſh my labour,
Moſt buſie-leſs, when I do it.

Enter



Enter Miranda; *and* Proſpero, *at a diſtance unſeen.*

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not ſo hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up thoſe logs, that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, ſet it down and reſt you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now, reſt your ſelf;
He's ſafe for theſe three hours.

Fer. O moſt dear miſtreſs,
The ſun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtrive to do.

Mira. If you'll ſit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'ad rather crack my ſinews, break my back,
Than you ſhould ſuch diſhonour undergo,
While I ſit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This viſitation ſhews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble miſtreſs; 'tis freſh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beſeech you,
(Chiefly that I might ſet it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heſt to ſay ſo.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda!*
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's deareſt to the world! full many a lady
I've ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear; for ſeveral virtues
Have I lik'd ſeveral women, never any
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſs, are created
Of every creature's beſt.

Mira. I do not know
One of my ſex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glaſs mine own; nor have I ſeen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,
I'm skilleſs of; but, by my modeſty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a ſhape,
Beſides your ſelf, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a King;
(I would, not ſo!) and would no more endure
This wooden ſlavery, than I would ſuffer
The fleſh-flie blow my mouth. Hear my ſoul ſpeak;
The very inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart fly to your ſervice, there reſides
To make me ſlave to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witneſs to this ſound,
And crown what I profeſs with kind event,
If I ſpeak true; if hollowly, invert
What beſt is boaded me, to miſchief! I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i'th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two moſt rare affections! heav'ns rain grace,
On that which breeds between 'em!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mira. At mine unworthineſs, that dare not offer,
What I deſire to give; and much leſs take,
What I ſhall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it ſeeks to hide it ſelf,
The bigger bulk it ſhews. Hence, baſhful cunning;
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your ſervant,
Whether you will or no.
Fer. My miſtreſs, deareſt,
And I thus humble ever.
Mira. My husband then?
Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.
Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel,
Till half an hour hence.
Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. [*Exeunt.*
Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are ſurpriz'd withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere ſupper-time, muſt I perform
Much buſineſs appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Changes to another part of the Iſland.

Enter Caliban, Stephano *and* Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board 'em, ſervant-monſter; drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monſter! the folly of this iſland! they ſay, there's but five upon this iſle; we are three of them, if the other two be brain'd like us, the ſtate totters.

Ste. Drink, ſervant-monſter, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. Where ſhould they be ſet elſe? he were a brave monſter indeed, if they were ſet in his tail.

Ste. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me. I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five and thirty leagues, off and on; by this light, thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, or my ſtandard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

Ste. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy ſhoe; I'll not ſerve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt, moſt ignorant monſter, I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable; why, thou deboſh'd fiſh thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree —— the poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo.*

Enter Ariel *inviſible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a tyrant, a ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Iſland.

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Cal. Thou lieſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'ſt,
But this thing dares not.———)

Ste. That's moſt certain.

Cal. Thou ſhalt be lord of it, and I'll ſerve thee.

Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt? canſt thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee aſleep,
Where thou may'ſt knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou ſcurvy patch!
I do beſeech thy greatneſs, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him; when that's gone,
He ſhall drink nought but brine, for I'll not ſhew him
Where the quick freſhes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monſter one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a ſtock-fiſh of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didſt thou not ſay, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou lieſt.

Ste. Do I ſo? take you that. [*Beats him.*
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can ſack and drinking do. A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee, ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I'th' afternoon to ſleep; there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books: or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books; for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am; nor hath not
One ſpirit to command. They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils, (for ſo he calls them,)
Which when he has an houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er ſaw woman,
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and ſhe:
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſes *Sycorax*,
As greateſt does the leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a Laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queen, ſave our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelf ſhall be Vice-Roys. Doſt thou like the plot, *Trinculo?*

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry, I beat thee: but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry; I am full of pleaſure;
Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: come on, *Trinculo*, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em; thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel *plays the Tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this ſame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thy ſelf in the likeneſs; if thou be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O, forgive me my ſins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defie thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the iſle is full of noiſes, [not.
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
Sometimes a thouſand twanging inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears, and ſometimes voices;
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again; and then in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready

Ready to drop upon me; that when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſick for nothing.

Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow. I would I could ſee this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow *Stephano*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to another Part of the Iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, *&c.*

Gon. BY'R lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am my ſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To th' dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down and reſt.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we ſtray to find, and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they

Will

Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they're freſh.
Seb. I ſay, to night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſick; and Proſpero *on the top, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation; and, inviting the King,* &c. *to eat, they depart.*

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſick!
Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! what were theſe?
Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.
Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does elſe want credit, come to me,
And I'll be ſworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they believe me?
If I ſhould ſay, I ſaw ſuch iſlanders:
(For, certes, theſe are people of the iſland)
Who tho' they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you ſhall find
Many; nay, almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well; for ſome of you there preſent
Are worſe than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muſe,
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound, expreſſing
(Although they want the uſe of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb diſcourſe.

Pro.

[4] *Pro.* Praiſe, in departing.——
Fran. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince
They've left their viands behind; for we have ſtomachs.
Wilt pleaſe you taſte of what is here?
Alon. Not I.
Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe, that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whoſe throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of fleſh, or that there were ſuch men,
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts? which now we find,
[5] Each putter out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.
Alon. I will ſtand to, and feed,
Although my laſt; no matter, ſince I feel
The beſt is paſt. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

SCENE IV.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel *like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vaniſhes.*

Ari. You are three men of ſin, whom deſtiny
(That hath to inſtrument this lower world,

4 Pro. *Praiſe in departing.*] This is a ſarcaſm. They were praiſing the muſic and attendance of this viſionary Entertainment: but their commendations were too haſty, for the Banquet was preſently ſnatched from them: ſo that the muſic was only a prelude to a Mockery. *Proſpero* therefore ſays, *Stay your praiſes 'till you have ended your entertainment.*

Praiſe in departing.

The phraſe alludes to the cuſtom of Gueſts praiſing their entertainment when they riſe from the Banquet.

5 *Each putter out on five for one*——] A Satire on the Voyagers of that time, who had juſt diſcovered a new World; and, as was natural, gave very extravagant accounts of the wonders of it. Their Ventures in theſe expeditions are alluded to in the title, given them, of *putters out on five for one.*

And

And what is in't) the never-ſurfeited ſea
Hath cauſed to belch up; and on this Iſland
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men
Being moſt unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And ev'n with ſuch like valour men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are miniſters of fate; the elements,
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at ſtabs
Kill the ſtill-cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One down that's in my plume: my fellow-miniſters
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my buſineſs to you) that you three
From *Milan* did ſupplant good *Proſpero:*
Expos'd unto the ſea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the ſeas and ſhores, yea, all the creatures,
Againſt your peace: thee of thy ſon, *Alonſo*,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition, worſe than any death
Can be at once, ſhall ſtep by ſtep attend
You and your ways; whoſe wrath to guard you from,
(Which here in this moſt deſolate Iſle elſe falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's ſorrow,
And a clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in thunder: then, to ſoft muſick, Enter the ſhapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and carrying out the table.

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters

Their

Their ſeveral kinds have done; my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young *Ferdinand*, (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd,)
And his and my lov'd darling.

[*Exit* Proſpero *from above.*

Gon. I'th' name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
" Methoughts, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
" The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
" That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
" The Name of *Proſper:* it did baſe my treſpaſs.
Therefore my ſon i' th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond. [*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; " their great guilt,
" Like poiſon giv'n to work a great time after,
" Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits. I do beſeech you,
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly;
And hinder them from what this ecſtaſie
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Proſpero's *Cell.*

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, *and* Miranda.

PROSPERO.

IF I have too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a (*a*) thread of mine own life;
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my tryals of thy love, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off;
For thou ſhalt find, ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Againſt an oracle.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter. But
" If thou doſt break her [3] virgin-knot, before
" All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
" With full and holy Rite be miniſter'd,
" No ſweet aſperſions ſhall the heav'ns let fall
" To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
" Sour-ey'd diſdain, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
" The union of your bed with weeds ſo loathly,
" That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen*'s lamps ſhall light you.

3 —— *virgin-knot*,——] Alluding to the *Latin* phraſe of *Zonam ſolvere.*

[(*a*) ——*thread*—— Mr. *Theobald*,— vulg. *third.*]

Fer.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think or *Phœbus'* ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairly ſpoke.
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.
What, *Ariel*; my induſtrious ſervant, *Ariel*——

SCENE II.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.
Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick; go, [4] bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.
Ari. Preſently?
Pro. Ay, with a twink.
Ari. Before you can ſay, Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, maſter? no?
Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach,
'Till thou doſt hear me call.
Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

4 —— *bring the rabble,*] i. e. of ſpirits.

Pro.

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good-night, your vow! ———
Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.
Pro. Well.
Now come, my *Ariel!*; [5] bring a corollary,
Rather than want a ſpirit; appear, and pertly ———
No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent. [*To* Ferdinand.
[*Soft Muſick.*

SCENE III.

A MASQUE. Enter Iris.

Iris. *Ceres*, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibling ſheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with ſtover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionied, and tulip'd brims,
Which ſpungy *April* at thy heſt betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaſte crowns; and thy (*a*) brown groves,
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed batchelor loves,
Being laſs-lorn; thy [6] pale-clipt vineyard,
And thy ſea-marge ſteril, and rocky-hard,
Where

5 ——— *bring a* corollary,] *Corollarium* ſignifies what we call ſupernumerary, or, what is more than juſt ſufficient. The word has here a ſingular propriety and elegance. For *corollaria* were, amongſt the *Romans*, the little gifts given to the people when Plays were exhibited to them at their public feſtivals; and *corollæ* crowns given to thoſe Actors who pleaſed more than ordinary.

6 ——*Thy* POLE-CLIPT *vineyard,*
And thy ſea-marge ſteril, and rocky-hard.] *Gildon* who has made what he calls a *Gloſſary* on *Shakeſpear*, ſays ——*Pole-clipt-clipt*

[(*a*) — *brown groves, Oxford* Edit.— vulg. *broom groves.*]

Where thou thyſelf do'ſt air; the Queen o' th' ſky,
Whoſe wat'ry arch and meſſenger am I,
Bids thee leave theſe; and with her Sov'reign Grace,
Here on this graſs-plot, in this very place,
To come and ſport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd meſſenger, that ne'er
Doſt diſobey the wife of *Jupiter:*
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffuſeſt honey drops, refreſhing ſhowers;
And with each end of thy blue bow do'ſt crown
My bosky acres, and my unſhrub'd down,
Rich ſcarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this ſhort-graſs green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bleſs'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If *Venus* or her ſon, as thou do'ſt know,
Do not attend the Queen: ſince they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis* my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have forſworn.

Iris. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid; I met her deity

clipt in the head. What he had in his head is not worth inquiring. *Clipt* here ſignifies *embraced*: but *pole-clipt* is a corrupt reading. It ſounded well, becauſe vines are ſupported by Poles, to ſay *pole-clipt vineyard.* And ſound was what the Player-Editors only attended to. But a little ſenſe might have taught them that *vines* could not be called *pole-clipt*, tho' *Poles* might be called *vine-clipt.* *Shakeſpear* wrote

——*Thy* PALE-CLIPT *Vineyard.*

i. e. the *vineyard* incloſed or ſenced with *Pales*, in oppoſition to the wide and open *ſea-marge* or coaſt. —— *Rocky hard* ſhould be read with an hyphen. It is one of the epithets to *ſea-marge.* —— *as hard as a rock.*

Cutting

Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*; and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whoſe vows are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
'Till *Hymen*'s torch be lighted; but in vain
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows;
Swears, he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of ſtate,
Great *Juno*, comes; I know her by her gate.

[Juno *deſcends, and enters.*

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? go with me
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſp'rous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue.

Jun. *Honour, riches, marriage-bleſſing,*
Long continuance and encreaſing,
Hourly joys be ſtill upon you!
Juno *ſings her bleſſings on you:*

Cer. *Earth's increaſe, and foyſon-plenty,*
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing,
Spring come to you, at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt!
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you;
Ceres' *bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Fer. [7] This is a moſt majeſtick viſion, and
Harmonious charming Lays: may I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?

Pro

7 *This is a moſt majeſtick viſion, and Harmonious* CHARMINGLY.] What was intended to be here commended was, 1. The viſion of the Goddeſſes. 2. Their Songs. The *viſion* is commended in theſe Words, *This is a moſt majeſtic viſion.* But for the *ſongs*,——we are put off with this

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradiſe.
Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Juno and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly;
There's ſomething elſe to do; huſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our ſpell is marr'd.

Juno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on imployment.*

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Nayads*, of the winding brooks,
With your ſedg'd crowns, and ever-harmleſs looks,
Leave your criſp channels, and on this green land
Anſwer your ſummons, *Juno* does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You ſun-burn'd ſicklemen, of *Auguſt* weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day; your rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

nonſenſe——and *harmonious Charmingly.* To reſtore Senſe, and the other part of the commendation, we muſt needs read

——————— *and*
Harmonious charming LAYS,

And then both the *viſions* and the *ſongs* will have their due praiſes. The word *charming* cannot with propriety be applied to any thing but muſic and poetry, becauſe theſe were ſuppoſed to operate, as *charms*. In our Author's time the word was generally ſo applied, tho' it be now uſed ridiculouſly on every object of pleaſure.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof, Proſpero *ſtarts ſuddenly, and ſpeaks; after which, to a ſtrange, hollow and confuſed noiſe, they vaniſh heavily.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Caliban*, and his confed'rates,
Againſt my life; the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come. Well done, avoid; no more.
Fer. This is moſt ſtrange; your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.
Mir. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.
Pro. You look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd; be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: ‘ [8] theſe our actors,
‘ As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
‘ Are

[8] ——— *Theſe our Actors,*
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into Air, *into thin* Air;
And like the baſeleſs Fabric of THEIR VISION,
The cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The ſolemn Temples, the great Globe it ſelf,
Yea all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And like this unſubſtantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a Rack *behind*——] In this reading, all ſublunary things, on account of their fleeting exiſtence, are compared to the mask of ſpirits, which, at the beck of *Proſper*, vaniſhed ſuddenly away. But then there is a wretched tautology in the lines,
And like the baſeleſs Fabric &c.
And like this unſubſtantial Pageant &c.
Not to mention the aukward expreſſion of [*their Viſion*], which Mr. *Theobald*, upon what Authority I know not, hath changed into [*this Viſion*]. I ſuppoſe to make the expreſſion a little more natural. I would read,
And like the baſeleſs Fabric of TH' AIR VISIONS.

' Are melted into air, into thin air;
' And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of th' air-viſions
' The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
' The ſolemn temples, the great globe it ſelf,
' Yea, all, which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
' And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
' Leave

He had juſt before ſaid, that the Spirits were melted ——*into Air, into thin Air.* This furniſhes him with the fine ſimilitude of *Air Viſions*, which generally appearing, as *Shakeſpear* in another place ſays, like

A tower'd Citidel, a pendant Rock,
A forked Mountain, or blue Promontory,

he very properly calls *baſeleſs Fabrics*, which doth not ſo well agree with ſpirits in a human form. By this emendation the tautology, taken notice of above, is avoided: and the Poet, with great perſpicuity, and phyſical exactneſs, compares the Globe, and all *inanimate* things upon it, to *Air Viſions*; and men and animals in the words——*yea all which it inherit*——to the *viſions of Spirits*, which the Speaker had juſt before preſented to them. Further, that the Compariſon was indeed to *Air Viſions* is ſtill evident from the words,

——— *leave not a* Rack *behind*,

which can refer only to *Air Viſions*. For *Rack* is the veſtige of an embodied cloud, which hath been broken and diſſipated by the Winds. But laſtly, to put the emendation out of all reaſonable queſtion, we have this very Similitude of *Air Viſions* again in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, with this difference only, that it is *there* applied to the tranſient glory of one man, and *here*, to that of human things in general.

Anthony *and* Cleopatra.

Sometimes we ſee a Cloud that's dragoniſh,
A vapour, ſometimes like a bear or lion,
A towered Citidel, a pendant Rock,
A forked Mountain or blue Promontory;
——— *thou'ſt ſeen theſe ſigns,*
They are black Veſper's Pageants ———
That which is now a Horſe even with a thought,
The Rack *diſſlimns and makes it indiſtinct,*
As water is in water —— now thy Captain is
Even ſuch a body; here I'm Anthony,
Yet cannot hold this viſible Shape, &c. ———

I will only add, that the thought——*They are black Veſper's Pageants*, is wonderfully beautiful. As it characterizes theſe *Air Viſions*, which appear only in the Evening, when the ſetting Sun reflects

' [9] Leave not a rack behind! we are ſuch ſtuff
' As dreams are made on, and our little life
' Is rounded with a ſleep.'—— [1] Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakneſs, my old brain is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmity;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repoſe: a turn or two I'll walk,
To ſtill my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wiſh your peace.

[*Exe.* Fer. *and* Mir.

Pro.

reflects its light upon the oppoſite Clouds; and as it gives a vaſt force to the Similitude, which inſinuates that human glory is as certainly ſucceeded by Miſery, as theſe gaudy Appearances by a dark cloudy Night. It is obſervable, that the time at which *Proſpero* uſes this Similitude of *Air Viſions*, is the Evening.

9 *Leave not a* Rack *behind!*--] The *Oxford Editor* not knowing what Mariners call the *Rack* of a Cloud, namely the Veſtige of it, after it has been broken and driven by the wind, alters it to *Track*.

1 ——— *Sir, I am vext,*
Bear with my weakneſs, my old brain is troubled:]

Proſpero here diſcovers a great emotion of anger on his ſudden recollection of *Caliban*'s plot. This appears from the admirable reflexion he makes on the inſignificancy of human things. For thinking men are never under greater depreſſion of mind than when they moralize in this manner: and yet, if we turn to the occaſion of his diſorder, it does not appear, as firſt view, to be a thing capable of moving one in *Proſpero*'s circumſtances. The Plot of a contemptible *Savage* and two drunken Sailors, all of whom he had abſolutely in his power. There was then no apprehenſion of danger. But if we look more nearly into the caſe, we ſhall have reaſon to admire our Author's wonderful knowledge of nature. There was ſomething in it with which great minds are moſt deeply affected, and that is the *Senſe of Ingratitude*. He recalled to mind the Obligations this *Caliban* lay under for the inſtructions he had given him, and the conveniencies of life he had taught him to uſe. But theſe reflexions on *Caliban*'s Ingratitude would naturally recal to mind his brother's: And then theſe two working together were very capable of producing all the diſorder of paſſion here repreſented.—That theſe two, who had received, at his hands, the two beſt Gifts mortals are capable of, when rightly employed, *Regal power* and the *Uſe of reaſon*; that theſe, in return, ſhould conſpire againſt the life of the Donor, would ſurely afflict a generous mind to its utmoſt bearing.

Pro. Come with a thought;——I thank you:——
Ariel, come.

Proſpero *comes forward from the Cell*; *enter* Ariel *to him.*

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleaſure?
Pro. Spirit,
We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban.*
Ari. Ay, my commander; when I preſented *Ceres*,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Leſt I might anger thee.
Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leave theſe varlets?
Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they ſmote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kiſſing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears,
Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
As they ſmelt muſick; ſo I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail ſhins: at laſt I left them
I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'er-ſtunk their feet.
Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy ſhape inviſible retain thou ſtill;
[2] The trumpery in my houſe, go bring it hither,
For ſtale to catch theſe thieves.
Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*
Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whoſe nature
Nurture can never ſtick; on whom my pains,

2 *The trumpery in my houſe, go bring it hither*
For ſtale to catch theſe Thieves——] If it be asked what neceſſity there was for this apparatus, I anſwer that it was the ſuperſtitious fancy of the people, in our Author's time, that Witches, Conjurors, *&c.* had no power over thoſe againſt whom they would employ their Charms, till they had got them at this advantage, committing ſome ſin or other, as here of theft.

Humanely

Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.
[Proſpero *remains inviſible.*

SCENE V.

Enter Ariel *loaden with gliſtering apparel*, &c. *Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monſter, your *Fairy*, which you ſay is a harmleſs *Fairy*, has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs, at which my noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine: do you hear, monſter? if I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you——

Trin. Thou wer't but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize, I'll bring thee to,
Shall hood-wink this miſchance; therefore, ſpeak ſoftly:
All's huſht as midnight yet.

Trin. "Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. "There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in "that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin. "That's more to me than my wetting: yet "this is your harmleſs *Fairy*, monſter.

Ste. "I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er "ears for my labour."

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet: ſeeſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell; no noiſe, and enter;
Do that good miſchief, which may make this Iſland
Thine own for ever; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts. [*phano!*

Trin. [3] O King *Stephano!* O Peer! O worthy *Ste-* Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but traſh.

Trin. Oh, oh, monſter; we know what belongs to a frippery;——O, King *Stephano!*

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo*; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace ſhall have it. [mean,

Cal. The dropſie drown this fool! what do you
To doat thus on ſuch luggage? let's along,
And do the murder firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us ſtrange ſtuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monſter. Miſtreſs line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to loſe your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we ſteal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. "I thank thee for that jeſt, here's a garment "for't: wit ſhall not go unrewarded, while I am "King of this country: ſteal by line and level, is an "excellent paſs of pate; there's another garment "for't.

Trin. Monſter, come, put ſome lime upon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will have none on't; we ſhall loſe our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes
With foreheads villanous low.

3 Trin. *O King* Stephano! *O Peer! O worthy* Stephano! *Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!*] The Humour of theſe lines conſiſts in their being an alluſion to an old celebrated Ballad, which begins thus, *King* Stephen *was a worthy Peer* —— and celebrates that King's parſimony with regard to his *wardrobe.*——There are two Stanzas of this ballad in *Othello.*

Ste.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noiſe of hunters heard. Enter divers ſpirits in ſhape of hounds, hunting them about; Proſpero *and* Ariel *ſetting them on.* Calib. Steph. *and* Trinc. *driven out, roaring.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, *Silver*.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, *Tyrant*, there; hark, hark;
Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulſions; ſhorten up their ſinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly. At this hour
Lye at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little,
Follow, and do me ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I. ***

Before the Cell.

Enter Proſpero *in his magick Robes, and* Ariel.

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my ſpirits obey, and [4] time Goes

4 ——— *Time*
Goes upright with his Carriage—] The thought is pretty. — Time

Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?
Ari. On the ſixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You ſaid, our work ſhould ceaſe.
Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the tempeſt; ſay, my ſpirit,
How fares the King and 's followers?
Ari. Confin'd
In the ſame faſhion as you gave in charge;
Juſt as you left them, all your priſoners, Sir,
In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, 'till your releaſe. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of ſorrow and diſmay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*.
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pro. Do'ſt thou think ſo, ſpirit?
Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.
Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am ſtruck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, 'gainſt my fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frown further; go, releaſe them, *Ariel*;

—Time is uſually repreſented as an old man almoſt worn out, and bending under his load. He is here painted as in great vigour, and walking upright, to denote that things went proſperouſly on.

My

My charms I'll break, their ſenſes I'll reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelves.
Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Pro. ‘ Ye elves of hills, brooks, ſtanding lakes and groves,
‘ And ye, that on the ſands with printleſs foot
‘ Do chaſe the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,
‘ When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
‘ By moon-ſhine do the green four ringlets make,
‘ Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whoſe paſtime
‘ Is to make midnight muſhrooms, that rejoice
‘ To hear the ſolemn curfew; by whoſe aid
‘ (Weak maſters tho' ye be) [5] I have be-dimm'd
‘ The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
‘ And

5 ——— *I have be-dimm'd*
The noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd vault,
Set roaring war; to the dread ratling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and rifted Jove's *ſtout Oak*
With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd Promontory
Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt up
The Pine and Cedar: Graves at my command
Have waked their ſleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my ſo potent Art.] Here is evidently an abſurd tranſpoſition of the words in the laſt line but one. But Mr. *Theobald*'s defence of the preſent reading is ſtill more abſurd. He juſtifies the expreſſion of *Graves waking their Sleepers*, by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*'s ſaying—— *Fame wakens the ruin'd Monuments* —— which is an expreſſion purely metaphorical, to ſignify that thoſe monuments are brought again into remembrance; and is therefore juſtifiable. But—*Graves waking their Sleepers* muſt needs be underſtood literally. For *Proſpero* would inſinuate that dead men were actually raiſed to life by his Art. Therefore the expreſſion is abſurd, and conſequently none of *Shakeſpear*'s, who certainly wrote

—— *Graves, at my command,*
Have open'd, and let forth their Sleepers, wak'd
By my ſo potent Art.

As

' And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault
' Set roaring war; to the dread ratling thunder
' Have I giv'n fire, and rifted *Jove*'s ſtout oak
' With his own bolt: the ſtrong-bas'd promontory
' Have I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt up
' The pine and cedar: graves at my command
' Have open'd, and let forth their ſleepers, wak'd
' By my ſo potent art.' [6] But this rough magick
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd

Some

As a further proof that *Shakeſpear* wrote it thus, we may obſerve, that he borrowed this ſpeech from *Medea*'s in *Ovid*:

Stantia concutio cantu freta, nubila pello;
Nubilaque induco: ventos abigoque vocoque:
Viperea ſque rumpo verbis & carmine fauces:
Vivaque ſaxa ſua convulſaque robora terra,
Et ſilvas moveo: jubeoque tremeſcere Montes,
Et mugire ſolum MANESQUE EXIRE SEPULCRIS.

Now *maneſque exire ſepulcris* is juſtly expreſſed as we have reformed the lines,

—— *Graves, at my command,*
Have open'd, and let forth their ſleepers, wak'd
By my ſo potent art ———

The third line of his original containing an atchievement little in uſe amongſt modern Inchanters he has with judgment omitted it in his imitation.

6 ——— *But this rough magick*
I here abjure. And when I have required
Some heavenly muſick, *which ev'n now I do,*
(To work mine end upon their Senſes, that
This airy charm IS FOR;) *I'll break my ſtaff*, &c.—] If the preſent reading be genuine, then, by [*airy charm*] is meant the *heavenly muſick* two lines before. But this admitted, the conſequence will be, 1. A wretched *tautology*; He had ſaid — *Some heavenly muſick to work mine end*; and then immediately adds this *airy charm* of muſic *is for* working mine end. 2. As unpardonable a *defect*; for, according to this ſenſe and reading, we are not informed what this end was, by not being told the *State* of their Senſes. We muſt needs then by [*airy charm*] underſtand *the fire and cracks of ſulphurous roaring*, as it is called in the 3d Scene of Act I. and *thunder and lightning* in the 4th Scene of Act III. which had in the higheſt degree terrified the perſons concerned. That this was the *airy charm* is farther evident from theſe words, in the following Scene, *The charm diſſolves apace, and as*, &c.

It

Some heavenly muſick, which ev'n now I do,
(To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm has frail'd ;) [7] I'll break my ſtaff;
Bury't a certain fadom in the earth;
And deeper than did ever plummet ſound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn Muſick.*

SCENE III.

Here enters Ariel *before; then* Alonzo *with a frantick geſture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner, attended by* Adrian *and* Franciſco. *They all enter the circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd; which* Proſpero *obſerving, ſpeaks.*

A ſolemn air, and the beſt comforter
To an unſettled fancy, cure thy brains
Now uſeleſs, boil'd within thy skull! There ſtand,
For you are ſpell-ſtopt.——
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,

It was diſſolved, we ſee, by the *heavenly muſick*, and therefore different from it. But if this be the ſenſe of *airy charm*, then we ſee the reading [IS FOR] muſt be corrupt; and that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——*heavenly muſick*——
To work mine end upon their ſenſes, that
This airy charm HAS FRAIL'D.

i. e. which ſenſes the airy charm of *Ariel* above-mentioned has diſturbed and ſhatter'd. For that this was their condition appears from the lines which follow in the next ſcene.

——*The charm diſſolves apace;*
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
Melting the darkneſs; ſo their riſing ſenſes
Begin to chaſe the ign'rant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reaſon——

7 —— *I'll break my ſtaff;*
Bury it certain *fadoms in the earth.*] *Certain* in its preſent ſignification is predicated of a preciſe determinate number. But this ſenſe would make the thought flat and ridiculous. We muſt conſider the word *certain* therefore as uſed in its old ſignification of *a many*, indefinitely. So *Bale* in his *Acts of Engliſh Votaries* ſays,—— *But he took with him* A CERTEN *of his idle companions.* For *a many.* So that *Shakeſpear*, I ſuppoſe, wrote the line thus,

Bury't A CERTAIN *Fadom in the Earth.*

Mine eyes, even ſociable to th' ſhew of thine,
Fall fellow-drops.——The charm diſſolves apace;
And as the morning ſteals upon the night,
' Melting the darkneſs; ſo their riſing ſenſes
' Begin to chaſe the * ign'rant fumes, that mantle
' Their clearer reaſon.' O my good *Gonzalo*,
My true preſerver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.——Moſt cruelly
Didſt thou, *Alonzo*, uſe me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebaſtian*, fleſh and blood.
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorſe and nature; who with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'ral though thou art. " Their underſtanding
" Begins to ſwell, and the approaching tide
" Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore,
" That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—*Ariel*,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will diſ-caſe me, and myſelf preſent,
[*Exit* Ariel, *and returns immediately.*
As I was ſometime *Milan:* quickly, Spirit;
Thou ſhalt e'er long be free.

Ariel *ſings, and helps to attire him.*

§ *Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I;*
In a cowſlip's bell I lie:

* *ign'rant* fumes,] *Ignorant*, for hurtful to reaſon.

§ *Where the bee ſucks, there* ſuck *I*;] Mr. *Theobald* tells us, he has here *ventured to vary from the printed Copies*, and read *lurk I:* Becauſe a *Spirit cannot be intended*, as he expreſſes it, *to want food*. How *Shakeſpear*, or any other good Metaphyſician would have *intended* to ſupport theſe Spirits, had they been of their own making, I do not know: But the people who gave them birth brought them up to good eating and drinking.

There

There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After [9] *Summer, merrily.*
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom, that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel*; I ſhall miſs thee;
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom. So, ſo, ſo,
To the King's ſhip, inviſible as thou art;
There ſhalt thou find the mariners aſleep
Under the hatches; the maſter and the boatſwain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulſe twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; ſome heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

9 *After* Summer, *merrily.*] This is the reading of all the Editions. Yet Mr. *Theobald* has ſubſtituted *Sun-ſet*, becauſe *Ariel* talks of riding on the Bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumſtance is given only to deſign the *time of night* in which fairies travel. One would think the conſideration of the circumſtances ſhould have ſet him right. *Ariel* was a ſpirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of *Proſpero*, to a conſtant attendance on his occaſions. So that he was confined to the Iſland Winter and Summer. But the roughneſs of Winter is repreſented by *Shakeſpear* as diſagreeable to fairies, and ſuch like delicate ſpirits, who on this account conſtantly follow *Summer*. Was not this then the moſt agreeable circumſtance of *Ariel*'s new recover'd liberty, that he could now avoid *Winter*, and follow *Summer* quite round the Globe. But to put the matter out of queſtion, let us conſider the meaning of this line.

There *I couch*, when *Owls do cry*.
Where? in the *Cowſlip's bell*, and *where the Bee ſucks*, he tells us: this muſt needs be in *Summer*. When? *when Owls cry*, and this is in *Winter*. *When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,*
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl.
The Song of *Winter* in *Love's Labour Loſt*.
The conſequence is, that *Ariel flies After-Summer*. Yet the *Oxford Editor* has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. *Theobald*.

Pro.

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Proſpero*:
For more aſſurance that a living Prince
Does now ſpeak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Be'ſt thou he or no,
Or ſome inchanted trifle to abuſe me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulſe
Beats, as of fleſh and blood; and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madneſs held me; this muſt crave
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory:
Thy Dukedom I reſign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how ſhould *Proſpero*
Be living, and be here?
Pro. Firſt, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honour cannot
Be meaſur'd or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not ſwear.
Pro. You do yet taſte
Some ſubtilties o' th' iſle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I ſo minded,
I here could pluck his Highneſs' frown upon you,
And juſtify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.
Seb. The devil ſpeaks in him.
Pro. No:——
For you, moſt wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankeſt faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou muſt reſtore.
Alon. If thou be'ſt *Proſpero*,
Give us particulars of thy preſervation,

How

How thou haſt met us here, who three hours ſince
Were wreckt upon this ſhore; where I have loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear ſon *Ferdinand.*

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loſs, and Patience
Says, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not ſought her help; of whoſe ſoft grace,
For the like loſs, I have her ſov'reign aid,
And reſt myſelf content.

Alon. You the like loſs?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, ſupportable
To make the dear loſs, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have loſt my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wiſh,
Myſelf were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my ſon lies. When did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt tempeſt. I perceive, theſe lords
At this encounter do ſo much admire,
That they devour their reaſon; and ſcarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howſoe'er you have
Been juſtled from your ſenſes, know for certain,
That I am *Proſp'ro*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Milan*; who moſt ſtrangely
Upon this ſhore, where you were wreckt, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfaſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And ſubjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My Dukedom ſince you've given me again,

I will requite you with as good a thing;
At leaſt, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE IV.

Opens to the Entrance of the Cell.

Here Proſpero *diſcovers* Ferdinand *and* Miranda *playing at Cheſs.*

Mira. SWEET lord, you play me falſe.
Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. [1] Yes, for a ſcore of kingdoms you ſhould wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A viſion of the iſland, one dear ſon
Shall I twice loſe.
Seb. A moſt high miracle!
Fer. Though the ſeas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cauſe.
Alon. Now all the bleſſings [Ferd. *kneels.*
Of a glad Father compaſs thee about!
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has ſuch people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou waſt at play?
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is ſhe the goddeſs that hath ſever'd us,

1 *Yes, for a* Score *of Kingdoms*] *i. e.* If the ſubject or bet were Kingdoms: *Score* here not ſignifying the number *twenty*, but *account.*

And

And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe's mortal;
But, by immortal providence, ſhe's mine.
I choſe her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice: nor thought, I had one: ſhe
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Milan*,
Of whom ſo often I have heard renown,
But never ſaw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a ſecond life, and ſecond father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers;
But, oh, how oddly will it ſound, that I
Muſt ask my child forgiveneſs!
Pro. There, Sir, ſtop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
An heavineſs that's gone.
Gon. I've inly wept,
Or ſhould have ſpoke ere this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crown:
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither!
Alon. I ſay, Amen, *Gonzalo!*
Gon. Was *Milan* thruſt from *Milan*, that his iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples!* O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and ſet it down
In gold on laſting pillars! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis*;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelf was loſt; *Proſpero* his Dukedom,
In a poor iſle; and all of us, ourſelves,
When no man was his own.
Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you joy!
Gon. Be't ſo, Amen!

SCENE V.

Enter Ariel, *with the Maſter and Boatſwain amazedly following.*

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I propheſy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt grace o'erboard, not an oath on ſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boatſ. The beſt news is, that we have ſafely found
Our King and company; the next, our ſhip,
Which but three glaſſes ſince we gave out ſplit,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We firſt put out to ſea.

Ari. Sir, all this ſervice
Have I done ſince I went.

Pro. My trickſey ſpirit!

Alon. Theſe are not natural events; they ſtrengthen,
From ſtrange to ſtranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boatſ. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead a-ſleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with ſtrange and ſev'ral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway at liberty:
[2] Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

2 *Where we in all* our *Trim. freſhly beheld*
Our royal, good and gallant Ship; ——] The Trim is to be underſtood of the Ship, and not of the Crew, ſo that we ſhould read *her trim.* Dr. *Thirlby.*

Pro.

Pro. Bravely, my diligence, thou ſhalt be free.
Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct of; ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infeſt your mind with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly) [3] ſingle I'll reſolve you,
Which to you ſhall ſeem probable, of every
Theſe happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, ſpirit;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:
Untie the ſpell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

SCENE VI.

Enter Ariel, *driving in* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *in their ſtolen Apparel.*

Ste. Every man ſhift for all the reſt, and let no man take care for himſelf; for all is but fortune; *Coragio*, bully-monſter, *Coragio!*
Trin. If theſe be true ſpies, which I wear in my head, here's a goodly ſight.
Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be brave ſpirits, indeed!
How fine my maſter is! I am afraid,
He will chaſtiſe me.
Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are theſe, my lord *Anthonio!*
Will money buy 'em?
Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fiſh, and no doubt marketable.

3 —— *ſingle I'll reſolve you.*] Becauſe the conſpiracy, againſt him, of his Brother *Sebaſtian* and his own Brother *Anthonio*, would make part of the relation.

Pro. Mark but the badges of theſe men, my lords,
Then ſay, if they be true: this miſ-ſhap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
Theſe three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life; two of theſe fellows you
Muſt know and own; this thing of darkneſs I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. [4] And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe; where ſhould they
Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

4 *And* Trinculo *is reeling ripe; where ſhould they Find this grand* LIQUOR, *that hath gilded 'em.*] *Shakeſpear*, to be ſure, wrote — grand 'LIXIR, alluding to the *grand* Elixir of the alchymiſts, which they pretend would reſtore youth, and confer immortality. This, as they ſaid, being a preparation of Gold, they called *Aurum potabile*; which *Shakeſpear* alluded to in the word *gilded*; as he does again in *Anthony and Cleopatra.*

How much art thou unlike Mark Anthony?
Yet coming from him, that great med'cine *hath,*
With his Tinct, gilded *thee.*

But the joke here is to inſinuate that, notwithſtanding all the boaſts of the Chymiſts, Sack was the only reſtorer of youth, and beſtower of immortality. So *Ben Johnſon* in his *Every man out of his humour* — *Canarie the very* Elixar *and ſpirit of wine* — This ſeems to have been the Cant name for Sack, of which the *Engliſh* were, at that time, immoderately fond. *Randolf* in his *Jealous Lovers*, ſpeaking of it, ſays, — *A Pottle of Elixar at the Pegaſus bravely caroufed.* So again in *Fletcher*'s *Monſieur Thomas*, Act III.

— *Old rev'rend Sack, which, for ought that I can read yet, Was that Philoſopher's ſtone the wiſe King* Ptolomeus *Did all his wonders by.* —

The phraſe too of being *gilded* was a trite one on this occaſion. *Fletcher* in his *Chances* — Duke. *Is ſhe not drunk too?* Whore. *A little* gilded *o'er, Sir; Old Sack, Old Sack, Boys!*

Trin.

Trin. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano?*

Ste. [5] O, touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' th' iſle, Sirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace. What a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a God?
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ſtole it rather.

5 O, *touch me not: I am not* Stephano, *but a* cramp.] In reading this play, I all along ſuſpected that *Shakeſpear* had taken it from ſome *Italian* writer; the *Unities* being all ſo regularly obſerved, which no dramatic writers but the *Italian* obſerved ſo early as our Author's time; and which *Shakeſpear* has obſerved no where but in this Play. Beſides, the Perſons of the Drama are all *Italians*. I was much confirmed in my Suſpicion when I came to this place. It is plain a joke was intended; but where it lies is hard to ſay. I ſuſpect there was a quibble in the Original that would not bear to be tranſlated, which ran thus. *I am not* Stephano *but* Staffilato. *Staffilato* ſignifying, in *Italian*, a man well laſhed or flayed, which was the real caſe of theſe varlets.

—— *Tooth'd briars, ſharp furzes, pricking goſs and thorns*
Which enter'd their frail Skins. ——

And the touching a raw part being very painful, he might well cry out *Touch me not*, &c. In *Riccoboni*'s Catalogue of *Italian* plays are theſe, *Il Negromante di L. Arioſto, proſa e verſo, & Il Negromante Palliato di Gio-Angelo Petrucci, proſa.* But whether the *Tempeſt* be borrowed from either of theſe, not having ſeen them, I cannot ſay.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highneſs, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away; the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this iſle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ſhip; and ſo to *Naples*;
Where I have hope to ſee the nuptials
Of theſe our dear beloved ſolemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought ſhall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the ſtory of your life, which muſt
Take the ear ſtrangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promiſe you calm ſeas, auſpicious gales,
And ſail ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Pleaſe you, draw near.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Proſpero.*

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what ſtrength I have's mine own;
Which is moſt faint: and now, 'tis true,
I muſt be here confin'd by you,
Or ſent to Naples. *Let me not,*
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare iſland by your ſpell:
But releaſe me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my ſails
Muſt fill, or elſe my project fails,
Which was to pleaſe. For now I want
Spirits t' enforce, art to enchant;
[6] *And my ending is deſpair,*
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy itſelf, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence ſet me free!

6 — *And my ending is deſpair,*
Unleſs I be reliev'd by prayer;]
This alludes to the old Stories told of the deſpair of Necromancers in their laſt moments; and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them.

A

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S

DREAM.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

THESEUS, *Duke of* Athens.
Egeus, *an* Athenian *Lord.*
Lyſander, *in love with* Hermia.
Demetrius, *in love with* Hermia.
Philoſtrate, *Maſter of the Sports to the Duke.*
Quince, *the Carpenter.*
Snug, *the Joiner.*
Bottom, *the Weaver.*
Flute, *the Bellows-mender.*
Snowt, *the Tinker.*
Starveling, *the Tailor.*

Hippolita, *Princeſs of the* Amazons, *betroth'd to* Theſeus.
Hermia, } *Daughter to* Egeus, *in love with* Lyſander.
Helena, *in love with* Demetrius.

Attendants.

Oberon, *King of the Fairies.*
Titania, *Queen of the Fairies.*
Puck, *or* Robin-goodfellow, *a Fairy.*
Peaſebloſſom, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeed, } *Fairies.*
Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moonſhine, Lyon. } *Characters in the* Interlude *perform'd by the* Clowns.

Other Fairies attending on the King and Queen.

SCENE, Athens; *and a Wood not far from it.*

A MID-

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace in Athens.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Philoſtrate, *with Attendants.*

THESEUS.

OW, fair *Hippolita*, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how ſlow
This old moon wanes! ſhe lingers my deſires,
Like to a ſtep-dame, or a dowager,
[1] Long wintering on a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly ſteep themſelves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time:
And then the moon, like to a ſilver bow,

1 *Long* WITHERING OUT *a young Man's revenue*] *Long withering out* is, certainly, not good *Engliſh*. I rather think *Shakeſpear* wrote, *Long* WINTERING ON *a young man's revenue*.

New

New bent in heaven, ſhall behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.

The. Go, *Philoſtrate*,
Stir up th' *Athenian* youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit* Phi.
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword;
And won thy love, doing thee injuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lyſander, *and* Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke!

The. Thanks, good *Egeus*; what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I with complaint
Againſt my child, my daughter *Hermia*.
Stand forth, Demetrius.——My noble lord,
This man hath my conſent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lyſander.——And, my gracious Duke,
This man hath witch'd the boſom of my child:
Thou, thou, *Lyſander*, thou haſt giv'n her rhimes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child:
Thou haſt by moon-light at her window ſung,
With feigning voice, verſes of feigning love;
And [2] ſtoll'n th' impreſſion of her fantaſie,
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, noſegays, ſweet-meats; (meſſengers
Of ſtrong prevailment in unharden'd youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughter's heart,
Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To ſtubborn harſhneſs: And, my gracious Duke,
Be't ſo, ſhe will not here before your Grace

2 — *ſtoll'n th' impreſſion of her fantaſie,*] The expreſſion is elegant and pretty. It alludes to the taking the impreſſion of a Key in Wax, in order to have another made to unlock a Cabinet.

Conſent

Conſent to marry with *Demetrius*;
I beg the ancient privilege of *Athens*,
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her:
Which ſhall be either to this gentleman,
[3] Or to her death, according to our law,
Immediately provided in that caſe.

The. What ſay you, *Hermia?* be advis'd, fair maid.
[4] To you your father ſhould be as a God,
One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To 'leve the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is *Lyſander*.

The. In himſelf he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other muſt be held the worthier.

Her. I would, my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eyes muſt with his judgment look.

3 *Or to her death, according to our law,*] By a Law of *Solon's*, Parents had the abſolute power of life and death over their children. So it ſuited the poet's purpoſe well enough to ſuppoſe the *Athenians* had it before.——Or perhaps he neither thought nor knew any thing of the matter.

4 *To you your father ſhould be as a God,*
One, who compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To LEAVE *the figure or* disfigure *it.*] We ſhould read,

To 'LEVE *the figure*, &c.

i. e. *releve*, to heighten or add to the beauty of the figure, which is ſaid to be *imprinted by him*. 'Tis from the *French*, *relever*. Thus they ſay, *Tapiſſeries relevées d'or*. In the ſame ſenſe they uſe *enlever*, which *Maundevile* makes *Engliſh* of in this Manner ——*And alle the walles withinne ben covered with gold and ſylver, in ſyn Plates: and in the Plates ben Stories and Batayles of Knyghtes* ENLEVED. *p.* 228. *Rablais*, with a ſtrain of buffoon humour, that equals the ſober elegance of this paſſage in our Poet, calls the ſmall gentry of *France*, *Gentilhommes de bas relief*.

Her.

Her. I do intreat your Grace to pardon me:
[5] I know not, by what pow'r I am made bold;
Nor how it may concern my modeſty,
In ſuch a preſence here, to plead my thoughts:
But, I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befal me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius.*

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the ſociety of men.
Therefore, fair *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun;
For aye to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd,
To live a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitleſs, moon?
Thrice bleſſed they, that maſter ſo their blood,
To undergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage!
But earthlier happy is the roſe diſtill'd,
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs.

Her. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoak
My ſoul conſents not to give Sov'reignty.

The. Take time to pauſe; and by the next new moon,
(The ſealing day betwixt my love and me,
For everlaſting bond of fellowſhip)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For diſobedience to your father's will;
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would;

[5] *I know not, by what power I am made bold;*] It was the Opinion of the Ancients, that when a perſon did or ſaid any thing that exceeded his common faculties of performance, that he did it by the Aſſiſtance of ſome God. So here ſhe inſinuates, that it was Love that enabled her to plead his cauſe.

Or

Or on *Diana*'s altar to proteſt,
For aye, auſterity and ſingle life.
Dem. Relent, ſweet *Hermia*; and, *Lyſander*, yield
Thy crazed title to my certain right.
Lyſ. You have her father's love, *Demetrius*;
Let me have *Hermia*'s; do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful *Lyſander!* true, he hath my love;
And what is mine, my love ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her
I do eſtate unto *Demetrius.*
Lyſ. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my love is more than his:
My fortune's every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as *Demetrius:*
And, which is more than all theſe boaſts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia.*
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius (I'll avouch it to his head)
Made love to *Nedar*'s daughter, *Helena*;
And won her ſoul; and ſhe, ſweet lady, doats,
Devoutly doats, doats in Idolatry,
Upon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſs, that I have heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought t'have ſpoke thereof;
But, being over-full of ſelf-affairs,
My mind did loſe it. But, *Demetrius*, come;
And come, *Egeus*; you ſhall go with me;
I have ſome private ſchooling for you both.
For you, fair *Hermia*, look, you arm your ſelf
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or elſe the law of *Athens* yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
[6] Come, my *Hippolita*; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius,

6 *Come, my* Hippolita; *what cheer, my love?*] *Hippolita* had not ſaid one ſingle word all this while. Had a modern poet had

Demetrius, and *Egeus*, go along;
I muſt employ you in ſome buſineſs
Againſt our nuptials, and confer with you
Of ſomething nearly that concerns your ſelves.
Ege. With duty and deſire we follow you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Manent Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. How now, my love? why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance, the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike, for want of rain; which I could well
[7] Beteem them from the tempeſt of mine eyes.
Lyſ. Hermia, for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or hiſtory,
The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth;
But, either it was different in blood ——
Her. O croſs! —— too high, to be enthrall'd to low! — *(a)*
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of years ——
Her. O ſpight! too old, to be engag'd to young!
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood upon the choice of friends ——
Her. O hell! to chuſe love by another's eye!
Lyſ. Or if there were a ſympathy in choice,
War, death, or ſickneſs did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentary as a ſound,
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dream,

the teaching of her, we ſhould have found her the bufieſt amongſt them; and, without doubt, the Lovers might have expected a more equitable deciſion. But *Shakeſpear* knew better what he was about; and obſerved decorum.

7 *Beteem*, or *pour down upon them.* Mr. *Pope.*

[*(a)* —— *to love*, Mr. *Theobald*, —— Vulg. *to love.*]

" [8] Brief

" [8] Brief as the lightning in the [9] collied night,
" That (in a ſpleen) unfolds both heav'n and earth;
" And ere a man hath power to ſay, Behold!
" The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confuſion. ——

Her. If then true lovers have been ever croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny:
Then, let us teach our tryal patience:
Becauſe it is a cuſtomary croſs,
As due to love, as thoughts and dreams, and ſighs,
Wiſhes and tears, poor fancy's followers!

Lyſ. A good perſuaſion; therefore hear me, *Hermia*.
I have a widow-aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and ſhe hath no child;
From *Athens* is her houſe remov'd ſeven leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me as her only ſon.
There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;
And to that place the ſharp *Athenian* law
Cannot purſue us. [1] If thou lov'ſt me then,

Steal

8 *Brief as the light'ning in the collied Night,*
That, in a Spleen, *unfolds both Heaven and Earth,*
And ere a man hath power to ſay, behold!
The jaws of darkneſs do devour it up.] Tho' the word *Spleen* be here employed odly enough, yet I believe it right. *Shakeſpear* always hurried on by the grandeur and multitude of his Ideas aſſumes, every now and then, an uncommon licence in the uſe of his words. Particularly in complex moral modes it is uſual with him to employ one, only to expreſs a very few *ideas* of that number of which it is compoſed. Thus wanting here to expreſs the ideas —— of a ſudden, or ——*in a trice*, he uſes the word *Spleen*; which, partially conſidered, ſignifying a haſty ſudden fit is enough for him, and he never troubles himſelf about the further or fuller ſignification of the word. Here, he uſes the word *Spleen* for *a ſudden haſty fit*; ſo juſt the contrary, in the *Two Gentlemen of* Verona, he uſes *ſudden* for *ſpleenatic——ſudden quips*. And it muſt be owned this ſort of converſion adds a force to the diction.

9 *Collied* or *black.* Mr. *Pope*.

1 Lyſ. —— *If thou lov'ſt me, then*
Steal forth thy father's houſe &c.
Her. *My good* Lyſander,

Steal forth thy father's houſe to morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with *Helena*
To do obſervance to the morn of *May*,
There will I ſtay for thee.

Her. My good *Lyſander*,——

Lyſ. I ſwear to thee by *Cupid*'s ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the Simplicity of *Venus*' doves,
By that, which knitteth ſouls, and proſpers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* Queen,
When the falſe *Trojan* under ſail was ſeen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women ſpoke;——

Her. In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lyſ. Keep promiſe, love. Look, here comes *Helena*.

I ſwear to thee by Cupid's *ſtrongeſt bow,*
By &c. &c.
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me
To morrow truly will I meet with thee.] *Lyſander* does but juſt propoſe her running away from her Father at midnight, and ſtraight ſhe is at her oaths that ſhe will meet him at the place of Rendezvous. Not one doubt or heſitation, not one condition of aſſurance for *Lyſander*'s conſtancy. Either ſhe was naucioufly coming; or ſhe had before jilted him; and he could not believe her without a thouſand Oaths. But *Shakeſpear* obſerved nature at another Rate.——The ſpeeches are divided wrong, and muſt be thus rectified; when *Lyſander* had propoſed her running away with him, ſhe replies,

Her. *My good* Lyſander ——

and is going on, to ask ſecurity for his fidelity. This he perceives, and interrupts her with the grant of what ſhe demands,

Lyſ. *I ſwear to thee by* Cupid's *ſtrongeſt bow* &c.
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman ſpoke ——

Here ſhe interrupts him in her turn; declares herſelf ſatisfied, and conſents to meet him, in the following words,

Her. —— *In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,*
To morrow truly will I meet with thee.

This diviſion of the lines, beſides preſerving the character, gives the dialogue infinitely more force and ſpirit.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeed, fair *Helena!* whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unſay;
Demetrius loves you, fair; O happy fair!
Your eyes are load-ſtars, and your tongue's ſweet air
More tuneable than lark to ſhepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when haw-thorn buds appear.
Sickneſs is catching: oh, were favour ſo!
(a) Your's would I catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go;
My ear ſhould catch your voice, my eye your eye;
My tongue ſhould catch your tongue's ſweet melody.
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being 'bated,
The reſt I'll give to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me, how you look; and with what art
You ſway the motion of *Demetrius'* heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me ſtill.
Hel. Oh, that your frowns would teach my ſmiles ſuch skill!
Her. I give him curſes, yet he gives me love.
Hel. Oh, that my pray'rs could ſuch affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His Folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort; he no more ſhall ſee my face;
Lyſander and my ſelf will fly this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd *Athens* like a Paradiſe to me.
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven unto a hell?
Lyſ. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold;
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold

[*(a) Your's would catch*, Oxf. Ed. — Vulg. *your words I'd catch.*]

Her ſilver viſage in the wat'ry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs;
(A time, that lovers flights doth ſtill conceal)
Through *Athens'* gate have we devis'd to ſteal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe-beds were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſels ſwell'd;
There, my *Lyſander* and my ſelf ſhall meet;
And thence from *Athens* turn away our eyes,
To ſeek new Friends and ſtrange Companions.
Farewel, ſweet play-fellow; pray thou for us,
And good luck grant thee thy *Demetrius!*
Keep word, *Lyſander*; we muſt ſtarve our ſight
From Lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.
[*Exit* Hermia.

Lyſ. I will, my *Hermia.*——*Helena*, adieu;
As you on him, *Demetrius* doat on you! [*Exit* Lyſand.

Hel. How happy ſome, o'er other ſome, can be!
Through *Athens* I am thought as fair as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinks not ſo:
He will not know; what all, but he, do know.
And as he errs, doating on *Hermia*'s eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can tranſpoſe to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taſte;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haſte:
And therefore is Love ſaid to be a child,
Becauſe in choice he is ſo oft beguil'd.
As waggiſh boys themſelves in game forſwear,
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* look'd on *Hermia*'s eyne,
He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;
And when this hail ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolv'd, and ſhowers of oaths did melt.

I will

I will go tell him of fair *Hermia*'s flight:
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Purſue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expence.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have ~~this~~ *his* ſight thither, and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a Cottage.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, *and* Starveling.

Quin. IS all our company here?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowl of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all *Athens*, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Dutcheſs, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and ſo [2] go on to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is the moſt lamentable comedy, and moſt cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I aſſure you, and a merry. Now, good *Peter Quince*, call forth your actors by the ſcrowl. Maſters, ſpread yourſelves.

Quin. Anſwer, as I call you. *Nick Bottom*, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are ſet down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for love.

2 GROW *on to a point,*] read Go *on* &c.

Bot. That will ask ſome tears in the true performing of it; if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move ſtorms; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt;——yet, my chief humour is for a tyrant; [3] I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to tear a Cap in: To make all ſplit——"the raging rocks, and ſhiver-"ing ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon-gates—— "and *Phibbus'* carr ſhall ſhine from far, and make "and mar the fooliſh fates." —— This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the players. This is *Ercles'* vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You muſt take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*, a wand'ring Knight?

Quin. It is the lady, that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a maſque; and you may ſpeak as ſmall, as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* too; I'll ſpeak in a monſtrous little voice, *Thiſne, Thiſne*; ah *Pyramus*, my lover dear, thy *Thisby* dear, and lady dear.

Quin. No, no, you muſt play *Pyramus*; and *Flute*, you, *Thisby.*

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the taylor.

3 *I could play* Ercles *part rarely, or a part to tear a* CAT *in.*] We ſhould read,

A part to tear a CAP *in,*

for as a ranting whore was called a *tear-ſheet*, [2d part of *Hen.* IV.] ſo a ranting bully was called a *tear-cap.* For this reaſon it is, the Poet makes *bully Bottom*, as he is called afterwards, wiſh for *a part to tear a cap in.* And in the ancient plays, the bombaſt and the rant held the place of the ſublime and pathetic: And indeed conſtituted the very eſſence of their *tragical* Farces. Thus *Bale* in his Acts of *Engliſh* votaries, part 2d, ſays —— *grennyng like Termagauntes in a play.*

Star.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Quin. *Robin Starveling*, you muſt play *Thisby*'s mother.

Tom Snowt, the tinker.

Snow. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Quin. You, *Pyramus*'s father; myſelf, *Thisby*'s father; *Snug*, the joiner, you, the lion's part: I hope, there is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar, that I will make the Duke ſay, let him roar again, let him roar again.

Quin. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſs and the ladies, that they would ſhriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you ſhould fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more diſcretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gently as any ſucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a ſweet-fac'd man; a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a ſummer's day; a moſt lovely gentleman-like man: therefore you muſt needs play *Pyramus.*

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it in either your ſtraw-colour'd beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your *French* crown-colour'd beard; your perfect yellow.

Quin.

Quin. Some of your *French* crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But, maſters, here are your parts; and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace-wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light, there we will rehearſe; for if we meet in the city, we ſhall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and courageouſly. Take pains, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. [4] At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-ſtrings. ——

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I. ***

A WOOD.

Enter a Fairy at one Door, and Puck *(or* Robin-good-fellow*) at another.*

PUCK.

HOW now, ſpirit, whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Through buſh, through briar,

4 *At the Duke's Oak we meet* ——hold, or cut bowſtrings.] This proverbial phraſe came originally from the Camp. When a Rendezvous was appointed, the militia Soldiers would frequently make excuſe for not keeping word that their *bowſtrings were broke*, i. e. their arms unſerviceable. Hence when one would give another abſolute aſſurance of meeting him, he would ſay proverbially —— *hold or* cut *bow-ſtrings* —— *i. e.* whether the bowſtring held or broke. For *cut* is uſed as a neuter, like the verb *frets*. As when we ſay, the *ſtring frets* — the *ſilk frets*, for the paſſive, *it is cut* or *fretted*.

Over

Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's ſphere;
And I ſerve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green;
The cowſlips tall her penſioners be,
In their gold coats ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be rubies, Fairy-favours:
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowſlip's ear.
Farewel, thou lob of ſpirits, I'll be gone,
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The King doth keep his revels here to night,
Take heed, the Queen come not within his ſight.
For *Oberon* is paſſing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A lovely boy, ſtoll'n from an *Indian* King:
She never had ſo ſweet a changeling;
And jealous *Oberon* would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the foreſts wild;
But ſhe per-force with-holds the loved boy,
Crowns him with flow'rs, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheen,
But they do [1] ſquare, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Or I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrewd, and knaviſh ſprite,
Call'd *Robin-goodfellow.* Are you not he,
That fright the maidens of the villageree,
Skim milk, and ſometimes labour in the quern,
And bootleſs make the breathleſs huſwife chern:
And ſometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Miſ-lead night-wand'rers, laughing at their harm?

1 *i. e.* quarrel or jar. Mr. *Pope.*

Thoſe

Thoſe that *Hobgoblin* call you, and ſweet *Puck*,
You do their work, and they ſhall have good luck.
Are not you he?

Puck. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merry wand'rer of the night:
I jeſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſs of a filly-foal;
And ſometimes lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
In very likeneſs of a roaſted crab,
And when ſhe drinks, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.
The wiſeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtool miſtaketh me;
Then ſlip I from her bum, down topples ſhe,
And *(a)* rails or cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſwear,
A merrier hour was never waſted there.
But make room, Fairy, here comes *Oberon*.

Fai. And here my miſtreſs: would, that he were gone!

SCENE II. ***

Enter Oberon *King of Fairies at one door with his train, and the Queen at another with hers.*

Ob. Ill met at moon-light, proud *Titania*.

Queen. What, jealous *Oberon?* Fairies, skip hence,
I have forſworn his bed and company.

Ob. Tarry, raſh Wanton; am not I thy lord?

Queen. Then I muſt be thy lady; but I know,
When thou haſt ſtoll'n away from fairy land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin* ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love

[*(a)* —— *rails or cries*, Oxf. Ed. —— Vulg. *Taylor cries.*]

To

To am'rous *Phillida*. Why art thou here,
Come from the fartheſt ſteep of *India?*
But that, forſooth, the bouncing *Amazon*,
Your buskin'd miſtreſs and your warrior love,
To *Theſeus* muſt be wedded; and you come
To give their bed joy and proſperity.

Ob. How can'ſt thou thus for ſhame, *Titania*,
Glance at my credit with *Hippolita*;
Knowing, I know thy love to *Theſeus?* [night
* Didſt thou not lead him glimmering, through the
From [2] *Periguné*, whom he raviſhed;
And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa?*

Queen. Theſe are the forgeries of jealouſie:
[3] And never ſince [4] that middle ſummer's ſpring
Met we on hill, in dale, foreſt, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by ruſhy brook,
Or on the beached margent of the ſea,

* *Didſt thou not lead him* through the glimmering night] We ſhould read,

Didſt thou not lead him glimmering, through the night

The meaning is, She conducted him in the appearance of fire through the dark night.

2 Perigenia, Vid. Plut. vit. Theſei. Mr. *Pope*.

3 *And never ſince that middle ſummer's ſpring*, &c.] There are not many paſſages in *Shakeſpear* of which one can be certain he has borrowed from the Ancients; but this is one of the few that, I think, will admit of no diſpute. Our Author's admirable deſcription of the miſeries of the Country being plainly an imitation of that which *Ovid* draws, as conſequent on the grief of *Ceres*, for the loſs of her daughter.

Neſcit adhuc ubi ſit: terras tamen increpat omnes:
Ingrataſque vocat, nec frugum munere dignas.
——— *Ergo illic ſæva vertentia glebas*
Fregit aratra manu *parilique irata colonos*
Ruricolaſque boves letho dedit: arvaque juſſit
Fallere depoſitum vitiataque ſemina fecit.
Fertilitas terræ latum vulgata per orbem
Sparſa jacet. Primis ſegetes moriuntur in herbis.
Et modo ſol nimius, nimius modo corripit imber:
Sideraque ventique nocent.

4 THE *middle ſummer's ſpring*.] We ſhould read THAT. For it appears to have been ſome years ſince the quarrel firſt began.

To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling wind,
But with thy brawls thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have ſuck'd up from the ſea
Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made ſo proud,
That they have over-borne their continents.
The ox hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoak in vain,
The ploughman loſt his ſweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted, ere its youth attain'd a beard.
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
[5] The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undiſtinguiſhable.
[6] The human mortals want their winter heried,

No

5 *The nine-mens morris,*] A kind of rural cheſs.

6 *The human mortals want their winter* HERE.] But ſure it was not one of the circumſtances of miſery, here recapitulated, that the Sufferers wanted their *Winter*. On the contrary, in the poetical deſcriptions of the golden Age, it was always one circumſtance of their happineſs that they wanted Winter. This is an idle blunder of the Editor's. *Shakeſpear* without queſtion wrote,

The human mortals want their winter HERYED,

i. e. praiſed, celebrated. The word is obſolete: But uſed both by *Chaucer* and *Spencer* in this ſignification,

Tho' wouldeſt thou learne to CAROLL *of love,*
And HERY *with* HYMNES *thy Laſſe's glove.*
Spenc. Cal. Feb.

The following line confirms the emendation,

No night is now with Hymn *or* Carol *bleſt*;

and the propriety of the ſentiment is evident. For the winter is the ſeaſon of rural rejoicing, as the gloomineſs of it and its vacancy from country labours give them the *inclination and opportunity* for mirth; and the fruits, now gathered in, the *means*. Well therefore might ſhe ſay, when ſhe had deſcribed the dearths of the ſeaſons and fruitleſs toil of the husbandmen, that

The human mortals want their winter heryed.

But, principally, ſince the coming of Chriſtianity this ſeaſon in commemoration of the birth of Chriſt, has been particularly devoted

No night is now with hymn or carol bleſt;
Therefore the moon, the governeſs of floods,
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the air;
That rheumatick diſeaſes do abound.
And thorough this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoary-headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old *Hyems'* chin, and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer-buds
Is, as in mockery, ſet. [7] The ſpring, the ſummer,
The [8] childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and th' amazed world,

voted to feſtivity. And to this cuſtom, notwithſtanding the impropriety, *Hymn or Carol bleſt* certainly alludes. Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *he ſhould undoubtedly have advanced this conjecture unto the text, but that* Shakeſpear *ſeems rather fond of hallow'd. Rather* than what? *hallowed* is not ſynonymous to *heryed* but to *bleſt*. What was he thinking of? The ambiguity of the *Engliſh* word *bleſt* confounded him, which ſignifies either *prais'd* or *ſanctified*.

7 *The Spring, the Summer,*
The childing Autumn, angry winter change
Their wonted Liveries; *and th' amazed World*
By their INCREASE *now knows not which is which*;—] whoſe increaſe? or what increaſe?—Let us attend to the Sentiment—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter change their *Liveries*, i. e. Spring and Summer are unſeaſonably cold; and Autumn and Winter unnaturally warm. This temperature he calls the *Liveries* or the covering of the Seaſons. Which, he ſays, confounds the amazed world, that, now, knows not which is which. This being owing then to the Seaſons changing their garb, the laſt line was doubtleſs wrote thus,

By their INCHASE *now knows not which is which.*

i. e. by the temperature in which they are *ſet*. The metaphor before was taken from *Clothing*, here from *Jewels*. *Inchaſe* coming from the *French*, *Enchaſſeure*, a term in uſe amongſt Goldſmiths for the ſetting a ſtone in Gold.

8 *The* CHIDING *Autumn.*] The Quarto of 1600, and the Folio of 1623, read CHILDING, and this is right. It is an old word which ſignified teeming, bearing fruit. So *Chaucer*, in his *Ballade of our Ladie*, ſays,

Choſin of Joſeph, *whom he toke to wive,*
Unknowyng hym, CHILDING *by miracle*———

This is the proper epithet of Autumn, and not *chiding*.

By

By their inchaſe, now knows not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our diſſenſion;
We are their parents and original.
Ob. Do you amend it then, it lyes in you.
Why ſhould *Titania* croſs her *Oberon?*
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my [9] henchman.
Queen. Set your heart at reſt,
The fairy-land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votreſs of my order,
And, in the ſpiced *Indian* air by night,
Full often ſhe hath goſſipt by my ſide;
And ſat with me on *Neptune*'s yellow ſands,
Marking th' embarked traders on the flood,
When we have laught to ſee the ſails conceive,
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind:
[1] Which ſhe, with pretty and with ſwimming gate,
Follying (her womb then rich with my young ſquire)
Would imitate; and ſail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again,
As from a voyage rich with merchandize.
But ſhe, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And, for her ſake, I do rear up her boy;

9 *Or* uſher. Mr. *Pope.*

1 *Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate*
FOLLOWING *(her womb then rich with my young ſquire)*
Would imitate—] *Following* what? ſhe did not follow the ſhip, whoſe motion ſhe imitated: for that ſailed on the water, ſhe on the land. If by *following* we are to underſtand *imitating*, it will be a mere pleonaſm —— *imitating would imitate.* From the Poet's deſcription of the actions it plainly appears we ſhould read

FOLLYING ——
Would imitate.

i. e. wantoning in Sport and Gaiety. Thus the old *Engliſh* writers —— *and they beleeven* FOLYLY *and falſly* —— ſays Sir *J. Maundeville*, from and in the ſenſe of *folâtrer*, to play the wanton. This exactly agrees to the action deſcribed—*full often has ſhe goſſipt by my ſide*—and—*when we have laugh'd to ſee.*

And

And, for her ſake, I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Queen. Perchance, 'till after *Theſeus'* wedding-day.
If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us;
If not, ſhun me, and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Queen. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Elves, away:
We ſhall chide down-right, if I longer ſtay.

[*Exeunt Queen and her train.*

Ob. Well, go thy way; thou ſhalt not from this grove,
'Till I torment thee for this injury. ——
My gentle *Puck*, come hither; [2] thou remember'ſt
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,

And

2 —— *Thou remember'ſt*
Since once I ſat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick ——] The firſt thing obſervable on theſe words is, that this action of the *Mermaid* is laid in the ſame time and place with *Cupid's* attack upon the *Veſtal*. By the *Veſtal* every one knows is meant Queen *Elizabeth*. It is very natural and reaſonable then to think that the *Mermaid* ſtands for ſome eminent perſonage of her time. And if ſo, the allegorical covering, in which there is a mixture of ſatire and panegyric, will lead us to conclude that this perſon was one of whom it had been inconvenient for the author to ſpeak openly, either in praiſe or diſpraiſe. All this agrees with *Mary Queen of Scots*, and with no other. Queen *Elizabeth* could not bear to hear her commended; and her ſucceſſor would not forgive her ſatiriſt. But the poet has ſo well marked out every diſtinguiſhed circumſtance of her life and character in this beautiful allegory, as will leave no room to doubt about his ſecret meaning. She is called a *Mermaid*, 1. to denote her reign over a kingdom ſituate in the ſea, and 2. her beauty and intemperate luſt,

—— *Ut turpiter atrum*
Deſinat in piſcem mulier formoſa ſuperne.

for as *Elizabeth* for her chaſtity is called a *Veſtal*, this unfortunate lady on a contrary account is called a *Mermaid*. 3. An

And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong;
And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea-maid's muſick.

Puck.

antient ſtory may be ſuppoſed to be here alluded to. The emperor *Julian* tells us, Epiſtle 41. that the Sirens (which, with all the modern poets, are *Mermaids*) contended for precedency with the Muſes, who overcoming them, took away their wings. The quarrels between *Mary* and *Elizabeth* had the ſame cauſe, and the ſame iſſue.

—— *On a Dolphin's back.*] This evidently marks out that diſtinguiſhing circumſtance of *Mary*'s fortune, her marriage with the dauphin of *France*, ſon of *Henry* II.

Uttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath.] This alludes to her great abilities of genius and learning, which rendered her the moſt accompliſhed princeſs of her age. The *French* writers tell us, that, while ſhe was in that court, ſhe pronounced a *Latin* oration in the great hall of the *L'ouvre*, with ſo much grace and eloquence, as filled the whole court with admiration.

That the rude ſea grew civil at her ſong,] By the *rude ſea* is meant *Scotland* encircled with the ocean; which roſe up in arms againſt the regent, while ſhe was in *France*. But her return home preſently quieted thoſe diſorders: And had not her ſtrange ill conduct afterwards more violently inflamed them, ſhe might have paſſed her whole life in peace. There is the greater juſtneſs and beauty in this image, as the vulgar opinion is, that the mermaid always ſings in ſtorms,

And certain ſtars ſhot madly from their ſpheres,
To hear the ſea maid's muſick.] Thus concludes the deſcription, with that remarkable circumſtance of this unhappy lady's fate, the deſtruction ſhe brought upon ſeveral of the *Engliſh* nobility, whom ſhe drew in to ſupport her cauſe. This, in the boldeſt expreſſion of the ſublime, the poet images by *certain ſtars ſhooting madly from their ſpheres:* By which he meant the earls of *Northumberland* and *Weſtmorland*, who fell in her quarrel; and principally the great duke of *Norfolk*, whoſe projected marriage with her was attended with ſuch fatal conſequences. Here again the reader may obſerve a peculiar juſtneſs in the imag'ry. The vulgar opinion being that the mermaid allured men to deſtruction by her ſongs. To which opinion *Shakeſpear* alludes in his *Comedy of Errors*,

O train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me *in thy ſiſter's flood of tears.*

On

Puck. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſaw, but thou cou'dſt not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
[3] *Cupid* alarm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair [4] Veſtal, throned by the weſt,
And loos'd his love-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts;
But I might ſee young *Cupid*'s fiery ſhaft
Quench'd in the chaſte beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the Imperial Votreſs paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell,
It fell upon a little weſtern flower;
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
[5] And maidens call it Love in idleneſs.

On the whole, it is the nobleſt and juſteſt allegory that was ever written. The laying it in *fairy land*, and out of nature, is in the character of the *Spenſer*. And on theſe occaſions *Shakeſpear* always excels himſelf. He is born away by the magic of his enthuſiaſm, and hurries his reader along with him into theſe ancient regions of poetry, by that power of Verſe, which we may well fancy to be like what,

——— *Olim Fauni Vatesque canebant.*

3 *Cupid* ALL ARM'D: —] Surely this preſents us with a very unclaſſical Image. In ancient books and monuments we never ſee *Cupid* armed with more than his bow and arrows; and with theſe we find him furniſhed in all humours. Theſe too are the only arms he had occaſion for in the preſent action; a more illuſtrious one than any his friends, the claſſic poets, ever employed him in. I would read therefore

Cupid ALARM'D.

The change, I make, is ſo ſmall, and the beauty it gives the thought, ſo great, that, I think, we are not to heſitate upon it. For how great an addition is it to the compliment on this virgin Queen's celibacy, that it *alarmed* the power of love. As if his empire was in danger, when the *Imperial Votreſs* had declared herſelf for a ſingle life: So great an influence would her example have amongſt her ſex. Queen *Elizabeth* could not but be pleaſed with the delicacy of this compliment.

4 A compliment to Queen *Elizabeth*. Mr. *Pope*.

5 *And maidens call it Love in idleneſs.*] This is as fine a metamorphoſis as any in *Ovid*: With a much better moral, intimating that irregular love has only power when people are idle, or not well employed.

Fetch me that flow'r; the herb I ſhew'd thee once;
The juice of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man, or woman, madly doat
Upon the next live creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
Ere the *Leviathan* can ſwim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juice,
I'll watch *Titania* when ſhe is aſleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing which ſhe waking looks upon,
(Be it on lyon, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On medling monkey, or on buſie ape)
She ſhall purſue it with the ſoul of love:
And ere I take this charm from off her ſight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am inviſible;
And I will over-hear their conference.

SCENE III.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Dem. I love thee not, therefore purſue me not.
Where is *Lyſander*, and fair *Hermia?*
The one I'll ſlay; the other (*a*) ſlayeth me.
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtoll'n into this wood;
And here am I, and [6] wood within this wood;
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia.*
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant,
But yet you draw not iron; for my heart
Is true as ſteel. Leave you your pow'r to draw,
And I ſhall have no pow'r to follow you.

6 Wood, *or* mad, wild, raving. Mr. *Pope.*

[*(a) Slay, ſlayeth.* Dr. *Thirlby.*—Vulg. *ſlay, ſlayeth.*]

Dem.

Dem. Do I entice you? do I ſpeak you fair?
Or rather do I not in plaineſt truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot, love you?
Hel. And ev'n for that do I love thee the more;
I am your ſpaniel; and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Uſe me but as your ſpaniel, ſpurn me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Than to be uſed, as you uſe your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit;
For I am ſick, when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am ſick, when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modeſty too much,
To leave the city, and commit your ſelf
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſel of a deſart place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege; for that
It is not night when I do ſee your face,
Therefore, I think, I am not in the night.
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company;
For you in my reſpect are all the world.
Then how can it be ſaid, I am alone;
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild Beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Run when you will, the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The dove purſues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes ſpeed to catch the tyger. Bootleſs ſpeed!
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not ſtay thy queſtions; let me go:
Or if thou follow me, do not believe,
But I ſhall do thee miſchief in the wood.
Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me miſchief. Fie, *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs do ſet a ſcandal on my ſex:
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We ſhou'd be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I follow thee, and make a heav'n of hell;
To die upon the hand, I love ſo well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Ob. Fare thee well, nymph; ere he doth leave this grove,
Thou ſhalt fly him, and he ſhall ſeek thy love.
Haſt thou the flow'r there? welcome, wanderer.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Ay, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee, give it me;
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
O'er-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine.
There ſleeps *Titania*, ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flow'rs with dances and delight;
And there the ſnake throws her enammel'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll ſtreak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this grove;
A ſweet *Athenian* lady is in love
With a diſdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it, when the next thing he eſpies
May be the lady. Thou ſhalt know the Man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.

Effect

Effect it with ſome care, that he may prove
More fond of her, than ſhe upon her love;
And, look, you meet me ere the firſt cock crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your ſervant ſhall do ſo.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Queen of Fairies, with her train.

Queen. Come, now a roundel, and a *Fairy* ſong:
[7] Then, for the third part of the midnight, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the muſk-roſe buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall elves coats; and ſome keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At [8] our queint ſports. Sing me now aſleep:
Then to your Offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies ſing.

You ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not ſeen;
Newts and blind worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy Queen.
Philomel, *with melody,*
Sing in your ſweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor ſpell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night with lullaby.

7 *Then, for the third part of* A MINUTE, *hence;*] We ſhould read *third part of* THE MIDNIGHT. The common reading is nonſenſe. Poſſibly *Shakeſpear* might have uſed the *French* word *Minuit.*

8 — *our queint* SPIRITS.—] We ſhould read SPORTS.

2 Fairy.

Weaving ſpiders come not here;
Hence, you long-leg'd ſpinners, hence:
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm, nor ſnail, do no offence,
Philomel *with melody*, &c.

1 Fairy.

Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, ſtand Centivel.
[*Exeunt* Fairies. *The* Queen *ſleeps.*

Enter Oberon.

Ob. What thou ſeeſt, when thou doſt wake,
Do it for thy true love take:
Love and languiſh for his ſake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with briſtled hair,
In thy eye that ſhall appear,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy dear;
Wake, when ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit* Oberon.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lyſander *and* Hermia.

Lyſ. Fair love, you faint with wandring in the wood;
And, to ſpeak troth, I have forgot our way:
We'll reſt us, *Hermia*, if thou think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be't ſo, *Lyſander*; find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good *Lyſander*; for my ſake, my dear,
Lye further off yet, do not lye ſo near.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. [9] O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my conference;
Love takes the meaning, in love's innocence;
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two boſoms, interchained with an oath;
So then two boſoms, and a ſingle troth:
Then, by your ſide no bed-room me deny;
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I do not lye.
Her. Lyſander riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners, and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* ly'd.
But, gentle friend, for love and curteſie
Lye further off; in human modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as, may well be ſaid,
Becomes a virtuous batchelor and a maid,
So far be diſtant; and good night, ſweet friend;
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy ſweet life end!
Lyſ. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, ſay I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed; ſleep give thee all his reſt!
Her. With half that wiſh the wiſher's eyes be preſt!
[*They ſleep.*

Enter Puck.

Puck. Through the foreſt have I gone,
But *Athenian* found I none,
On whoſe eyes I might approve
This flower's force in ſtirring love:

Night

9 *O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my* innocence:
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.] Here, by ſome miſchance or other, *Innocence* and *Conference* have been jumbled into one another's places, and thereby deprived a very ſenſible reply of all kind of meaning. Reſtore each to its right place and the ſenſe will be this; —— when ſhe had interpreted his words to an evil meaning, he replies,
O take the ſenſe, ſweet, of my conference;
i. e. judge of my meaning by the drift of my whole ſpeech, and

Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear;
This is he, my maſter ſaid,
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maid,
And here the maiden ſleeping found
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty ſoul! ſhe durſt not lye
Near to this lack-love kill-curteſie.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the pow'r this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt, let love forbid
Sleep his ſeat on thy eye-lid;
So awake, when I am gone:
For I muſt now to *Oberon*. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Demetrius *and* Helena *running*.

Hel. Stay, tho' thou kill me, ſweet *Demetrius*!
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not ſo.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.
[*Exit* Demetrius.
Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chace;
The more my prayer, the leſſer is my grace.
Happy is *Hermia*, whereſoe'er ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed, and attractive, eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? not with ſalt tears;
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſh'd than hers:

and do not pervert the ſenſe of an ambiguous word to a meaning quite foreign to the diſcourſe. Beſides, ſays he,

Love takes the meaning in love's innocence.

i. e. The innocence of your love may teach you to diſcover the innocence of mine. Theſe are the ſentiments, which were quite loſt in this aukward tranſpoſition.

No,

No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beaſts, that meet me, run away for fear.
Therefore no marvel, tho' *Demetrius*
Do (as a monſter) fly my preſence thus.
What wicked, and diſſembling, glaſs of mine
Made me compare with *Hermia*'s ſphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lyſander* on the ground:
Dead or aſleep? I ſee no blood, no wound:
Lyſander, if you live, good Sir, awake.
Lyſ. And run thro' fire I will, for thy ſweet ſake.
[*Waking.*
Tranſparent *Helen*, nature here ſhews art,
That through thy boſom makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius?* Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo, *Lyſander*, ſay not ſo;
What tho' he love your *Hermia?* lord, what tho'?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loves you; then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia?* no: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have ſpent;
Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd;
And reaſon ſays, you are the worthier maid.
Things, growing, are not ripe until their ſeaſon;
So I, being young, 'till now ripe not to reaſon;
And, touching now the point of human skill,
Reaſon becomes the marſhal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's ſtories, written in love's richeſt book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mock'ry born?
When at your hands did I deſerve this ſcorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deſerve a ſweet look from *Demetrius*' eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?

Good

Good troth, you do me wrong; good ſooth, you do;
In ſuch diſdainful manner me to woo:
But fare you well. — Perforce I muſt confeſs,
I thought you lord of more true gentleneſs:
Oh, that a lady, of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd! [*Exit.*

Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*; *Hermia*, ſleep thou there;
And never may'ſt thou come *Lyſander* near;
For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomach brings;
Or as the hereſies, that men do leave,
Are hated moſt of thoſe they did deceive;
So thou, my ſurfeit and my hereſie,
Of all be hated, but the moſt of me!
And all my pow'rs addreſs your love and might
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight! [*Exit.*

Her. Help me, *Lyſander*, help me! do thy beſt
To pluck this crawling ſerpent from my breaſt:
Ay me, for pity, what a dream was here?
Lyſander, look, how I do quake with fear;
Me-thought, a ſerpent eat my heart away;
And you ſat ſmiling at his cruel prey:
Lyſander! what remov'd? *Lyſander*, lord!
What, out of hearing gone? no ſound, no word?
Alack, where are you? ſpeak, and if you hear,
Speak, of all loves; (I ſwoon almoſt, with fear.)
No? —— then I well perceive, you are not nigh;
Or death, or you, I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The WOOD.

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout *and* Starveling.

The Queen of Fairies lying aſleep.

BOTTOM.

ARE we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearſal. This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hauthorn-brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince——

Quin. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Bottom?*

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will never pleaſe. Firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelf, which the ladies cannot abide. How anſwer you that?

Snout. By'rlaken, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well; write me a prologue, and let the prologue ſeem to ſay, we will do no harm with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeed; and for more better aſſurance tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver; this will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have ſuch a prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelves; to bring in, God ſhield us, a lion among ladies, is a moſt dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another prologue muſt tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay you muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the lion's neck; and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; ladies, or fair ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you, or I would intreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours; if you think, I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life; no, I am no ſuch thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug* the joiner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a chamber; for, you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine that night we play our play?

Bot. A kalendar, a kalendar! look in the almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a caſement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. Ay, or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorn, and ſay, he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent, the perſon of moon-ſhine. Then there is another thing: we muſt have a wall in the great chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisby* (ſays the ſtory) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall. What ſay you, *Bottom?*

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent Wall; and let him have ſome plaſter, or ſome lome, or ſome rough-caſt about him, to ſignify wall: Or let him hold his fingers thus; and through the cranny ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit down every mother's ſon, and rehearſe your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin; when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that brake; and ſo every one according to his cue.

SCENE II.

Enter Puck *behind.*

Puck. What hempen home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here.
So near the cradle of the fairy Queen?
What, a play tow'rd? I'll be an auditor;
An Actor too, perhaps, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speak, *Pyramus*; *Thisby*, ſtand forth.

Pyr. Thisby, the flower of odious ſavours ſweet.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. Odours, ſavours ſweet.
So doth thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby*, dear;
But hark, a voice! ſtay thou but here a whit;
And, by and by, I will to thee appear, [*Exit* Pyr.

Puck. A ſtranger *Pyramus* than e'er plaid here! [*Aſide.*

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, muſt you; for you muſt underſtand, he goes but to ſee a noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

Thiſ. Moſt radiant *Pyramus*, moſt lilly-white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky *Juvenile*, and eke moſt lovely *Jew*,
As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninny*'s tomb.

Quin.

Quin. *Ninus'* tomb, man; why you muſt not ſpeak that yet: that you anſwer to *Pyramus*; you ſpeak all your part at once, cues and all. *Pyramus*, enter; your cue is paſt; it is, *never tire.*

Re-enter Bottom, *with an Aſs-head.*

Thiſ. O,—— As true as trueſt horſe, that yet would never tire.

Pyr. If I were fair, *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quin. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted; pray, maſters; fly, maſters; help! [*The* Clowns *exeunt.*

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round.
Through bog, through buſh, through brake, through bryer;
Sometimes a horſe I'll be, ſometimes a hound,
A hog, a headleſs bear, ſometime a fire,
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar and burn,
Like horſe, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.
[*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Enter Snout.

Snout. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; what do I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? you ſee an aſs-head of your own, do you?

Enter Quince.

Quin. Bleſs thee, *Bottom*, bleſs thee; thou art tranſlated.

Bot. I ſee their knavery, this is to make an aſs of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtir from this place, do what they can; I will walk up and down here, and I will ſing, that they ſhall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

The

The Ouſel cock, ſo black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throſtle with his note ſo true,
The wren with little quill.

Queen. What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?
[*Waking.*

Bot. The finch, the ſparrow, and the lark, [*Sings.*
The plain-ſong cuckow gray,
Whoſe note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not anſwer, nay.

For, indeed, who would ſet his Wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? who would give a bird the lye, tho' he cry *cuckow* never ſo?

Queen. I pray thee, gentle mortal, ſing again;
Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape;
And thy fair virtue's force (perforce) doth move me,
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſwear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, miſtreſs, you ſhould have little reaſon for that: and yet, to ſay the truth, reaſon and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can [1] gleek upon occaſion.

Queen. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to ſerve mine own turn.

Queen. Out of this wood do not deſire to go,
Thou ſhalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate;
The ſummer ſtill doth tend upon my ſtate,
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me,
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

1 Joke *or* ſcoff. Mr. *Pope.*

And they ſhall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleep:
And I will purge thy mortal groſsneſs ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airy ſpirit go.
Peaſeblоſſom! Cobweb! Moth! and *Muſtardſeed!*

SCENE III.

Enter four Fairies.

1 *Fair.* Ready.
2 *Fair.* And I.
3 *Fair.* And I.
4 *Fair.* And I: where ſhall we go?

Queen. Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries,
The honey-bags ſteal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to ariſe:
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his ſleeping Eyes;
Nod to him elves, and do him courteſies.

1 *Fair.* Hail, mortal, hail!
2 *Fair.* Hail!——
3 *Fair.* Hail!——

Bot. I cry your worſhip's mercy heartily; I beſeech your worſhip's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance, good maſter *Cobweb*; if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you. Your name, honeſt gentleman.

Peaſe. Peaſeblоſſom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to miſtreſs *Squaſh* your mother, and to maſter *Peaſecod* your father. Good

Good maſter *Peaſeblоſſom*, I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too. Your name, I beſeech you, Sir.

Muſ. Muſtardſeed.

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtardſeed*, I know your (*a*) parentage well: that ſame cowardly giant-like Ox-beef hath devour'd many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire more of your acquaintance, good maſter *Muſtardſeed.*

Queen. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watry eye;
And when ſhe weeps, weep ev'ry little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtity!
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him ſilently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter King of Fairies.

Ob. I wonder, if *Titania* be awak'd:
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt doat on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my meſſenger! how now, mad ſprite,
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My miſtreſs with a monſter is in love.
Near to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a play,
Intended for great *Theſeus'* nuptial day.
The ſhallow'ſt thick-ſkin of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented, in their ſport

[(*a*) ——*parentage.* Oxford Edit.— Vulg. *patience well.*]

Forſook his ſcene, and enter'd in a brake;
When I did him at this advantage take,
An Aſs's noſe I fixed on his head;
Anon, his *Thiſby* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my minnock comes: when they him ſpy,
As wild geeſe, that the creeping fowler eye,
Or ruſſet-pated choughs, many in ſort,
Riſing and caw'ing at the gun's report,
Sever themſelves, and madly ſweep the sky;
So at his ſight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our ſtamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their ſenſe thus weak, loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſs things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thorns at their apparel ſnatch,
Some, ſleeves; ſome, hats; from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this diſtracted fear,
And left ſweet *Pyramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment (ſo it came to paſs)
Titania wak'd, and ſtraitway lov'd an aſs.

Ob. This falls out better, than I could deviſe.
But haſt thou yet latch'd the *Athenian*'s eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him ſleeping; that is finiſh'd too;
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That when he wakes, of force ſhe muſt be ey'd.

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius *and* Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe, this is the ſame *Athenian.*

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I ſhould uſe thee worſe;
For thou, I fear, haſt given me cauſe to curſe:

If

If thou haſt ſlain *Lyſander* in his ſleep,
Being o'er ſhoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.
The ſun was not ſo true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have ſtoll'n away
From ſleeping *Hermia?* I'll believe as ſoon,
This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon
May through the center creep, and ſo diſpleaſe
[2] Her brother's noon-tide i'th' *Antipodes.*
It cannot be, but thou haſt murther'd him;
So ſhould a murtherer look, ſo dread, ſo grim.
Dem. So ſhould the murther'd look; and ſo ſhould I,
Pierc'd through the heart with your ſtern cruelty:
Yet you the murtherer look as bright, and clear,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimm'ring ſphere.
Her. What's this to my *Lyſander?* where is he?
Ah, good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?
Dem. I'ad rather give his carcaſs to my hounds.
Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Haſt thou ſlain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men.
O! once tell true, and even for my ſake,
Durſt thou have look'd upon him, being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder do ſo much?
An adder did it, for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou ſerpent, never adder ſtung.
Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpris'd mood;
I am not guilty of *Lyſander*'s blood,
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.

2 *Her brother's noon tide* WITH *th'* Antipodes.] She ſays, ſhe would as ſoon believe, that the moon, then ſhining, could creep through the centre, and meet the ſun's light on the other ſide the Globe. It is plain therefore we ſhould read
—— I' TH' *Antipodes*, *i. e.* in the *Antipodes* where the ſun was then ſhining.

Dem. And if I could, what ſhould I get therefore?
Her. A privilege never to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I ſo:
See me no more, whether he's dead or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein,
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain:
So ſorrow's heavineſs doth heavier grow,
For debt, that bankrupt ſleep doth ſorrow owe;
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,
If for his Tender here I make ſome ſtay. [*Lies down.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? thou haſt miſtaken quite,
And laid thy love-juice on ſome true love's ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion muſt perforce enſue
Some true love turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.
Puck. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood go ſwifter than the wind,
And *Helena* of *Athens*, ſee, thou find.
All fancy-ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer;
With ſighs of love, that coſt the freſh blood dear;
By ſome illuſion, ſee, thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, againſt ſhe doth appear.
Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar*'s bow. [*Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with *Cupid*'s archery,
Sink in apple of his eye!
When his love he doth eſpy,
Let her ſhine as gloriouſly
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Puck.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,

And

And the youth, miſtook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant ſee?
Lord, what fools theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noiſe, they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That muſt needs be ſport alone.
And thoſe things do beſt pleaſe me,
That befal prepoſt'rouſly.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lyſander *and* Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think, that I ſhould woo in ſcorn;
Scorn and deriſion never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows ſo born,
In their nativity all truth appears:
How can theſe things in me ſeem ſcorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more;
When truth kills truth, O deviliſh, holy, fray!
Theſe vows are *Hermia*'s: will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh;
Your vows to her and me, put in two ſcales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no judgment when to her I ſwore.
Her. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lyſ. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*awaking.*] O *Helen*, goddeſs, nymph, perfect, divine,
To what, my love, ſhall I compare thine eyne?
Cryſtal is muddy; O how ripe in ſhow
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus'* ſnow,
Fann'd with the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow

When thou hold'ſt up thy hand. O let me kiſs
(a) This Pureneſs of pure white, this ſeal of bliſs.
Hel. O ſpight, O hell! I ſee you all are bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment:
If you were civil, and knew courteſie,
You would not do me thus much injury.
[3] Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But muſt join inſolents to mock me too?
If you are men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not uſe a gentle lady ſo:
To vow and ſwear, and ſuper-praiſe my parts;
When I am ſure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love *Hermia*,
And now both rivals to mock *Helena*.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your deriſion! none of nobler ſort
Would ſo offend a virgin, and extort
A poor ſoul's patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſ. You are unkind, *Demetrius*; be not ſo;
For you love *Hermia*; this, you know, I know.
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermia*'s love I yield you up my part;
And yours of *Helena* to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
Hel. Never did mockers waſte more idle breath.
Dem. Lyſander, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none;
If e'er I lov'd her, all that love is gone.

3 *Can you not hate me, as I know you do,*
But YOU *muſt join* IN SOULS *to mock me too?*] This is ſpoken to *Demetrius*. The laſt line is nonſenſe. They ſhould be read thus,
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But muſt join INSOLENTS *to mock me too?*
meaning *Lyſander*, who, as ſhe thought, mocked her when he declared his paſſion for her.

[(a) *This pureneſs*, Oxford Edit.——Vulg. *This Princeſs.*]

My

My heart to her but, as guèſt-wiſe, ſojóurn'd;
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There ever to remain.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
Dem. Diſparage not the faith, thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy peril thou abide it dear.
Look, where thy love comes, yonder is thy dear.

SCENE VII.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehenſion makes:
Wherein it doth impair the ſeeing ſenſe,
It pays the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander*, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy ſound.
But why unkindly didſt thou leave me ſo?
Lyſ. Why ſhould he ſtay, whom love doth preſs to go?
Her. What love could preſs *Lyſander* from my ſide?
Lyſ. *Lyſander*'s love, that would not let him 'bide,
Fair *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Than all yon fiery O's and eyes of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate, I bear thee, made me leave thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeak not, as you think; it cannot be.
Hel. Lo, ſhe is one of this confed'racy;
Now, I perceive, they have conjoin'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Injurious *Hermia*, moſt ungrateful maid,
Have you conſpir'd, have you with theſe contriv'd
To bait me with this foul deriſion?
Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us; O! and is all forgot?
All ſchool-days friendſhip, childhood innocence?

We,

We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and minds
Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the firſt, *(a)* like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rend our ancient love aſunder,
To join with men in ſcorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
Our ſex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words:
I ſcorn you not; it ſeems, that you ſcorn me.

Hel. Have you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorn,
To follow me, and praiſe my eyes and face?
And made your other love, *Demetrius*,
(Who, even but now, did ſpurn me with his foot)
To call me goddeſs, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtial? wherefore ſpeaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Deny your love, ſo rich within his ſoul,
And tender me, forſooth, affection;
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, ſo fortunate;
But miſerable moſt, to love unlov'd?
This you ſhould pity, rather than deſpiſe.

Her. I underſtand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, perſever, counterfeit ſad looks,

[*(a)* —— *like. M. Folis*, Eſquire. —— Vulg. *life*]

Make

Make mouths upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink each at other, hold the ſweet jeſt up:
This ſport, well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or abſence ſoon ſhall remedy.
Lyſ. Stay, gentle *Helena*; hear my excuſe;
My love, my life, my ſoul, fair *Helena!*
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not ſcorn her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compel, no more than ſhe entreat:
Thy threats have no more ſtrength, than her weak Prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;
I ſwear, by that which I will loſe for thee,
To prove him falſe, that ſays, I love thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I love thee more than he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, withdraw and prove it too.
Dem. Quick, come——
Her. Lyſander, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope!*
Dem. No, no, he'll ſeem
To break away; take on as he would follow,
But yet come not; you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr; vile thing, let looſe;
Or I will ſhake thee from me, like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you grown ſo rude? what change is this?
Sweet love!
Lyſ. Thy love? out, tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out, loathed medicine: hated poiſon, hence.
Her. Do you not jeſt?
Hel. Yes, ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you; I'll not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?
Am not I *Hermia?* are not you *Lyſander?*
I am as fair now, as I was ere-while. [me;
Since night, you lov'd me; yet, ſince night, you left
Why then you left me——(O the gods forbid it!)
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. Ay, by my life;
And never did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jeſt;
That I do hate thee, and love *Helena.*
Her. O me, you jugler; oh, you canker-bloſſom,
You thief of love; what, have you come by night,
And ſtoll'n my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i'faith!
Have you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſs? what, will you tear
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit; you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet! why, ſo: ay, that way goes the game.
Now, I perceive, that ſhe hath made compare
Between our ſtatures; ſhe hath urg'd her height;
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height, forſooth, ſhe hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown ſo high in his eſteem,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? ſpeak,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curſt;

I have

I have no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſs;
I am a right maid, for my cowardice:
Let her not ſtrike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Becauſe ſhe's ſomething lower than myſelf,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again. ——

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me;
I evermore did love you, *Hermia*,
Did ever keep your counſels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth unto this wood:
He follow'd you, for love I follow'd him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To ſtrike me, ſpurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee, how ſimple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders you?

Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with *Lyſander?*

Hel. With *Demetrius.*

Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harm thee, *Helena.*

Dem. No, Sir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O, when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keen and ſhrewd;
She was a vixen, when ſhe went to ſchool;
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.

Her. Little, again? nothing but low, and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus;
Let me come to her.

Lyſ. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You *Minimus*, of hind'ring knot-graſs made;
You bead, you acorn..

Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalf that ſcorns your ſervices.
Let her alone, ſpeak not of *Helena*,

Take

Take not her part: for if thou doſt intend
Never ſo little ſhew of love to her,
Thou ſhalt aby it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not;
Now follow, if thou dar'ſt; to try whoſe right,
Or thine, or mine, is moſt in *Helena*.
Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee cheek by jowl.
[*Exeunt* Lyſander *and* Demetrius.
Her. You, miſtreſs, all this coyl is long of you:
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not truſt you, I;
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;
My legs are longer, though, to run away.
[*Exeunt:* Hermia *purſuing* Helena.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Oberon *and* Puck.

Ob. This is thy negligence: ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaveries willingly.
Puck. Believe me, King of ſhadows, I miſtook.
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man
By the *Athenian* garments he had on?
And ſo far blameleſs proves my enterprize,
That I have 'nointed an *Athenian*'s eyes;
And ſo far am I glad it did ſo ſort,
As this their jangling I eſteem a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt, theſe lovers ſeek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, *Robin*, overcaſt the night;
The ſtarry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fogs, as black as *Acheron*;
And lead theſe teſty rivals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime, frame thy tongue,
Then ſtir *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
And ſometime rail thou, like *Demetrius*;

And

And from each other, look, thou lead them thus;
'Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting ſleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep;
Then cruſh this herb into *Lyſander*'s eye,
Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with its might;
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted ſight.
When they next wake, all this deriſion
Shall ſeem a dream, and fruitleſs viſion;
And back to *Athens* ſhall the lovers wend
With league, whoſe date 'till death ſhall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my Queen, and beg her *Indian* boy;
And then I will her charmed eye releaſe
From monſter's view, and all things ſhall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte,
For night's ſwift dragons cut the clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora*'s harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts wandring here and there
Troop home to church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully exile themſelves from light;
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.

Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort;
I with the morning-light have oft made ſport;
And, like a foreſter, the groves may tread,
Ev'n 'till the eaſtern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on *Neptune* with far-bleſſing beams,
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams.

But,

4 *Ev'n till the eaſtern gate, all fiery red,*
Opening on Neptune with FAIR BLESSED *beams,*
Turns into yellow gold his ſalt-green ſtreams.] The Epithets *fair bleſſed* are an inſipid unmeaning expletive. *Shakeſpear*, without doubt, wrote,

FAR-BLESSING *beams*;

i. e.

But, notwithſtanding, haſte; make no delay;
We may effect this buſineſs yet ere day. [*Exit* Ob.

Puck. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down:
I am fear'd in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius?* ſpeak thou now.

Puck. Here, villain, drawn and ready. Where art thou?

Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.

Puck. Follow me then.
To plainer ground. [Lyſ. *goes out, as following* Dem.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lyſander, ſpeak again;
Thou run-away, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak in ſome buſh: where doſt thou hide thy head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? come, recreant; come, thou child,
I'll whip thee with a rod; he is defil'd,
That draws a ſword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice, we'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

Lyſander *comes back.*

Lyſ. He goes before me, and ſtill dares me on;

i. e. whoſe genial rays have the moſt extenſive influence. A corruption of the ſame kind we meet with in *Timon*,

Thou BLESSED-BREEDING *ſun.*

which ſhould be read,

Thou BLESSING-BREEDING *ſun*,

i. e. who giveth bleſſings wherever it ſhines.

When

When I come where he calls me, then he's gone.
The villain is much lighter-heel'd, than I:
I follow'd faſt, but faſter he did fly;
That fall'n am I in dark uneven way,
And here will reſt me. Come, thou gentle day:
[*Lyes down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
I'll find *Demetrius*, and revenge this ſpight.

Enter Puck *and* Demetrius.

Puck. Ho, ho, ho, coward, why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'ſt: for well I wot,
Thou runn'ſt before me, ſhifting every place;
And dar'ſt not ſtand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?
Puck. Come thou hither, I am here.
Dem. Nay, then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now, go thy way; faintneſs conſtraineth me
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be viſited. [*Lyes down.*

S C E N E X.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours; ſhine, comforts, from the Eaſt;
That I may back to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe, that my poor company deteſt;
And ſleep, that ſometimes ſhuts up ſorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company. [*Sleeps.*
Puck. Yet but three? come one more,
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here ſhe comes, curſt and ſad:
Cupid is a knaviſh lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Never ſo weary, never ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briars,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my deſires:
Here will I reſt me, 'till the break of day.
Heav'ns ſhield *Lyſander*, if they mean a fray!
[*Lyes down.*

Puck. On the ground
Sleep ſound,
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on* Lyſander's *eye.*
When thou wak'ſt,
Thou tak'ſt
True delight
In the ſight
Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man ſhould take his own,
In your waking ſhall be ſhown.
Jack ſhall have *Jill*, naught ſhall go ill,
The man ſhall have his mare again, and all be well.
[*Exit* Puck. [*They ſleep.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Continued, The WOOD.

Enter Queen of Fairies, Bottom, *Fairies attending, and the King behind them.*

QUEEN.

COME, ſit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And ſtick muſk-roſes in thy ſleek, ſmooth'd head;
And kiſs thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's *Peaſeblooſſom?*

Peaſe. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Peaſeblooſſom.* Where's monſieur *Cobweb?*

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur *Cobweb*, good monſieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt humble-bee on the top of a thiſtle; and, good monſieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your ſelf too much in the action, monſieur; and, good monſieur, have a care, the honey-bag break not; I ſhould be loth to have you over-flown with a honey-bag, ſignior. Where's monſieur *Muſtardſeed?*

Muſt. Ready.

Bot. Give me thy [1] neaſe, monſieur *Muſtardſeed*; pray you, leave your curteſie, good monſieur.

Muſt. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monſieur, but to help *Cavalero Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the barber's, monſieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſs, if my hair doth but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

1 Neaſe *(Yorkſhire)* for fiſt. Mr. *Pope.*

Queen. What, wilt thou hear ſome muſick, my ſweet love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good ear in muſick; let us have the tongs and the bones.

Rural Muſick, Tongs, &c.

Queen. Or ſay, ſweet love, what thou deſir'ſt to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweet hay hath no fellow.

Queen. I have a venturous Fairy that ſhall ſeek
The ſquirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peaſe. But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtir me; I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Queen. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms;
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away:
[2] So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honey-ſuckle,
Gently entwiſt the Maple; Ivy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.
O, how I love thee! how I doat on thee!

2 *So doth the woodbine the ſweet honey-ſuckle,*
Gently entwiſt; the FEMALE *Ivy ſo*
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.] What does the *woodbine* entwiſt? The *honey-ſuckle*. But the *woodbine* and *honey-ſuckle* were, till now, but two names for one and the ſame plant. *Florio*, in his *Italian* Dictionary, interprets *Madre Selva* by *woodbinde or honnie-ſuckle*. We muſt therefore find a ſupport for the *woodbine* as well as for the *Ivy*. Which is done by reading the lines thus,

So doth the woodbine, the ſweet honey-ſuckle,
Gently entwiſt the MAPLE; *Ivy ſo*
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.

The corruption might happen by the firſt blunderer dropping the *p* in writing the word *maple*, which word thence became *male*. A following tranſcriber, for the ſake of a little ſenſe and meaſure, thought fit to change this *male* into *female*; and then tacked it as an epithet to *Ivy*.

Enter

Enter Puck.

Ob. Welcome, good *Robin*; Seeſt thou this ſweet
ſight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſavours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers;
And that ſame dew, which ſometime on the buds
Was wont to ſwell, like round and orient pearls;
Stood now within the pretty flouriet's eyes,
Like tears that did their own diſgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child,
Which ſtrait ſhe gave me, and her Fairy ſent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy-land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:
And, gentle *Puck*, take this transformed ſcalp
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwain;
That he, awaking, when the others do,
May all to *Athens* back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But, firſt, I will releaſe the Fairy Queen;
Be, as thou waſt wont to be;
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's *bud (a) o'er* Cupid's *flower*
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.
Now, my *Titania*, wake you, my ſweet Queen.
Queen. My *Oberon!* what viſions have I ſeen!
Methought, I was enamour'd of an aſs.

[*(a)* —— *o'er*, Dr. *Thirlby*, —— Vulg. *or.*]

Ob. There lies your love.

Queen. How came theſe things to paſs?
Oh, how mine eyes do loath this viſage now!

Ob. Silence, a while; *Robin*, take off his head;
Titania, muſick call; and ſtrike more dead
Than common ſleep of all theſe *(a)* five the ſenſe.

Queen. Muſick, ho! muſick; ſuch as charmeth ſleep.

Still Muſick.

Puck. When thou awak'ſt, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

Ob. Sound, muſick; come, my Queen, take hand with me,
And rock the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will to-morrow midnight ſolemnly
[3] Dance in Duke *Theſeus'* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſs it to all far poſterity:
There ſhall theſe pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with *Theſeus*, all in jollity.

Puck. Fairy King, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. [4] Then, my Queen, in ſilence ſad;
Trip we after the night's ſhade;

3 *Dance in Duke* Theſeus' *houſe triumphantly,*
And bleſs it to all FAIR *poſterity*;] We ſhould read,
——— *to all* FAR *poſterity.*
i. e. to the remoteſt poſterity.

4 *Then, my Queen, in ſilence ſad;*
Trip we after the night's ſhade.] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *why ſad? Fairies are pleaſed to follow night.* He will have it *fade*; and, ſo, to mend the rhime, ſpoils both the ſenſe and grammar. But he miſtakes the meaning of *ſad*; it ſignifies only grave, ſober; and is oppoſed to their dances and revels, which were now ended at the ſinging of the morning lark. — So *Winter's Tale*, Act 4. *My father and the gentleman are in* SAD *talk.* For *grave* or *ſerious.*

[*(a)* — *five*, Dr. *Thirlby*, — Vulg. *fine.*]

We

We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Queen. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping here was found, [*Sleepers lie ſtill.*
With theſe mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Wind horns within.*

SCENE II.

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita, *and all his Train.*

The. Go one of you, find out the foreſter,
For now our obſervation is perform'd,
And ſince we have the vaward of the day,
My love ſhall hear the muſick of my hounds.
Uncouple in the weſtern valley, go, ——
Diſpatch, I ſay, and find the foreſter.
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the muſical confuſion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creet* they bay'd the bear
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groves,
[5] The ſkies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So muſical a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.
Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that ſweep away the morning dew;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like *Theſſalian* bulls;
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Creet*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*:

5 *The ſkies, the* FOUNTAINS,—] I believe the true reading is *mountains*.

Judge, when you hear. But ſoft, what nymphs are
theſe?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here aſleep,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, old *Nedar*'s *Helena*;
I wonder at their being here together.
Theſ. No doubt, they roſe up early to obſerve
The Rite of *May*; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our Solemnity.
But ſpeak, *Egeus*, is not this the day,
That *Hermia* ſhould give anſwer of her choice?
Ege. It is, my lord.
Theſ. Go bid the huntſmen wake them with their
horns.

Horns, and Shout within; Demetrius, Lyſander, Hermia,
and Helena, *wake and ſtart up.*

Theſ. Good-morrow, friends; Saint *Valentine* is paſt:
Begin theſe wood-birds but to couple now?
Lyſ. Pardon, my lord.
Theſ. I pray you all, ſtand up:
I know, you two are rival enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is ſo far from jealouſie,
To ſleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lyſ. My lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Half ſleep, half waking. But as yet, I ſwear,
I cannot truly ſay how I came here:
But as I think, (for truly would I ſpeak,)
And now I do bethink me, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the peril of th' *Athenian* law.
Ege. Enough, enough; my lord, you have enough;
I beg the law, the law upon his head:
They would have ſtoll'n away, they would, *Demetrius*,
Thereby to have defeated you and me;

You,

You, of your wife; and me, of my conſent;
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.
Dem. My lord, fair *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither follow'd them;
Fair *Helena* in fancy following me,
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
But by ſome power it is, my love to *Hermia*
Is melted as the ſnow; ſeems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle [6] gaude,
Which in my childhood I did doat upon:
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is only *Helena*. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I *Hermia* ſaw;
But like a ſickneſs did I loath this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taſte,
Now do I wiſh it, love it, long for it;
And will for ever more be true to it.
Theſ. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall hear more anon.
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit;
And for the morning now is ſomething worn,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with us to *Athens*; three and three,
We'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnity.
Come, *Hippolita*. [*Exeunt Duke*, Hippol. *and Train.*
Dem. Theſe things ſeem ſmall and undiſtinguiſhable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Her. Methinks, I ſee theſe things with parted Eye;
When every thing ſeems double.
Hel. So, methinks;

6 Gaude *or* bawble. Mr. *Pope.*

[7] And

[7] And I have found *Demetrius* like a Gemell,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It ſeems to me,
That yet we ſleep, we dream. Do not you think,
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lyſ. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake; let's follow him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

As they go out, Bottom *wakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer. My next is, Moſt fair *Pyramus* — hey, ho,— *Peter Quince*, *Flute* the bellows-mender! *Snout* the tinker! *Starveling!* god's my life! ſtoll'n hence, and left me aſleep? I have had a moſt rare viſion. I had a dream, paſt the wit of man to ſay what dream it was:

7 *And I have found* Demetrius *like a* JEWEL,
Mine own, and not mine own.] *Hermia* had obſerved that things appeared *double* to her. *Helena* replies, *ſo methinks*; and then ſubjoins, that *Demetrius* was like a *jewel*, her own and not her own. He is here, then, compared to ſome thing which had the property of appearing to be one thing when it was another. Not the property ſure of a *Jewel:* or, if you will, of none but a falſe one. We ſhould read.

And I have found Demetrius *like a* GEMELL,
Mine own, and not my own. —— From *Gemellus* a *Twin*. For *Demetrius* had that night acted two ſuch different parts, that ſhe could hardly think them both played by one and the ſame *Demetrius*; but that there were twin *Demetrius's* like the two *Socia's* in the Farce. — From *Gemellus* comes the *French*, *Gemeau* or *Jumeau*, and in the feminine, *Gemelle* or *Jumelle:* So in *Maçon's* tranſlation of the *Decameron of Bocace* — *Il avoit trois filles plus aagé'es que les maſles, des quelles les deux qui eſtoient* JUMELLES *avoient quinze ans.* Quatrieme Jour. Nov. 3.

man

man is but an aſs, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was, there is no man can tell what. Methought I was, and methought I had, — But man is but a patch'd fool, if he will offer to ſay what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not ſeen; man's hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballad of this dream; it ſhall be call'd *Bottom*'s *Dream*, becauſe it hath no bottom; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it *(a)* after Death. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Town.

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, *and* Starveling.

Quin. HAVE you ſent to *Bottom*'s houſe? is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marr'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible; you have not a man, in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Pyramus*, but he.

Flu. No, he hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too; and he is a very paramour for a ſweet voice.

Flu. You muſt ſay, paragon; a paramour is (God bleſs us!) a thing of naught.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more

[*(a)* — *after Death*, Mr. *Theobald*, —Vulg. *at her Death.*]

married;

married; if our ſport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O ſweet bully *Bottom!* thus hath he loſt ſixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'ſcap'd ſix-pence a-day; an the Duke had not given him ſixpence a-day for playing *Pyramus*, I'll be hang'd: he would have deſerv'd it. Six-pence a-day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are theſe lads? where are theſe hearts?

Quin. Bottom!——O moſt courageous day! O moſt happy hour!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders, but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, ſweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me; all I will tell you is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet preſently at the palace, every man look o'er his part; for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferr'd: in any caſe, let *Thisby* have clean linnen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they ſhall hang out for the lion's claws; and, moſt dear actors! eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt to hear them ſay, it is a moſt ſweet comedy. No more words; away; go away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus, *and his Lords.*

HIPPOLITA.

'TIS ſtrange, my *Theſeus*, what theſe lovers ſpeak of.

Theſ. More ſtrange than true. I never may believe
Theſe antick fables, nor theſe fairy toys;
Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends.
" The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
" Are of imagination all compact:
" One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold;
" The madman. While the lover, all as frantick,
" Sees *Helen*'s beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.
" The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
" Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
" And, as imagination bodies forth
" The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
" Turns them to ſhape, and gives to aiery nothing
" A local habitation and a name.
" Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
" [1] That if it would but apprehend ſome joy,
" It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or in the night imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh ſuppos'd a bear?

Hip. But all the ſtory of the night told over,

[1] *That if* HE *would but apprehend*——] The Quarto of 1600 reads, *That if* IT—— *i. e.* the imagination; and this is right.

And

And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancy's images,
And grows to ſomething of great conſtancy;
But, howſoever, ſtrange and admirable.

Enter Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia *and* Helena.

Theſ. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends; joy and freſh days of love
Accompany your hearts.
Lyſ. More than to us,
Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed.
Theſ. Come now, what masks, what dances ſhall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours,
Between our after-ſupper and bed-time?
Where is our uſual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing hour?
Call *Philoſtrate.*

Enter Philoſtrate.

Philoſt. Here, mighty *Theſeus.*
Theſ. Say, what abridgment have you for this even-ing?
What maſque? what muſick? how ſhall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with ſome delight?
Philoſt. There is a brief, how many ſports are ripe:
Make choice of which your Highneſs will ſee firſt.
[*Giving a Paper.*
Theſ. [reads.] *The battle with the Centaurs, to be ſung*
By an Athenian *eunuch to the harp.*
We'll none of that. That I have told my love,
In glory of my kinſman *Hercules.*
The riot of the tipſie Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian *ſinger in their rage.*
That is an old device; and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a conqueror.

The

[2] *The thrice three Muſes mourning for the death*
Of learning, late deceas'd in beggary.
That is ſome ſatyr, keen and critical;
Not ſorting with a nuptial ceremony.
A tedious brief ſcene of young Pyramus,
And his love Thisbe; *very tragical mirth.*
[3] Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?
That is hot Ice, a wondrous ſtrange Shew.
How ſhall we find the concord of this diſcord?

Philoſt. A play there is, my lord, ſome ten words long;
Which is as brief, as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is:
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himſelf.
Which, when I ſaw rehears'd, I muſt confeſs,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

Theſ. What are they, that do play it?

Philoſt. Hard-handed men, that work in *Athens* here,
Which never labour'd in their minds 'till now;

2 *The thrice three Muſes,* &c] This ſeems to be intended as a compliment to *Spencer*, who wrote a poem called *The tears of the Muſes*. He ſeems to have paid his friend another, in the *ſecond Act*, where he makes the queen of fairies ſay to the king,

——— *But I know*
When thou haſt ſtoll'n away from fairy *land,*
And, in the ſhape of Corin, *ſate all day*
Playing on pipes of corn, and verſing love
To am'rous Phillida, ——— intimating that the paſtorals of that poet were ſo ſweet, that it was a ſuperior being under the diſguiſe of a mortal who compoſed them.

3 *Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?*
That is hot Ice, AND *wondrous ſtrange* SNOW.] The nonſenſe of the laſt line ſhould be corrected thus,
That is, hot Ice, a wondrous ſtrange SNEW!

And

And now have toil'd their unbreath'd memories
With this ſame play againſt your nuptials.
Theſ. And we will hear it.
Philoſt. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you ſervice.
Theſ. I will hear that play:
" For never any thing can be amiſs,
" When ſimpleneſs and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in, and take your places, ladies.
[*Exit* Phil.
Hip. I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
And duty in his ſervice periſhing.
Theſ. Why, gentle ſweet, you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.
Hip. He ſays, they can do nothing in this kind.
Theſ. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our ſport ſhall be, to take what they miſtake;
And what poor (willing) duty cannot do,
Noble reſpect takes it in might, not merit.
" Where I have come, great clerks have purpoſed
" To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
" Where I have ſeen them ſhiver and look pale,
" Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
" Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
" And, in concluſion, dumbly have broke off,
" Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me, ſweet,
" Out of this ſilence yet I pick'd a welcome:
" And in the modeſty of fearful duty
" I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
" Of ſawcy and audacious eloquence.
Love therefore, and tongue-ty'd ſimplicity,
In leaſt ſpeak moſt, to my capacity.

Enter

Enter Philoſtrate.

Phil. So pleaſe your Grace, the prologue is addreſt.
Theſ. Let him approach. [*Flor. Trum.*

SCENE II.

Enter Quince, *for the prologue.*

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you ſhould think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is.—all for your delight, [you,
We are not here.—that you ſhould here repent
The actors are at hand;——and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.
Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand upon points.
Lyſ. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt; he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.
Hip. Indeed he hath play'd on his prologue, like a child on the recorder; a ſound, but not in government.
Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chain; nothing impair'd, but all diſorder'd. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, *and* Thisbe, Wall, Moonſhine, *and* Lion, *as in dumb ſhew.*

Pro. Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is *Pyramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous lady *Thisbe* is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-caſt, doth preſent

Wall, the vile wall, which did theſe lovers ſunder:
And through wall's chink, poor ſouls, they are content
To whiſper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and buſh of thorn,
Preſenteth moon-ſhine: For, if you will know,
By moon-ſhine did theſe lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at *Ninus'* tomb, there, there to woo.
This griſly beaſt, which by name *Lion* hight,
The truſty *Thisbe*, coming firſt by night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe let fall;
Which *Lion* vile with bloody mouth did ſtain.
Anon comes *Pyramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And finds his truſty *Thisbe*'s mantle ſlain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breaſt.
And *Thisbe*, tarrying in the mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lion*, *Moon-ſhine*, *Wall*, and lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.

[*Exeunt all but* Wall.

Theſ. I wonder, if the *Lion* be to ſpeak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one *Lion* may, when many aſſes do.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snout* by name, preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink;
Through which the lovers, *Pyr'mus* and *Thisbe*,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
This loam, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is, right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper.

Theſ. Would you deſire lime and hair to ſpeak better?

Dem. It is the wittieſt partition, that ever I heard diſcourſe, my lord.

Theſ.

Theſ. *Pyramus* draws near the wall: ſilence!

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. O grim-look'd night! O night with hue ſo black!
O night which ever art, when day is not!
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my *Thisbe*'s promiſe is forgot.
And thou, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
That ſtands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall, O ſweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.
Thanks, courteous wall; *Jove* ſhield thee well for this!
But what ſee I? no *Thisbe* do I ſee.
O wicked wall, through whom I ſee no bliſs;
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me!

Theſ. The wall, methinks, being ſenſible, ſhould curſe again.

Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me*, is *Thisbe*'s cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy her through the wall. You ſhall ſee, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder ſhe comes.

Enter Thisbe.

Thiſ. O wall, full often haſt thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
My cherry lips have often kiſs'd thy ſtones:
Thy ſtones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I ſee a voice; now will I to the chink;
To ſpy, an I can hear my *Thisbe*'s face.
Thisbe!

Thiſ. My love! thou art, my love, I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace.
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.

Thiſ. And I like *Helen*, till the fates me kill.

Pyr. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus* was ſo true.

Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pyr. O kiſs me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thiſ. I kiſs the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at *Ninny*'s tomb meet me ſtraightway?

Thiſ. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

Wall. Thus have I *Wall* my part diſcharged ſo:
And, being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. [*Exit.*

Theſ. [4] Now is the Mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to rear without warning.

Hip. This is the ſillieſt ſtuff that e'er I heard.

Theſ. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadows; and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It muſt be your imagination then, and not theirs.

Theſ. If we imagine no worſe of them than they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here come two noble beaſts in a man and a lion.

Enter Lion *and* Moonſhine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whoſe gentle hearts do fear
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creeps on floor,
May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the joiner, am
No Lion fell, nor elſe no Lion's dam:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

Theſ. A very gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The very beſt at a beaſt, my lord, that e'er I ſaw.

4 Theſ. *Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.*
Dem. *No remedy, my lord, when walls are ſo wilful to* REAR *without warning.*] *Shakeſpear* could never write this nonſenſe; we ſhould read—— *to* REAR *without warning. i. e.* It is no wonder that walls ſhould be ſuddenly down, when they were ſo ſuddenly up; — *rear'd without warning.*

Lyſ.

Lyſ. This Lion is a very fox for his valour.

Theſ. True; and a gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his diſcretion, and the fox carries the gooſe.

Theſ. His diſcretion, I am ſure, cannot carry his valour; for the gooſe carries not the fox. It is well; leave it to his diſcretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent.

Dem. He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

Theſ. He is no creſcent, and his horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorn doth the horned moon preſent: My ſelf the man i'th' moon doth ſeem to be.

Theſ. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the lanthorn: how is it elſe the man i'th' moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for you ſee, it is already in ſnuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon; 'would, he would change!

Theſ. It appears by his ſmall light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane; but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, we muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed, *Moon.*

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-buſh, my thorn-buſh; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all theſe ſhould be in the lanthorn; for they are in the moon. But, ſilence; here comes *Thisbe.*

Enter Thisbe.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninny*'s tomb; where is my love?

Lion. Oh.—— [*The* Lion *roars,* Thisbe *runs off.*

Dem. Well roar'd, *Lion.*

Theſ. Well run, *Thisbe.*
Hip. Well ſhone, *Moon.*
Truly, the *Moon* ſhines with a good grace.
Theſ. Well mouz'd, *Lion.*
Dem. And then came *Pyramus.*
Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſh'd.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy ſunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for ſhining now ſo bright;
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisbe*'s ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight!
But mark, poor Knight,
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes, do you ſee!
How can it be!
O dainty duck! O deer!
Thy mantle good,
What, ſtain'd with blood!
Approach, you furies fell:
O fates! come, come:
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell.
Theſ. This paſſion, and the death of a dear friend
Would go near to make a man look ſad.
Hip. Beſhrew my heart, but I pity the man.
Pyr. O wherefore, nature, didſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:
Which is——no, no—— which was the faireſt dame,
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.
Come tears, confound: out ſword, and wound
The pap of *Pyramus.*
Ay, that left pap, where heart doth hop:
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoul is in the sky;

Tongue,

Tongue, loſe thy light: moon, take thy flight;
Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lyſ. Leſs than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

Theſ. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an aſs.

Hip. How chance the *Moonſhine* is gone, before *Thisbe* comes back and finds her lover?

Enter Thisbe.

Theſ. She will find him by ſtar-light.
Here ſhe comes; and her paſſion ends the Play.

Hip. Methinks, ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one for ſuch a *Pyramus*: I hope, ſhe will be brief.

Dem. A moth will turn the ballance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisbe*, is the better. [eyes.

Lyſ. She hath ſpy'd him already with thoſe ſweet

Dem. And thus ſhe (*a*) moans, *videlicet.*——

Thiſ. Aſleep, my love?
What dead, my dove?
O *Pyramus*, ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? a tomb
Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe lilly brows,
This cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks.
O ſiſters three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lave them in gore,

[(*a*) —*moans*— Mr. *Theobald.*— Vulg. *means.*]

Since you have ſhore
With ſhears his thread of ſilk.
Tongue, not a word:
Come, truſty ſword;
Come, blade, my breaſt imbrue:
And farewel, friends,
Thus *Thisbe* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

Theſ. Moonſhine and *Lion* are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the epilogue, or to hear a bergomask dance, between two of our company?

Theſ. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Never excuſe; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blam'd. Marry, if he, that writ it, had play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himſelf in *Thisbe*'s garter it would have been a fine tragedy: and ſo it is, truly, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your bergomask; let your Epilogue alone.

[*Here a dance of clowns.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almoſt *Fairy* time.
I fear, we ſhall out-ſleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have over-watch'd.
This palpable groſs Play hath well beguil'd
The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity,
In nightly revel and new jollity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Puck.

Puck. [5] " Now the hungry lion roars,
" And the wolf behowls the moon:
" Whilſt the heavy plowman ſnoars,
" All with weary task fore-done.
" Now the waſted brands do glow,
" Whilſt the ſcritch-owl, ſcritching loud,
" Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
" In remembrance of a ſhroud.
" Now it is the time of night,
" That the graves, all gaping wide,
" Every one lets forth his ſpright,
" In the church-way paths to glide;
" And we *Fairies*, that do run
" By the triple *Hecate*'s team,
" From the preſence of the ſun,
" Following darkneſs like a dream,
Now are frolick; not a mouſe
Shall diſturb this hallow'd houſe:
I am ſent with broom before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

[5] *Now the hungry lion roars,*
And the wolf BEHOLDS *the moon:*
Whilſt the heavy plowman ſnoars,
All with weary task fore-done.] It being the deſign of theſe words to characterize the ſeveral animals, as they preſent themſelves at the hour of midnight; and the wolf not being juſtly characterized by ſaying he *beholds* the moon, which all other beaſts of prey then awake do likewiſe, I make no queſtion but the poet wrote

And the wolf BEHOWLS *the moon.*

which is his characteriſtic property. And further to ſupport this emendation we may obſerve, that the *ſounds* theſe animals emit, at this ſeaſon, are plainly intended to be repreſented.

Enter

Enter King and Queen of Fairies, *with their train.*

Ob. Through this houſe give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fire,
Every elf, and fairy ſprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Queen. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by roat,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we ſing and bleſs this place.

The SONG.

Now until the break of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy *ſtray.*
To the beſt bride-bed will we,
Which by us ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue, there create,
Ever ſhall be fortunate;
So ſhall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand;
Never mole, hair-lip, nor ſcar,
Nor mark prodigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew conſecrate,
Every Fairy *take his gate,*
And each ſeveral chamber bleſs,
Through this palace, with ſweet peace.
Ever ſhall it ſafely reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by break of day.

Puck

Puck. If we ſhadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended;
That you have but ſlumbred here,
While theſe viſions did appear.
And this weak and idle theam
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend;
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am honeſt *Puck*,
If we have unearned luck
Now to 'ſcape the ſerpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Puck* a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends;
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF *VERONA.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE *of* Milan, *Father to* Silvia.

Valentine, Protheus, } *the two Gentlemen.*

Anthonio, *Father to* Protheus.

Thurio, *a fooliſh Rival to* Valentine.

Eglamore, *Agent for* Silvia *in her Eſcape.*

Hoſt, *where* Julia *lodges in* Milan.

Out-laws.

Speed, *a clowniſh Servant to* Valentine.

Launce, *the like to* Protheus.

Panthion, *Servant to* Anthonio.

Julia, *a Lady of* Verona, *beloved of* Protheus.

Silvia, *the Duke of* Milan's *Daughter, beloved of* Valentine.

Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to* Julia.

Servants, Muſicians.

The SCENE, *ſometimes in* Verona; *ſometimes in* Milan; *and on the Frontiers of* Mantua.

THE

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF *VERONA.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place in Verona.

Enter Valentine *and* Protheus.

VALENTINE.

CEASE to perſuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits;
Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the ſweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would intreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad;
Than (living dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with [2] ſhapeleſs idleneſs.

1 It is obſervable (I know not for what cauſe) that the ſtile of this comedy is leſs figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of this Author's, tho' ſuppoſed to be one of the firſt he wrote. Mr. *Pope.*

2 ——— *ſhapeleſs idleneſs.*] The expreſſion is fine, as implying that *idleneſs* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners.

But

But ſince thou lov'ſt, love ſtill, and thrive therein;
Ev'n as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? ſweet *Valentine*, adieu;
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou, haply, ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſs,
When thou doſt meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy Grievance to my holy prayer;
For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my ſucceſs.

Pro. Upon ſome book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on ſome ſhallow ſtory of deep love,
How young *Leander* croſs'd the *Helleſpont*.

Pro. That's a deep ſtory of a deeper love;
For he was more than over ſhoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never ſwom the *Helleſpont*.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where ſcorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-ſore ſighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights.
If haply won, perhaps, an hapleſs gain:
If loſt, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit;
Or elſe a wit by folly vanquiſhed.

Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumſtance, I fear, you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your maſter; for he maſters you.
And he that is ſo yoaked by a fool,
Methinks, ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.

Pro. 'Yet writers ſay, as in the ſweeteſt bud

'The

'The eating canker dwells; ſo eating love
'Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.
Val. 'And writers ſay, as the moſt forward bud
'Is eaten by the canker, ere it blow;
'Even ſo by love the young and tender wit
'Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the bud;
'Loſing his verdure even in the prime,
'And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſel thee,
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more, adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to ſee me ſhipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine.*
Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: now let us take our leave.
At *Milan*, let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy ſucceſs in love; and what news elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy friend:
And I likewiſe will viſit thee with mine.
Pro. All happineſs bechance to thee in *Milan!*
Val. As much to you at home; and ſo, farewel!
[*Exit.*
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myſelf, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, *Julia*, thou haſt metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my ſtudies, loſe my time,
War with good counſel, ſet the world at nought;
Made wit with muſing weak, heart ſick with thought.

SCENE II.[3]

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, ſave you; ſaw you my maſter?
Pro. But now he parted hence, t' imbark for *Milan*.
Speed.

3 This whole Scene, like many others in theſe plays (ſome of which I believe were written by *Shakeſpear*, and others interpolated

Speed. Twenty to one then he is ſhipp'd already, And I have play'd the ſheep in loſing him.

Pro. Indeed, a ſheep doth very often ſtray, An if the ſhepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my maſter is a ſhepherd then, and I a ſheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or ſleep.

Pro. A ſilly anſwer, and fitting well a ſheep.

Speed. This proves me ſtill a ſheep.

Pro. True; and thy maſter a ſhepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The ſhepherd ſeeks the ſheep, and not the ſheep the ſhepherd; but I ſeek my maſter, and my maſter ſeeks not me; therefore I am no ſheep.

Pro. The ſheep for fodder follows the ſhepherd, the ſhepherd for the food follows not the ſheep; thou for wages followeſt thy maſter, thy maſter for wages follows not thee; therefore thou art a ſheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baa.*

Pro. But doſt thou hear? gaveſt thou my letter to *Julia?*

Speed. Ay, Sir, I, a loſt mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton, and ſhe, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a loſt mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a paſture for ſuch ſtore of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were beſt ſtick her.

lated by the players), is compoſed of the loweſt and moſt trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the groſs taſte of the age he lived in; *Populo ut placerent.* I wiſh I had authority to leave them out; but I have done all I could: ſet a mark of reprobation upon them throughout this edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Pro.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a ſtray, 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake: I mean the pound, a pin-fold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over, 'tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe: did ſhe nod? [Speed *nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You miſtook, Sir: I ſaid, ſhe did nod: And you ask me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſaid, I.

Pro. And that ſet together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I muſt be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly; Having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Open your purſe, that the money and the matter may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, Sir, here is for your pains; what ſaid ſhe?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceive ſo much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; No, not ſo much as a ducket for delivering your letter. And being ſo hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, ſhe'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but ſtones; for ſhe's as hard as ſteel.

Pro. What, ſaid ſhe nothing?

Speed. No, not ſo much as--take this for thy pains: To teſtify your bounty, I thank you, you have teſtern'd me:
In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter yourſelf: and ſo, Sir, I'll commend you to my maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſave your ſhip from wreck,
Which cannot periſh, having thee aboard,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore.
I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger:
I fear, my *Julia* would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Julia's *Chamber.*

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. BUT ſay, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?

Luc. Pleaſe you, repeat their names; I'll ſhew my mind,
According to my ſhallow ſimple skill.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir *Eglamour?*

Luc. As of a Knight well ſpoken, neat and fine;
But were I you, he never ſhould be mine.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio?*

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himſelf, ſo, ſo.

Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus?*

Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!

Jul.

Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should cenſure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?

Luc. Then thus; of many good, I think him beſt.

Jul. Your reaſon?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reaſon;
I think him ſo, becauſe I think him ſo.

Jul. And would'ſt thou have me caſt my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not caſt away.

Jul. Why, he of all the reſt hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the reſt, I think, beſt loves ye.

Jul. His little ſpeaking ſhews his love but ſmall.

Luc. The fire, that's cloſeſt kept, burns moſt of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not ſhew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love leaſt, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruſe this paper, madam.

Jul. *To Julia*; ſay, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will ſhew.

Jul. Say, ſay; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentine*'s page; and ſent, I think, from *Protheus*.
He would have giv'n it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modeſty, a goodly broker!
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now, truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth;
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper; ſee, it be return'd;
Or elſe return no more into my ſight.

Luc. To plead for love deſerves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?
Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Jul. And yet I would, I had o'er-look'd the letter.
It were a ſhame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What fool is ſhe, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modeſty, ſay *No*, to that
Which they would have the proffrer conſtrue, *Ay*.
Fie, fie; how wayward is this fooliſh love,
That, like a teſty babe, will ſcratch the nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled, kiſs the rod?
How churliſhly I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to ſmile!
My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,
And ask remiſſion for my folly paſt.
What ho! *Lucetta!*

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyſhip?
Jul. Is't near dinner-time?
Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your ſtomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.
Jul. What is't that you
Took up ſo gingerly?
Luc. Nothing.
Jul. Why didſt thou ſtoop then?
Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lye for thoſe that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lye, where it concerns;
Unleſs it have a falſe interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.

Luc,

Luc. That I might ſing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note; your ladyſhip can ſet.
Jul. As little by ſuch toys as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*
Luc. It is too heavy for ſo light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath ſome burthen then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you ſing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach ſo high.
Jul. Let's ſee your ſong:
How now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there ſtill, ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam, 'tis too ſharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too ſawcy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat.
And mar the concord with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a mean, to fill your ſong.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly baſe.
Luc. Indeed, I bid the baſe for *Protheus.*
Jul. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with proteſtation! [*Tears it.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.
Luc. She makes it ſtrange, but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

4 *Indeed I* bid the baſe *for* Protheus.] The ſpeaker here turns the alluſion (which her miſtreſs employed) from the *baſe in muſick* to a country exerciſe *Bid the Baſe:* In which ſome purſue, and others are made priſoners. So that *Lucetta* would intend, by this, to ſay, indeed I take pains to make you a Captive to *Protheus*'s paſſion.——He uſes the ſame alluſion in his *Venus and Adonis,*

To bid *the winds a* baſe *he now prepares.*

and in his *Cymbaline* he mentions the game,

——— *Lads more like*
To run the country Baſe.

Jul. Nay, would I were ſo anger'd with the ſame!
Oh hateful hands, to tear ſuch loving words!
Injurious waſps, to feed on ſuch ſweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your ſtings!
I'll kiſs each ſeveral paper for amends:
Look, here is writ *kind* Julia;——Unkind *Julia!*
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruiſing ſtones;
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdain.
Look, here is writ, *Love-wounded* Protheus.
Poor wounded name! my boſom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, 'till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſov'reign kiſs.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written down;
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
'Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: That ſome whirl-wind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging ſea!
Lo, here in one Line is his name twice writ:
Poor forlorn Protheus, *paſſionate* Protheus,
To the ſweet Julia: that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it to his complaining names:
Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiſs, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father ſtays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, ſhall theſe papers lye like tell-tales here?
Jul. If thou reſpect them, beſt to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they ſhall not lye, for catching cold.
Jul. I ſee, you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may ſay what ſights you ſee:
I ſee things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will't pleaſe you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Anthonio's *Houſe.*

Enter Anthonio *and* Panthion.

Ant. TELL me, *Panthion*, what ſad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloiſter?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your ſon.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordſhip
Would ſuffer him to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men of ſlender reputation
Put forth their ſons to ſeek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
[5] Some, to diſcover Iſlands far away;
Some, to the ſtudious univerſities.
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Protheus* your ſon was meet:
And did requeſt me to importune you,
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that,
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have conſider'd well his loſs of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchiev'd,

5 *Some to* diſcover Iſlands *far away.*] In *Shakeſpear's* time, voyages for the diſcovery of the iſlands of *America* were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the ſons of noblemen, and of others of the beſt families in *England*, went very frequently on theſe adventures. Such as the *Forteſcues*, *Colliton's*, *Thorn-hills*, *Farmers*, *Pickerings*, *Littletons*, *Willoughbys*, *Cheſters*, *Hanéleys*, *Bromleys*, and others. To this prevailing faſhion, our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it.

And

And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then tell me, whither were I beſt to ſend him?

Pant. I think, your lordſhip is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordſhip ſent him thither;
There ſhall he practiſe tilts and tournaments,
Hear ſweet diſcourſe, converſe with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exerciſe,
Worthy his youth and nobleneſs of birth.

Ant. I like thy counſel; well haſt thou advis'd:
And that thou may'ſt perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make known;
Ev'n with the ſpeedieſt expedition
I will diſpatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it pleaſe you, *Don Alphonſo*,
With other gentlemen of good eſteem,
Are journeying to ſalute the Emperor;
And to commend their ſervice to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them ſhall *Protheus* go,
And, in good time, now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, ſweet lines, ſweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To ſeal our happineſs with their conſents!
Oh heav'nly *Julia!*

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't pleaſe your lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me ſee what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes

How

How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?
Pro. As one relying on your lordſhip's will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.
Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſuddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am reſolv'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentine* in the Emp'ror's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt have from me:
To-morrow be in readineſs to go.
Excuſe it not, for I am peremptory.
Pro. My lord, I cannot be ſo ſoon provided;
Pleaſe to deliberate a day or two. [thee:
Ant. Look, what thou want'ſt, ſhall be ſent after
No more of ſtay; to-morrow thou muſt go.
Come on, *Panthion*; you ſhall be employ'd
To haſten on his expedition. [*Exe.* Ant. *and* Pant.
Pro. Thus have I ſhun'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the Sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to ſhew my father *Julia*'s letter,
Leſt he ſhould take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuſe,
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my love.
Oh, how this ſpring of love reſembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day;
Which now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
And by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;
He is in haſte, therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto:
And yet a thouſand times it anſwers, no. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Changes to Milan.

An Apartment *in the* Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

SPEED.

SIR, your glove——

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me ſee: ay, give it me, it's mine: Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine! Ah, *Silvia! Silvia!*

Speed. Madam *Silvia!* Madam *Silvia!*

Val. How now, Sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why, Sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worſhip, Sir, or elſe I miſtook.

Val. Well, you'll ſtill be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.

Val. Go to, Sir; tell me, do you know Madam *Silvia?*

Speed. She, that your worſhip loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by theſe ſpecial marks; firſt, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to reliſh a love-ſong, like a *Robin-red-breaſt*; to walk alone, like one that had the peſtilence; to ſigh, like a ſchool-boy that had loſt his *A, B, C*; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to faſt, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to ſpeak puling, like a beggar at *Hallowmaſs*. You were wont, when

when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of mony; and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd *without* ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would; But you are ſo without theſe Follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, doſt thou know my lady *Silvia*?

Speed. She, that you gaze on ſo as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? ev'n ſhe I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not?

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquiſite,
But her Favour infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, Sir, ſo painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

Speed.

Speed. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever ſince I ſaw her; And ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: For he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val. laſt night ſhe injoin'd me to write ſome lines to one ſhe loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them: Peace, here ſhe comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and miſtreſs, a thouſand good morrows.

Speed. Oh! give ye good ev'n; here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and ſervant, to you two thouſand.

Speed.

Speed. He ſhould give her intereſt; and ſhe gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the ſecret, nameleſs, friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you, gentle ſervant; 'tis very clerkly done.

Fal. Now truſt me, madam, it came hardly off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance, you think too much of ſo much [pains?

Val. No, madam, ſo it ſteed you, I will write,
Pleaſe you command, a thouſand times as much.
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period; well, I gueſs the ſequel;
And yet I will not name it; and yet I care not;
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aſide.*

Val. What means your ladyſhip? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ;
But ſince unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my ſake read it over;
And if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why ſo.

Val. If it pleaſe me, madam, what then?

Sil. Why if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good morrow, ſervant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple! My

My maſter ſues to her, and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor:
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being the ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?

Val. How now, Sir, what are you reaſoning with yourſelf?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a ſpokeſman from madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourſelf; why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need ſhe,
When ſhe hath made you write to yourſelf?
Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, Sir: but did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend,

Speed. And that letter hath ſhe deliver'd, and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worſe.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her; and ſhe in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing elſe ſome meſſenger, that might her mind diſcover,
Herſelf hath taught her love himſelf to write unto her lover.
All this I ſpeak in print; for in print I found it.——
Why muſe you, Sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, Sir; tho' the *Cameleon* love can feed on the air, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh, be not like your miſtreſs; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Julia's *Houſe at* Verona.

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. HAVE patience, gentle *Julia.*

Jul. I muſt, where is no remedy.

Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the ſooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia*'s ſake.
[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And ſeal the bargain with a holy kiſs.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true conſtancy;
And when that hour o'erſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not, *Julia*, for thy ſake;
The next enſuing hour ſome foul miſchance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulneſs!
My father ſtays my coming; anſwer not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will ſtay me longer, than I ſhould:
[*Exit* Julia.
Julia, farewel.—— What! gone without a word?
Ay, ſo true love ſhould do; it cannot ſpeak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are ſtaid for.

Pro. Go; I come.
Alas! this parting ſtrikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a Street.

Enter Launce, *with his dog* Crab.

Laun. 'NAY, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* 'have this very fault; I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſon, and am going with 'Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think, *Crab* 'my dog be the ſowreſt-natur'd dog that lives: my 'mother weeping, my father wailing, my ſiſter cry-'ing, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, 'and all our houſe in a great perplexity; yet did not 'this cruel-hearted cur ſhed one tear! he is a ſtone, a 'very pebble-ſtone, and has no more pity in him than 'a dog: a *Jew* would have wept, to have ſeen our 'parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look 'you, wept herſelf blind at my parting. Nay, I'll 'ſhow you the manner of it: this ſhoe is my father; 'no, this left ſhoe is my father; no, no, this left ſhoe 'is my mother; nay, that cannot be ſo neither; yes, 'it is ſo, it is ſo; it hath the worſer ſole; this ſhoe, 'with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my fa-'ther; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now, Sir, this 'ſtaff is my ſiſter; for, look you, ſhe is as white as 'a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand; this hat is *Nan*, our 'maid; I am the dog; no, the dog is himſelf; 'and I am the dog: oh, the dog is me, and I am 'my ſelf; ay, ſo, ſo; now come I to my father; 'father, your bleſſing; now ſhould not the ſhoe ſpeak 'a word for weeping; now ſhould I kiſs my father; 'well, he weeps on; now come I to my mother; '[1] oh that ſhe could ſpeak now like a wode woman!

[1] *Oh that ſhe could ſpeak now like an* OULD *Woman.*] The firſt Folios read WOULD. It ſhould be WODE; mad, crazy, frantick with grief.

'well,

'well, I kiſs her; why there 'tis? here's my mo-
'ther's breath up and down: now come I to my
'ſiſter: mark the moan ſhe makes: now the dog all
'this while ſheds not a tear, nor ſpeaks a word; but
'ſee, how I lay the duſt with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy maſter is ſhipp'd, and thou art to poſt after with oars: what's the matter? why weep'ſt thou, man? away, aſs, you will loſe the tide if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were loſt, for it is the unkindeſt ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pant. What's the unkindeſt tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt loſe the flood; and in loſing the flood, loſe thy voyage; and in loſing thy voyage, loſe thy maſter; and in loſing thy maſter, loſe thy ſervice; and in loſing thy ſervice,——— why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou ſhould'ſt loſe thy tongue.

Pant. Where ſhould I loſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?——

Laun. Loſe the flood, and the voyage, and the maſter, and the ſervice, and the tide? why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my ſighs.

Pant. Come, come away, man; I was ſent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Milan.

An Apartment in the Duke's *Palace.*

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, *and* Speed.

Sil. SErvant,——

Val. Miſtreſs?

Speed. Maſter, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my miſtreſs then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I ſeem ſo.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What ſeem I, that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio?* do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of *Cameleon.*

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have ſaid, Sir.

Thu. Ay, Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end, ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemen, and quickly ſhot off.

Val. 'Tis, indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, ſervant?

Val. Your ſelf, ſweet lady, for you gave the fire; Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyſhip's looks, and ſpends, what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treaſure to give your followers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words,

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

SCENE V.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beſet.
Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:
What ſay you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Anthonio*, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy eſtimation;
And, not without deſert, ſo well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a ſon?

Val. Ay, my good lord, a ſon that well deſerves
The honour and regard of ſuch a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myſelf; for from our infancy
We have converſt, and ſpent our hours together:

And tho' my ſelf have been an idle truant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
Made uſe and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praiſes, that I now beſtow;)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beſhrew me, Sir, but if he makes this good,
He is as worthy for an empreſs' love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counſellor.
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to ſpend his time a while.
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, Sir *Thurio*;
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit* Duke.

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lockt in her cryſtal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them pris'ners ſtill.

Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They ſay, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, *Thurio*, as your ſelf:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus*: miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he, you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.

Val. Miſtreſs, it is: Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.

Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.

Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant,
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.

Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.

Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthleſs miſtreſs.

Pro. I'll die on him that ſays ſo, but your ſelf.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthleſs.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord your father would ſpeak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleaſure: [*Exit Serv.*] Come, Sir *Thurio*,
Go with me. Once more, my new ſervant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyſhip.
[*Exeunt* Sil. *and* Thu.

SCENE VII.

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you? I know, you joy not in a love-diſcourſe.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now? I have done penance for contemning love; Whoſe high imperious thoughts have puniſh'd me With bitter faſts, with penitential groans; With nightly tears, and daily heart-ſore ſighs. For, in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chac'd ſleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's ſorrow. O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord; And hath ſo humbled me, as, I confeſs, There is no wo to his correction; Nor to his ſervice, no ſuch joy on earth, Now no diſcourſe, except it be of love; Now can I break my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleep Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye. Was this the idol, that you worſhip ſo?

Val. Even ſhe; and is ſhe not a heav'nly ſaint?

Pro. No; but ſhe is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praiſe.

Pro. When I was ſick, you gave me bitter pills; And I muſt miniſter the like to you.

Val. Then ſpeak the truth by her; if not divine, Yet let her be a principality,

Sov'reign

Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my miſtreſs.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except againſt my love.
Pro. Have I not reaſon to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs;
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the ſummer-ſwelling flower;
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.
Pro. Why, *Valentine*, what bragadiſm is this?
Val. Pardon me, *Protheus*; all I can, is nothing
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone——
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doat upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after;
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſie.
Pro. But ſhe loves you?
Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I muſt climb her window,
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happineſs.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In theſe affairs to aid me with thy counſel.
Pro. Go on before; I ſhall enquire you forth.

I muſt

I muſt unto the road, to diſembark
Some neceſſaries that I needs muſt uſe;
And then I'll preſently attend you.
Val. Will you make haſte?
Pro. I will. [*Exit* Val.
Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by ſtrength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
[2] Is it mine Eye, or *Valentino*'s Praiſe,
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion,
That makes me, reaſonleſs, to reaſon thus?
She's fair; and ſo is *Julia*, that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainſt a fire,
Bears no impreſſion of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to *Valentine* is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont.
O! but I love his lady too, too, much;
And that's the reaſon, I love him ſo little.
How ſhall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that has dazled ſo my reaſon's light:

2 *Is it mine* THEN, *or* Valentino's *Praiſe,*] Here *Protheus* queſtions with himſelf, whether it is his own praiſe, or *Valentine*'s, that makes him fall in love with *Valentine*'s miſtreſs. But not to inſiſt on the abſurdity of falling in love through his own praiſes, he had not indeed praiſed her any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend asked it of him. In all the old editions, we find the line printed thus,

Is it mine, or Valentino's *praiſe?*

A word is wanting. The line was originally thus,

Is it mine EYE, *or* Valentino's *praiſe?*

Protheus had juſt ſeen *Valentine*'s miſtreſs, whom her lover had been laviſhly praiſing. His encomiums therefore heightening *Protheus*'s idea of her at the interview, it was the leſs wonder he ſhould be uncertain which had made the ſtrongeſt impreſſion, *Valentine*'s praiſes, or his own view of her.

But

But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compaſs her I'll uſe my skill. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to a Street.

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. LAUNCE, by mine honeſty, welcome to [3] *Milan.*

Launce. Forſwear not thy ſelf, ſweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone, 'till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till ſome certain ſhot be paid, and the hoſteſs ſay, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-houſe with you preſently, where, for one ſhot of five-pence, thou ſhalt have five thouſand welcomes. But, Sirrah, how did thy maſter part with madam *Julia?*

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earneſt, they parted very fairly in jeſt.

Speed. But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Speed. Why then how ſtands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus: when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Speed. What an aſs art thou? I underſtand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. What thou ſay'ſt?

3 It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on Act 3. Mr. *Pope.*

Laun.

Laun. Ay, and what I do too? look thee, I'll but lean, and my ſtaff underſtands me.

Speed. It ſtands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, ſtand-under, and underſtand, is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he ſay, ay, it will; if he ſay, no, it will; if he ſhake his tail, and ſay nothing, it will.

Speed. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou ſhalt never get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well, that I get it ſo; but *Launce*, how ſay'ſt thou, that my maſter is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwiſe.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reporteſt him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorſon aſs, thou miſtak'ſt me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy maſter.

Speed. I tell thee, my maſter is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himſelf in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale-houſe, ſo; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a *Chriſtian*.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-houſe with a *Chriſtian*: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy ſervice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leave my *Julia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair *Silvia*, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn:
And ev'n that pow'r, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.

Love

Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
O ſweet-ſuggeſting love! [4] if I have ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whoſe Sov'reignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love, where I ſhould love:
Julia I loſe, and *Valentine* I loſe:
If I keep them, I needs muſt loſe myſelf:
If I loſe them, this find I by their loſs,
For *Valentine*, my ſelf; for *Julia*, *Silvia*.——
I to my ſelf am dearer than a friend;
For love is ſtill moſt precious in its ſelf:
And *Silvia*, (witneſs heav'n, that made her fair!)
Shews *Julia* but a ſwarthy *Ethiope*.
I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead:
And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at *Silvia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now prove conſtant to my ſelf,
Without ſome treachery us'd to *Valentine*:
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celeſtial *Silvia*'s chamber-window;
My ſelf in counſel his competitor.
Now preſently I'll give her father notice
Of their diſguiſing, and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will baniſh *Valentine*:
For *Thurio*, he intends, ſhall wed his daughter.

4 —— *If* THOU HAST *ſinn'd*,] We muſt certainly read —— *If* I HAVE *ſinn'd*.

But,

But, *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly croſs,
By ſome ſly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpoſe ſwift,
As thou haſt lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Changes to Julia's *Houſe in* Verona.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. COunſel, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, aſſiſt me;
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly character'd and engrav'd,
To leſſon me; and tell me ſome good mean,
How with my honour I may undertake
A journey to my loving *Protheus*.
Luc. Alas! the way is weariſome and long.
Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To meaſure kingdoms with his feeble ſteps;
Much leſs ſhall ſhe, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one ſo dear,
Of ſuch divine perfection, as Sir *Protheus*.
Luc. Better forbear, 'till *Protheus* make return.
Jul. Oh, know'ſt thou not, his looks are my ſoul's food?
Pity the dearth, that I have pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'ſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
As ſeek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualifie the fire's extream rage,
Leſt it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.
Jul. The more thou damm'ſt it up, the more it burns:

The

‘ The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
‘ Thou know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
‘ But when his fair courſe is not hindered,
‘ He makes ſweet muſick with th' enamel'd ſtones;
‘ Giving a gentle kiſs to every ſedge
‘ He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
‘ And ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
‘ With willing ſport, to the wild ocean.
‘ Then let me go, and hinder not my courſe;
‘ I'll be as patient as a gentle ſtream,
‘ And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
‘ 'Till the laſt ſtep have brought me to my love;
‘ And there I'll reſt, as after much turmoil,
‘ A bleſſed ſoul doth in *Elyſium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The looſe encounters of laſcivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weeds
As may beſeem ſome well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyſhip muſt cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in ſilken ſtrings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love-knots:
To be fantaſtick, may become a youth
Of greater time than I ſhall ſhew to be. [breeches?

Luc. What faſhion, Madam, ſhall I make your

Jul. That fits as well, as—“ tell me, good my lord,
“ What compaſs will you wear your farthingale?
Why, even what faſhion thou beſt like'ſt, *Lucetta*.

Luc. You muſt needs have them with a cod-piece, Madam.

Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta!* that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hoſe, Madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unleſs you have a cod-piece to ſtick pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'ſt me, let me have
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me

For

For undertaking ſo unſtaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you think ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Jul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If *Protheus* like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will ſcarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the leaſt, *Lucetta*, of my fear:
A thouſand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And inſtances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.
Luc. All theſe are ſervants to deceitful men.
Jul. Baſe men, that uſe them to ſo baſe effect!
But truer ſtars did govern *Protheus'* birth;
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love ſincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure meſſengers ſent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.
Luc. Pray heav'n he prove ſo, when you come to him!
Jul. Now, as thou lov'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth;
Only deſerve my love, by loving him;
And preſently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note, of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence:
Come, anſwer not; but do it preſently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, *and* Protheus.

DUKE.

SIR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have ſome ſecrets to confer about.
[*Exit* Thur.
Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would diſcover,
The law of friendſhip bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeſerving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which, elſe, no worldly good ſhould draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteal away your daughter:
My ſelf am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates:
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtoll'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's ſake, I rather choſe
To croſs my friend in his intended drift;
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of ſorrows, which would preſs you down,
If unprevented, to your timeleſs grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honeſt care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs my ſelf have often ſeen.
Haply, when they have judg'd me faſt aſleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court:

But, fearing leſt my jealous aim might err,
And ſo unworthily diſgrace the man,
(A raſhneſs that I ever yet have ſhunn'd;)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thy ſelf haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And that thou may'ſt perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoon ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myſelf have ever kept;
And thence ſhe cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently:
Where, if it pleaſe you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it ſo cunningly,
That my diſcov'ry be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he ſhall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir *Valentine* is coming.
[*Exit* Pro.

SCENE II.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away ſo faſt?

Val. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenour of them doth but ſignifie
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then, no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs,

That

That touch me near; wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio* to my daughter.
Val. I know it well, my lord; and, ſure, the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?
Duke. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower:
For me, and my poſſeſſions, ſhe eſteems not.
Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?
Duke. There is a lady, [1] Sir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Beſides, the faſhion of the time is chang'd,)
How, and which way, I may beſtow my ſelf,
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpects not words;

1 —— Sir, in *Milan* here,] It ought to be thus, inſtead of ——*in* Verona *here.*—— for the Scene apparently is in *Milan*, as is clear from ſeveral paſſages in the firſt Act, and in the beginning of the firſt Scene of the fourth Act. A like miſtake has crept into the eighth Scene of Act II. where *Speed* bids his fellow-ſervant *Launce*, welcome to *Padua*. Mr. *Pope*.

Dumb jewels often in their ſilent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.
Duke. But ſhe did ſcorn a preſent, that I ſent her.
Val. A woman ſometimes ſcorns what beſt contents her;
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For ſcorn at firſt makes after-love the more.
If ſhe do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If ſhe do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulſe, whatever ſhe doth ſay;
For, get you gone, ſhe doth not mean away:
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er ſo black, ſay, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duke. But ſhe, I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept ſeverely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſs by day to her.
Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.
Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.
Val. What lets, but one may enter at her Window?
Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built ſo ſhelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.
Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To caſt up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would ſerve to ſcale another *Hero*'s tower;
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.
Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Adviſe me where I may have ſuch a ladder.
Val. When would you uſe it? pray, Sir, tell me that.
Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.

Val.

Val. By ſeven a clock I'll get you ſuch a ladder.
Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How ſhall I beſt convey the ladder thither?
Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.
Duke. A cloak as long as thine will ſerve the turn?
Val. Ay, my good lord.
Duke. Then let me ſee thy cloak;
I'll get me one of ſuch another length.
Val. Why, any cloak will ſerve the turn, my lord.
Duke. How ſhall I faſhion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this ſame? what's here? To *Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be ſo bold to break the ſeal for once. [Duke *reads.*
My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia *nightly,*
And ſlaves they are to me, that ſend them flying:
Oh, could their maſter come and go as lightly,
Himſelf would lodge, where ſenſeleſs they are lying:
My herald thoughts in thy pure boſom reſt them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curſe the grace, that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe my ſelf do want my ſervants' fortune;
I curſe my ſelf, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour, where their lord would be.
What's here? *Silvia, this night will I enfranchiſe thee:*
'Tis ſo, and here's the ladder for the purpoſe.
[2] Why, *Phaëton*, for thou art *Merops'* ſon,
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?
Go, baſe intruder! over-weening ſlave!
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy deſert,

2 *Why,* Phaëton, *for thou art* MEROPS' SON,
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heav'nly car.] *Merops' ſon, i. e.* a baſtard, baſe-born.

Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have beſtow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than ſwifteſt expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heav'n, my wrath ſhall far exceed the love,
I ever bore my daughter or thy ſelf:
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuſe,
But as thou lov'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
'To die, is to be baniſh'd from my ſelf:
'And *Silvia* is my ſelf; baniſh'd from her,
'Is ſelf from ſelf: a deadly baniſhment!
'What light is light, if *Silvia* be not ſeen?
'What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
'Unleſs it be to think, that ſhe is by;
'And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
'Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
'There is no muſick in the nightingale;
'Unleſs I look on *Silvia* in the day,
'There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my eſſence, and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom;
Tarry I here, I but attend on death:
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus *and* Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.
Laun. So-ho! ſo-ho! ——
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Laun. Him we go to find:

There's

There's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a *Valentine.*

Pro. Valentine,——

Val. No.

Pro. Who then; his ſpirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?

Pro. Whom wouldſt thou ſtrike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, Sir, I'll ſtrike nothing; I pray you,—

Pro. I ſay, forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My ears are ſtopt, and cannot hear good news;
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.

Pro. Then in dumb ſilence will I bury mine;
For they are harſh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine.*

Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for ſacred *Silvia!*
Hath ſhe forſworn me?

Pro. No, *Valentine.*

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forſworn me!
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vaniſh'd.

Pro. That thou art baniſh'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now exceſs of it will make me ſurfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am baniſhed?

Pro. Ay, ay; and ſhe hath offer'd to the doom,
Which unrevers'd ſtands in effectual force,
A ſea of melting pearl, which ſome call tears:
Thoſe at her father's churliſh feet ſhe tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble ſelf;
Wringing her hands, whoſe whiteneſs ſo became them,

As if but now they waxed pale for wo.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad ſighs, deep groans, nor ſilver-ſhedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompaſſionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeal was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.
Val. No more; unleſs the next word that thou ſpeak'ſt,
Have ſome malignant power upon my life:
If ſo, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endleſs dolour.
Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good:
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that;
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Ev'n in the milk-white boſom of thy love.
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt *Silvia*, tho' not for thyſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.
Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, an' if thou ſeeſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.
Pro. Go, Sirrah, find him out: come, *Valentine*.
Val. O my dear *Silvia!* hapleſs *Valentine!*
[*Exeunt* Valentine *and* Protheus.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

" [3] *Laun.* I am but a fool, look you, and yet I " have the wit to think my maſter is a kind of a " knave: but that's all one, if he be but one kind. " He lives not now that knows me to be in love, yet " I am in love; but a team of horſe ſhall not pluck " that from me, nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a " woman; but what woman I will not tell myſelf, " and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for " ſhe hath had goſſips; yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe " is her maſter's maid, and ſerves for wages: ſhe " hath more qualities than a water-ſpaniel, which is " much in a bare chriſtian. Here is the cat-log " [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions; *Imprimis*, " ſhe can fetch and carry; why, a horſe can do no " more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but only carry; " therefore ſhe is better than a jade. *Item*, ſhe can " milk; look you, a ſweet virtue in a maid with " clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, ſignior *Launce?* what news with your maſterſhip?

[4] *Laun.* With my maſter's ſhip? why, it is at ſea.

3 Laun. *I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my maſter is a kind of knave: but that's all one, if he be but one* KNAVE.] Where is the ſenſe, or, if you won't allow the Speaker that, where is the humour of this ſpeech? Nothing had given the fool occaſion to ſuſpect that his maſter was become double, like *Antipholis* in *the Comedy of Errors*. The laſt word is corrupt. We ſhould read,

——*if he be but one* KIND.

He thought his maſter was *a kind of knave*; however, he keeps himſelf in countenance with this reflexion, that if he was a knave *but of one kind*, he might paſs well enough amongſt his neighbours. This is truly humourous.

4 *With my maſter's ſhip?*] This pun reſtored by Mr. *Theobald.*

Speed.

Speed. Well, your old vice ſtill; miſtake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackeſt news that ever thou heard'ſt.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head, thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Thou lyeſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the ſon of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the ſon of thy grand-mother; this proves, that thou canſt not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and [5] St. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed!

Speed. Imprimis, ſhe can milk.

Laun. Ay, that ſhe can.

Speed. Item, ſhe brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, ***Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good ale.***

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, ***Can ſhe ſo?***

Speed. Item, ſhe can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a ſtock with a wench, when ſhe can knit him a ſtock!

Speed. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcour.

Laun. A ſpecial virtue, for then ſhe need not to be waſh'd and ſcour'd.

Speed. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

Laun. Then may I ſet the world on wheels, when ſhe can ſpin for her living.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſs virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to ſay, ***Baſtard Virtues***; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

5 *St.* Nicholas *be thy ſpeed.*] St. *Nicholas* preſided over Scholars, who were therefore called *St.* Nicholas's *Clerks*. Hence, by a quibble between *Nicholas* and *Old Nick*, Highway-men, in the firſt part of *Henry* the fourth, are called Nicholas's *Clerks*.

Speed.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Cloſe at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, ſhe is not to be kiſt faſting, in reſpect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: read on.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her four breath.

Speed. Item, ſhe doth talk in her ſleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, ſo ſhe ſleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

Laun. O villain! that ſet down among her vices! to be ſlow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, ſhe is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was *Eve*'s legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, becauſe I love cruſts.

Speed. Item, ſhe is curſt.

Laun. Well, the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item. ſhe will often praiſe her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall; if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Speed. Item, ſhe is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue ſhe cannot, for that's writ down, ſhe's ſlow of; of her purſe ſhe ſhall not, for that I'll keep ſhut; now of another thing ſhe may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. "Stop here; I'll have her; ſhe was mine, "and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Re-"hearſe that once more.

Speed. Item, ſhe hath more hair than wit.

Laun.

Laun. More hair than wit, it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the ſalt hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more than the ſalt; the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the leſs. What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monſtrous: oh, that that were out!

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible——

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy maſter ſtays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And muſt I go to him?

Laun. Thou muſt run to him, for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerve the turn.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets.—— I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke *and* Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that ſhe will love you.
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
Trenched

Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus?* Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not ſo.
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhown ſome ſign of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.
Duke. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And alſo, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when *Valentine* was here.
Duke. Ay, and perverſely ſhe perſeveres ſo.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio?*
Pro. The beſt way is to ſlander *Valentine*
With falſhood, cowardice, and poor deſcent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but ſhe'll think, that it is ſpoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it muſt, with circumſtance, be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you muſt undertake to ſlander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I ſhall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Eſpecially, againſt his very friend.

Duke.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your ſlander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can ſpeak in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue love to him.
[6] But ſay, this weed her love from *Valentine*,
It follows not, that ſhe will love Sir *Thurio*.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
Leſt it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe Sir *Valentine*.

Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kind,
Becauſe we know, on *Valentine*'s report,
You are already love's firm votary;
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant, ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large:
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſuaſion,
To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect,
But you, Sir *Thurio*, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay lime, to tangle her deſires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poeſie.

Pro. "Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
"You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:

6 *But ſay, this weed her love from* Valentine,
It follows not, that ſhe will love Sir Thurio.

Ridiculum caput. Quaſi neceſſe ſit,
Si huic non det, te illam uxorem ducere. *Ter. Andr.*

"Write,

" Write, 'till your ink be dry; and with your tears
" Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
" That may diſcover ſuch integrity:
" [7] For *Orpheus'* lute was ſtrung with poet's ſinews;
" Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteel and ſtones,
" Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*
" Forſake unſounded deeps, to dance on ſands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Viſit by night your lady's chamber-window
With ſome ſweet conſort: to their inſtruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grievance.
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This diſcipline ſhews, thou haſt been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city preſently
To ſort ſome gentlemen well skill'd in muſick;
I have a ſonnet, that will ſerve the turn,
To give the onſet to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace, 'till after ſupper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you.
[*Exeunt.*

7 *For* Orpheus' *lute was ſtrung with* poet's ſinews.] This ſhews *Shakeſpear*'s knowledge of antiquity. He here aſſigns *Orpheus* his true character of legiſlator. For under that of a poet only, or lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, conſidered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imag'ry exquiſitely beautiful. For by his *lute* is to be underſtood his *ſyſtem of laws:* and by the *poet's ſinews*, the power of numbers, which *Orpheus* actually employed in thoſe laws to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Foreſt, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 OUT-LAW.

FELLOWS, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what you have about you; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; theſe are the villains, that all the travellers do fear ſo much.

Val. My friends,——

1 *Out.* That's not ſo, Sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity;
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here diſfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To *Verona*.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From *Milan*.

3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?

Val. Some ſixteen months; and longer might have ſtaid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?

Val.

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that, which now torments me to rehearſe:
I kill'd a man, whoſe death I much repent;
But yet I ſlew him manfully in fight,
Without falſe vantage or baſe treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done ſo.
But were you baniſh'd for ſo ſmall a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had been miſerable.

3 *Out.* By the bare ſcalp of *Robin Hood*'s fat friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Maſter, be one of them: it's an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain.

2 *Out.* Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that ſome of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awful men;
Myſelf was from *Verona* baniſh'd,
For practiſing to ſteal away a lady,
An heir, and neice ally'd unto the Duke.

2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Whom, in my mood, I ſtabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſs lives;
And, partly, ſeeing you are beautify'd
With goodly ſhape, and by your own report
A linguiſt; and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we do in our quality much want; ——

2 *Out.* Indeed, becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, above the reſt, we parley to you;

Are you content to be our General?
To make a virtue of neceſſity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderneſs?

3 *Out.* What ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say, ay; and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee;
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou ſcorn our courteſie, thou dy'ſt.

2 *Out.* Thou ſhalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poor paſſengers.

3 *Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews.
And ſhew thee all the treaſure we have got;
Which, with ourſelves, ſhall reſt at thy diſpoſe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to an open Place, under Silvia's *Apartment, in* Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. ALready I've been falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as unjuſt to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have acceſs my own love to prefer:
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſs gifts.
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſhood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forſworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.

And,

And, notwithſtanding all her ſudden quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, ſpaniel-like, the more ſhe ſpurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her ſtill.
But here comes *Thurio:* now muſt we to her window,
And give ſome evening muſick to her ear.

Enter Thurio *and Muſicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for, you know, that love
Will creep in ſervice where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or elſe I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia?*

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your ſake.

Thu. I thank you, for your own: now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it luſtily a while.

SCENE III.

Enter Hoſt, and Julia *in boy's cloaths.*

Hoſt. Now, my young gueſt, methinks, you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine hoſt, becauſe I cannot be merry.

Hoſt. Come, we'll have you merry; I'll bring you where you ſhall hear muſick, and ſee the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But ſhall I hear him ſpeak?

Hoſt. Ay, that you ſhall.

Jul. That will be muſick.

Hoſt. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among theſe?

Hoſt. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? *what is ſhe,*
That all our ſwains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wiſe is ſhe;
The heav'n ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kind, as ſhe is fair?
For beauty lives with kindneſs.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindneſs:
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia *let us ſing,*
That Silvia *is excelling;*
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Hoſt. How now? are you ſadder than you were before? how do you, man? the muſick likes you not.

Jul. You miſtake; the muſician likes me not.

Hoſt. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays falſe, father.

Hoſt. How, out of tune on the ſtrings?

Jul. Not ſo; but yet ſo falſe, that he grieves my very heart-ſtrings.

Hoſt. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a ſlow heart.

Hoſt. I perceive, you delight not in muſick.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars ſo.

Hoſt. Hark, what fine change is in the muſick.

Jul. Ay; that change is the ſpight.

Hoſt. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But,

But, hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talk on,
Often reſort unto this gentlewoman?

Hoſt. I tell you what *Launce*, his man, told me, he [1] lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce?*

Hoſt. Gone to ſeek his dog, which to-morrow, by his maſter's command, he muſt carry for a preſent to his lady.

Jul. Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not you; I will ſo plead,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. *Gregory*'s well.

Thu. Farewel. [*Exeunt* Thurio *and Muſick.*

SCENE IV.

Silvia *above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyſhip.

Sil. I thank you for your muſick, gentlemen:
Who is that, that ſpake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*, gentle lady, and your ſervant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. You have your wiſh; my will is even this,
That preſently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man?
Think'ſt thou, I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceiv'd ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.

1 *lov'd her out of all nick.*] *i. e.* out of all count: that is, extravagantly. A phraſe taken from accounts when calculations were made by nicking on numbers upon a ſtick.

For me, by this pale queen of night, I ſwear,
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And, by and by, intend to chide myſelf,
Ev'n for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.

Jul. [*aſide*] 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried.

Sil. Say, that ſhe be; yet *Valentine*, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,
I am betroath'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewiſe hear, that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave,
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the leaſt, in hers ſepulchre thine.

Jul. [*aſide*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*aſide*] If 'twere a ſubſtance, you would, ſure, deceive it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.

Sil. I'm very loath to be your idol, Sir;
But ſince your falſhood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadows, and adore falſe ſhapes;
Send to me in the morning, and I'll ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* Protheus *and* Silvia.

Jul.

Jul. Hoſt, will you go?
Hoſt. By my hallidom, I was faſt aſleep.
Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus?*
Hoſt. Marry, at my houſe: truſt me, I think, 'tis almoſt day.
Jul. Not ſo; but it hath been the longeſt night
That e'er I watch'd, and the moſt heavieſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call, and know her mind:
There's ſome great matter ſhe'd employ me in.
Madam, Madam!

Silvia *above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?
Egl. Your ſervant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyſhip's command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thouſand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourſelf:
According to your ladyſhip's impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſervice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. O *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for, I ſwear, I do not)
Valiant and wiſe, remorſeful, well accompliſh'd;
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the baniſh'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very ſoul abhorr'd.
Thyſelf haſt lov'd; and I have heard thee ſay,
No grief did ever come ſo near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whoſe grave thou vow'dſt pure chaſtity.
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*,

To *Mantua*, where, I hear, he makes abode:
And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company;
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence;
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune ſtill reward with plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which, ſince, I know, they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?

Sil. At friar *Patrick*'s cell;
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyſhip:
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Launce *with his Dog.*

'When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, 'look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a 'puppey, one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three 'or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I 'have taught him, even as one would ſay preciſely, 'thus I would teach a dog. I went to deliver him, as

a pre-

‘ a preſent to miſtreſs *Silvia* from my maſter; and I
‘ came no ſooner into the dining-chamber, but he ſteps
‘ me to her trencher, and ſteals her capon's leg. O,
‘ 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himſelf in
‘ all companies! I would have, as one ſhould ſay, one
‘ that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it
‘ were, a dog at all things. If I had no more wit
‘ than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think
‘ verily, he had been hang'd for't; ſure as I live, he
‘ had ſuffer'd for't; you ſhall judge. He thruſts me
‘ himſelf into the company of three or four gentleman-
‘ like dogs, under the Duke's table: he had not been
‘ there (bleſs the mark) a piſſing while, but all the
‘ chamber ſmelt him. Out with the dog, ſays one;
‘ what cur is that? ſays another; whip him out, ſays
‘ the third; hang him up, ſays the Duke. I, having
‘ been acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was
‘ *Crab*, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs;
‘ Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the dog? Ay,
‘ marry, do I, quoth he. You do him the more
‘ wrong, quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of.
‘ He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the
‘ chamber. How many maſters would do this for
‘ their ſervant? nay, I'll be ſworn, I have ſat in the
‘ ſtocks for the puddings he hath ſtoll'n, otherwiſe he
‘ had been executed; I have ſtood on the pillory for
‘ the geeſe he hath kill'd, otherwiſe he had ſuffer'd
‘ for't. Thou think'ſt not of this now. Nay, I re-
‘ member the trick you ſerv'd me, [2] when I took my
‘ leave of Madam *Julia*; did not I bid thee ſtill mark
‘ me, and do as I do? when didſt thou ſee me heave
‘ up my leg, and make water againſt a gentlewoman's
‘ farthingale? didſt thou ever ſee me do ſuch a trick?

2 *when I took my leave of Madam* SILVIA;] We ſhould certainly read JULIA, meaning when his maſter and he left *Verona*.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Protheus *and* Julia.

Pro. *Sebaſtian* is thy name? I like thee well;
And will imploy thee in ſome ſervice preſently.
Jul. In what you pleaſe: I'll do, Sir, what I can.
Pro. I hope, thou wilt——How now, you whoreſon peaſant,
Where have you been theſe two days loitering?
Laun. Marry, Sir, I carry'd miſtreſs *Silvia* the dog, you bad me.
Pro. And what ſays ſhe to my little jewel?
Laun. Marry, ſhe ſays, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.
Pro. But ſhe receiv'd my dog?
Laun. No, indeed, ſhe did not: here have I brought him back again.
Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?
Laun. Ay, Sir; the other ſquirrel was ſtoll'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.
Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my ſight:
Away, I ſay: ſtay'ſt thou to vex me here?
A ſlave, that, ſtill an end, turns me to ſhame.
[*Exit* Launce.
Sebaſtian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of ſuch a youth;
That can with ſome diſcretion do my buſineſs:
(For 'tis no truſting to yon fooliſh lowt:)
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour;
Which, if my augury deceive me not,
Witneſs good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.

Go

Go preſently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.
Jul. It ſeems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.
Pro. Not ſo: I think, ſhe lives.
Jul. Alas!
Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry, alas?
Jul. I cannot chuſe but pity her.
Pro. Wherefore ſhouldſt thou pity her?
Jul. Becauſe, methinks, that ſhe lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia*:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You doat on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity, love ſhould be ſo contrary;
And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!
Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal
This letter; that's her chamber: tell my lady,
I claim the promiſe for her heav'nly picture.
Your meſſage done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt find me ſad and ſolitary.
[*Exit* Protheus.

SCENE VIII.

Jul. How many women would do ſuch a meſſage?
Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A fox to be the ſhepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him,
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loves her, he deſpiſeth me;
Becauſe I love him, I muſt pity him:
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will.
And now I am, unhappy meſſenger,
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refus'd;

To

To praiſe his faith, which I would have diſprais'd.
I am my maſter's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true ſervant to my maſter,
Unleſs I prove falſe traitor to myſelf.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him ſpeed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day; I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to ſpeak with Madam *Silvia*.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?
Jul. If you be ſhe, I do intreat your patience
To hear me ſpeak the meſſage I am ſent on.
Sil. From whom?
Jul. From my maſter, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.
Sil. Oh! he ſends you for a picture?
Jul. Ay, Madam.
Sil. Urſula, bring my picture there.
Go, give your maſter this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this ſhadow.
Jul Madam, may't pleaſe you to peruſe this letter.
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the letter to your ladyſhip.
Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.
Jul. It may not be; good Madam, pardon me.
Sil. There, hold;
I will not look upon your maſter's lines;
I know, they're ſtufft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As eaſily as I do tear his paper.
Jul. Madam, he ſends your ladyſhip this ring.
Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For, I have heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his falſe finger have prophan'd the ring,

Mine

Mine ſhall not do his *Julia* ſo much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What ſay'ſt thou?

Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her;
Poor gentlewoman, my maſter wrongs her much.

Sil. Doſt thou know her?

Jul. Almoſt as well, as I do know myſelf.
To think upon her woes, I do proteſt
That I have wept an hundred ſeveral times.

Sil. Belike, ſhe thinks, that *Protheus* hath forſook her.

Jul. I think, ſhe doth; and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.

Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than ſhe is:
When ſhe did think, my maſter lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you.
[3] But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,
And threw her ſun-expelling mask away;
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And pitch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was ſhe?

Jul. About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,

3 *But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſs,*
And threw her ſun-expelling *mask away;*
The air hath ſtarv'd the roſes in her cheeks,
And PINCH'D *the lilly-tincture of her face,*
That now ſhe is become as black as I.] To *ſtarve* the Roſes is certainly a very proper expreſſion: but what is *pinching a tincture?* However *ſtarved*, in the third line, made the blundering Editors write *pinch'd* in the fourth; tho' they might have ſeen that it was a tanning ſcorching, not a freezing air that was ſpoken of. For how could this latter quality in the air ſo affect the whiteneſs of the skin as to turn it black. We ſhould read,

And PITCH'D *the lilly-tincture of her face.*

i. e. turned the white tincture *black*, as the following line has it,

That now ſhe is become as black *as I.*

and we ſay, in common ſpeech, *as black as pitch.* —— By the roſes being *ſtarv'd*, is only meant their being withered, and loſing their colour.

When

When all our pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia*'s gown;
Which ſerved me as fit, by all mens judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me;
Therefore, I know, ſhe is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep a-good,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſeus*' perjury and unjuſt flight;
Which I ſo lively acted with my tears,
That my poor miſtreſs, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady! deſolate and left!
I weep myſelf, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purſe; I give thee this
For thy ſweet miſtreſs' ſake, becauſe thou lov'ſt her.
Farewel. [*Exit* Silvia.

Jul. And ſhe ſhall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope, my maſter's ſuit will be but cold;
Since ſhe reſpects my miſtreſs' love ſo much.
Alas! how love can trifle with itſelf!
Here is her picture; let me ſee; I think,
If I had ſuch a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers:
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unleſs I flatter with myſelf too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
If that be all the diff'rence in his love,
I'll get me ſuch a colour'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glaſs, and ſo are mine;
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
What ſhould it be, that he reſpects in her,

But

But I can make reſpective in myſelf,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, ſhadow, come; and take this ſhadow up;
For 'tis thy rival. O thou ſenſeleſs form,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lov'd and ador'd;
And were there ſenſe in his idolatry,
4 My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatued in thy ſtead.
I'll uſe thee kindly for thy miſtreſs' ſake,
That us'd me ſo; or elſe, by *Jove* I vow,
I ſhould have ſcratch'd out your unſeeing eyes,
To make my maſter out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Near the Friar's Cell, in Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

EGLAMOUR.

THE ſun begins to gild the weſtern sky,
And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar *Patrick*'s cell, ſhould meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unleſs it be to come before their time:
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See, where ſhe comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen! Go on, good *Eglamour*,
Out at the poſtern by the abby-wall;
I fear, I am attended by ſome ſpies.
Egl. Fear not; the foreſt is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're ſure enough. [*Exeunt.*

4 *My ſubſtance ſhould be* STATUE *in thy ſtead.*] It is evident this noun ſhould be a participle STATUED, *i. e.* placed on a pedeſtal, or fixed in a ſhrine to be adored.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to an Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, *and* Julia.

Thu. SIR *Protheus*, what ſays *Silvia* to my ſuit?
Pro. Oh, Sir, I find her milder than ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. What, that my leg is too long?
Pro. No; that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it ſomewhat rounder.
Pro. But love will not be ſpurr'd to what it loaths.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my face?
Pro. She ſays, it is a fair one.
Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old ſaying is,
"Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes."
Jul. 'Tis true, ſuch pearls as put out ladies' eyes:
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aſide.*
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of love and peace?
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my valour?
Pro. Oh, Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when ſhe knows it cowardice.
Thu. What ſays ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my poſſeſſions?
Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.
Thu Wherefore?
Jul. That ſuch an aſs ſhould own them.
Pro. That they are out by leaſe.
Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus?* how now, *Thurio?*
Which of you ſaw Sir *Eglamour* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why then
She's fled unto that peaſant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her company.
'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the foreſt:
Him he knew well, and gueſs'd that it was ſhe;
But, being mask'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides, ſhe did intend confeſſion
At *Patrick*'s cell this Ev'n, and there ſhe was not:
Theſe likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot
That leads tow'rds *Mantua*, whither they are fled.
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit* Duke.
Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,
That flies her fortune where it follows her:
I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,
Than for the love of reckleſs *Silvia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia*'s love,
Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.
Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Foreſt.

Enter Silvia *and* Out-laws.

Out. COME, come, be patient; we muſt bring you to our Captain.

[redacted]

Sil. O *Valentine!* this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Out-laws *Cave in the* Forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. HOW uſe doth breed a habit in a man!
This ſhadowy deſart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flouriſhing peopled towns.
Here can I ſit alone, unſeen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou, that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs;
Leſt, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy preſence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cheriſh thy forlorn ſwain.
What hallo'ing, and what ſtir, is this to day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have ſome unhappy paſſenger in chaſe.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine:* who's this comes here?

Enter

Enter Protheus, Silvia, *and* Julia.

Pro. Madam, this ſervice have I done for you,
(Tho' you reſpect not aught your ſervant doth)
To hazard life, and reſcue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchſafe me for my meed but one fair look:
A ſmaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And leſs than this, I'm ſure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this, I ſee, and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aſide.*

Sil. O miſerable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt unhappy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your preſence.
[*Aſide.*

Sil. Had I been ſeized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfaſt to the beaſt,
Rather than have falſe *Protheus* reſcue me.
Oh, heav'n be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do deteſt falſe perjur'd *Protheus:*
Therefore be gone, ſollicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, ſtood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curſe in love, and ſtill approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love, where he's belov'd,
Read over *Julia*'s heart, thy firſt beſt love,
For whoſe dear ſake thou then didſt rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oaths; and all thoſe oaths
Deſcended into perjury, to love me.
Thou haſt no faith left now, unleſs thou'dſt two,
And that's far worſe than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.

Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus.*
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a ſoldier, at arms end,
And love you 'gainſt the nature of love; force you.
Sil. Oh heav'n!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill faſhion!
Pro. Valentine!——
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
For ſuch is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have perſuaded me. Now I dare not ſay,
I have one friend alive; thou wouldſt diſprove me.
Who ſhould be truſted now, when the right hand
Is perjur'd to the boſom? *Protheus,*
I'm ſorry, I muſt never truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake.
The private wound is deepeſt. Oh time, moſt accurſt!
'Mongſt all foes, that a friend ſhould be the worſt!
Pro. My ſhame and guilt confound me:
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient ranſom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly ſuffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honeſt.
Who by repentance is not ſatisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,

All,

All, that was mine in *Silvia*, I give thee [1].

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [*Swoons.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! how now? what's the matter? look up; ſpeak.

Jul. O good Sir, my maſter charg'd me to deliver a ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me ſee:
This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, Sir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to *Silvia*.

Pro. How cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* herſelf did give it me.
And *Julia* herſelf hath brought it hither.

Pro. How, *Julia?*

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment: if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love.———
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true; oh heav'n! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins.

1 It is (I think) very odd to give up his miſtreſs thus at once, without any reaſon alledg'd. But our Author probably followed the ſtories juſt as he found them in his novels, as well as in his hiſtories. Mr. *Pope.*

What is in *Silvia*'s face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in *Julia*'s with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity, two ſuch friends ſhould long be foes.
Pro. Bear witneſs, heav'n, I have my wiſh for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

SCENE V.

Enter Out-laws, *with* Duke *and* Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
The baniſh'd *Valentine*.
Duke. Sir *Valentine?*
Thu. Yonder is *Silvia:* and *Silvia*'s mine.
Val. Thurio, give back; or elſe embrace thy death:
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath.
Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,——
Milan ſhall not behold thee. Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love,——
Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not.
I claim her not; and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs;
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new ſtate in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe: Sir *Valentine*,

Thou

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.
Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.
Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Diſpoſe of them, as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare ſolemnity.
Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your Grace to ſmile.
What think you of this Page, my lord?
Duke. I think, the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.
Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.
Duke. What mean you by that ſaying?
Val. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned.
Come, *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours,
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE MERRY WIVES OF *WINDSOR.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

S I R John Falſtaff.
Fenton, *a young Gentleman of ſmall Fortune, in Love with Mrs.* Anne Page.
Shallow, *a Country Juſtice.*
Slender, *Couſin to* Shallow, *a fooliſh Country Squire.*
Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at* Windſor.
Mr. Ford, }
Sir Hugh Evans, *a* Welch *Parſon.*
Dr. Caius, *a* French *Doctor.*
Hoſt of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*
Bardolph, }
Piſtol, } *Sharpers attending on* Falſtaff.
Nym, }
Robin, *Page to* Falſtaff.
William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr.* Page.
Simple, *Servant to* Slender.
Rugby, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr.* Page.
Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr.* Ford.
Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr.* Page, *in Love with* Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr.* Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, *&c.*

SCENE, *Windſor:* and the Parts adjacent.

THE

THE

[1]MERRY WIVES of *Windſor.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Page's *Houſe in* Windſor.

Enter Juſtice Shallow, Slender, *and Sir* Hugh Evans.

SHALLOW.

SIR *Hugh*, perſuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* matter of it: if he were twenty Sir *John Falſtaffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow*, Eſq;

Slen. In the county of *Glouceſter*, juſtice of peace, and *Coram.*

Shal. Ay, couſin *Slender*, and *Cuſtalorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a gentleman

1 This Play was written in the Author's beſt and ripeſt years, after *Henry* the Fourth, by the command of Queen *Elizabeth*. There is a tradition that it was compoſed at a fortnight's warning: But that muſt be meant only of the firſt imperfect ſketch of this Comedy, which is yet extant in an old Quarto Edition printed in 1619. This which we have here was altered and improved by the Author almoſt in every ſpeech. Mr. *Pope.*

born,

born, maſter parſon, who writes himſelf *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation; *Armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time theſe three hundred years.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have don't; and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luces in their Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white lowſes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, paſſant; it is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies love.

Shal. The luce is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for your ſelf, in my ſimple conjectures; but that is all one: if Sir *John Falſtaff* have committed diſparagements upon you, I am of the Church, and would be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Shal. The Council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet, the Council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it; and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings good diſcretions with it: there is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to maſter *George Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne Page?* ſhe has brown hair, and [a] ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.

Eva. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold and ſilver, is her grandſire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter *Abraham* and miſtreſs *Anne Page.*

Slen. Did her grand-ſire leave her ſeven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well; let us ſee honeſt Mr. *Page:* is *Falſtaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and, I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-wiſhers. I will peat the door [*Knocks.*] for maſter *Page.* What, hoa? Got bleſs your houſe here.

SCENE II.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and Juſtice *Shallow*; and here's young maſter *Slender*; that,

[a] *Speaks* SMALL *like a woman.*] This is from the Folio of 1623, and is the true reading. He admires her for the ſweetneſs of her voice. But the expreſſion is highly humourous, as making her *ſpeaking* ſmall *like a woman* one of her marks of diſtinction; and the ambiguity of *ſmall*, which ſignifies *little* as well as *low*, makes the expreſſion ſtill more pleaſant.

per-

peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well. I thank you for my veniſon, maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you; much good do it your good heart: I wiſh'd your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good miſtreſs *Page?* and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea, and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter *Slender.*

Slen. How do's your fallow greyhound, Sir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on *Cotſale.*

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more ſaid? he is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falſtaff* here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would, I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is ſpoke, as a chriſtians ought to ſpeak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, maſter *Page.*

Page. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſs it.

Shal. If it be confeſs'd, it is not redreſs'd; is not that ſo, maſter *Page?* he hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire ſaith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, Bardolph, Nym *and* Piſtol.

Fal. Now, maſter *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the Council?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwer it ſtrait: I have done all this. That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Council ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if 'twere not known in Council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. Pauca verba, Sir *John*, good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your head; what matter have you againſt me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching-raſcals *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Piſtol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* cheeſe!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus?*

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca*, *pauca*: ſlice, that's my humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man? can you tell, couſin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you: now let us underſtand; there is three umpires in this matter, as I underſtand; that is, maſter *Page*; *fidelicet*, maſter *Page*; and there is my ſelf; *fidelicet*, my ſelf; and the three party is, laſtly and finally, mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Pag. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book, and we will afterwards ork upon the cauſe with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal.

Fal. Piſtol.———

Piſt. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Piſtol, did you pick maſter *Slender*'s purſe?

Slen. Ay, by theſe gloves, did he; (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again elſe,) of ſeven groats in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* ſhovel-boards, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a-piece of *Yead Miller*, by theſe gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtol?*

Eva. No; it is falſe, if it is a pick-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—— Sir *John*, and maſter mine.

I Combat challenge of this [3] latten bilboe:
Word of denial in thy *Labra*'s here;
Word of denial; froth and ſcum, thou ly'ſt.

Slen. By theſe gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and paſs good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you run the baſe humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat then, he in the red face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an aſs.

Fal. What ſay you, [4] *Scarlet* and *John?*

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I ſay, the gentleman had drunk himſelf out of his five ſentences.

Eva. It is his five ſenſes: fie, what the Ignorance is!

Bard. And being ſap, Sir, was, as they ſay, caſhier'd; and ſo concluſions paſt the car-eires.

3 — latin *bilboe:*] Vulg. old Quarto, 1619, *latten*, which is right. *Latten* is tinned plates beaten out very thin.

4 Scarlet *and* John?] The names of two of *Robin Hood*'s companions; but the humour conſiſts in the alluſion to *Bardolph*'s *red face*; concerning which ſee the ſecond part of *Henry* the fourth.

Slen.

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got udg me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mrs. Anne Page, *with wine.*

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit* Anne Page.

Slen. Oh heav'n! this is miſtreſs *Anne Page.*

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Page. How now, miſtreſs *Ford?*

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*, by my troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen; I hope, we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs.

[*Exeunt* Fal. Page, *&c.*

SCENE IV.

Manent Shallow, Evans, *and* Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings, I had my book of ſongs and ſonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I muſt wait on my ſelf, muſt I? you have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Shortcake* upon *All-hallowmas* laſt, a fortnight afore *Michaelmas.*

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we ſtay for you: a word with you, coz: marry this, coz: there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here; do you underſtand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you ſhall find me reaſonable: if it be ſo, I ſhall do that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but underſtand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, Mr. *Slender:* I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my couſin *Shallow* ſays: I pray you, pardon me; he's a Juſtice of peace in his country, ſimple tho' I ſtand here.

Eva. But that is not the queſtion; the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page.*

Slen. Why, if it be ſo, I will marry her upon any reaſonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mind: therefore preciſely, can you carry your good Will to the maid?

Shal. Couſin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir, I will do, as it ſhall become one that would do reaſon.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you muſt ſpeak poſſitable, if you can carry her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt; will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your requeſt, couſin, in any reaſon.

Shal.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, ſweet coz: what I do, is to pleaſure you, coz; can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your requeſt: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heav'n may decreaſe it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occaſion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity [5] will grow more contempt: but if you ſay, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely diſſolved, and diſſolutely.

Eva. 'T is a ferry diſcretion anſwer, ſave, the faul' is in th'ort *diſſolutely:* the ort is, according to our meaning, *reſolutely*; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think, my couſin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or elſe I would I might be hang'd, la.

SCENE V.

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair miſtreſs *Anne:* 'would I were young for your ſake, miſtreſs *Anne!*

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father deſires your worſhip's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair miſtreſs *Anne.*

Eva. Od's pleſſed will, I will not be abſence at the Grace. [*Exeunt* Shallow *and* Evans.

Anne. Will't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forſooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forſooth. Go, Sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my couſin *Shallow:* [*Exit* Simple.] A Juſtice of peace ſometime may be beholden to his friend for a man.

5 *will grow more content:*] A conundrum reſtored by Mr. *Theobald.*

[6] I keep but three men and a boy yet, 'till my mother be dead; but what though, yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worſhip; they will not ſit, 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin th'other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence, three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i'th' town?

Anne. I think, there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it as any man in *England*. You are afraid, if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now; I have ſeen *Sackerſon* looſe twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you, the women have ſo cry'd and ſhriek'd at it, that it paſt: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you ſhall not chuſe, Sir; come; come.

6 *I keep but three men and a boy yet, &c.*] As great a fool as the poet has made *Slender*, it appears, by his boaſting of his *wealth*, his *breeding*, and his *courage*, that he knew how to win a woman. This is a fine inſtance of *Shakeſpear*'s knowledge of nature.

Slen.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Miſtreſs *Anne*, your ſelf ſhall go firſt.

Anne. Not I, Sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go firſt, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troubleſome; you do your ſelf wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Re-enter Evans *and* Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius'* houſe which is the way; and there dwells one miſtreſs *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his nurſe, or his dry nurſe, or his cook, or his laundry, his waſher, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogethers acquaintance with miſtreſs *Anne Page*; and the letter is to deſire and require her to ſollicit your maſter's deſires to miſtreſs *Anne Page*: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheeſe to come.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falſtaff, Hoſt, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtol *and* Robin.

Fal. MINE hoſt of the garter,——

Hoſt. What ſays my bully rock? ſpeak ſchollarly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truly, mine hoſt, I muſt turn away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard, bully *Hercules*, caſhier; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a week.

Hoſt. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæſar*, *Keiſar* and *Pheazar*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he ſhall draw, he ſhall tap; ſaid I well, bully *Hector?*

Fal. Do ſo, good mine hoſt.

Hoſt. I have ſpoke, let him follow; let me ſee thee froth, and live: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit* Hoſt.

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapſter is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd ſerving-man, a freſh tapſter; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have deſir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit* Bard.

Piſt. O baſe *Hungarian* wight, wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink, is not the humour conceited? [7] His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad, I am ſo quit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unſkilful ſinger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to ſteal at a minute's reſt.

Piſt. Convey, the Wiſe it call: ſteal? foh; a fico for the phraſe!

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almoſt out at heels.

Piſt. Why then, let kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conycatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Young ravens muſt have food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this town?

Piſt. I ken the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.

7 *His mind is not heroick, and there's the humour of it.*] Added from the old Quarto of 1619.

Fal.

Fal. My honeſt lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards and more.

Fal. No quips now, *Piſtol:* indeed, I am in the waſte two yards about; but I am now about no waſte, I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford*'s wife: I ſpy entertainment in her; ſhe diſcourſes, ſhe carves, ſhe gives the leer of invitation; I can conſtrue the action of her familiar ſtile, and the hardeſt voice of her behaviour, to be engliſh'd right, is, *I am Sir John* Falſtaff's.

Piſt. He hath ſtudy'd her well, [8] and tranſlated her out of honeſty into Engliſh.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour paſs?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husband's purſe: ſhe hath a legion of angels.

Piſt. [9] As many devils entertain; and to her, boy, ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good; humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to *Page*'s wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious [1] oeillades; ſometimes, the beam of her view guilded my foot; ſometimes, my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine. [*Aſide.*

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

8 *and tranſlated her* well, *out of honeſty into Engliſh.*] *i. e.* into a corrupt language. This is extremely humorous: But I think the word *well*, coming in here a ſecond time, is an intruſion, and ſhould be thruſt out again, as it burdens the diction and obſtructs the eaſy turn of the thought.

9 *As many devils entertain;* ——] *i. e.* Take to your aſſiſtance as many devils as ſhe has angels, and then you may be a match for her.

1 —— *moſt judicious* ILIADS;] Read *oeillades*, glances. *French.* Mr. *Pope.*

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did ſeem to ſcorch me up like a burning-glaſs. Here's another letter to her; ſhe bears the purſe too; ſhe is a region in *Guiana*, all gold and bounty. [2] I will be Cheater to them both, and they ſhall be *Exchequers* to me; they ſhall be my *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to miſtreſs *Page*; and thou this to miſtreſs *Ford*: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide wear ſteel? then, *Lucifer* take all!

Nym. I will run no baſe humour; here, take the humour-letter, I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you theſe letters tightly,
Sail like my pinnace to theſe golden ſhores. [*To* Robin.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vaniſh like hail-ſtones, go;
Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof, ſeek ſhelter, pack!
[3] *Falſtaff* will learn the humour of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; my ſelf, and skirted page.
[*Exeunt* Falſtaff *and* Boy.

2 *I will be* Cheater *to them both, and they ſhall be* Exchequers *to me*;] The ſame joke is intended here, as in the ſecond part of *Henry* the fourth, Act 2. ——— *I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no Cheater.*—— By which is meant *Eſcheaters*, an officer in the exchequer, in no good repute with the common people.

3 Falſtaff *will learn the humour of the age,*
French *thrift, you rogues; my ſelf, and skirted page.*] So *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in *The honeſt man's fortune.*

——— *'tis the comfort, that*
Ill fortune has undone me into the faſhion:
For now, in this age, moſt men do begin
To keep but one boy, that kept many men.

SCENE VIII.

Piſt. Let vultures gripe thy guts; [4] for gords and
Fullam holds:
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.
Teſter I'll have in pouch, when thou ſhalt lack,
Baſe *Phrygian Turk!*

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her ſtar.

Piſt. With wit, or ſteel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will diſcuſs the humour of this love to *Ford.*

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke unfold,
How *Falſtaff*, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Nym. My humour ſhall not cool; I will incenſe *Ford* to deal with poiſon; I will poſſeſs him with yellowneſs; for the Revolt of Mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of male-contents: I ſecond thee; troop on.

[*Exeunt.*

4 —— *For* gourd, *and* Fullam *holds:*
And high *and* low *beguiles the rich and poor.*] *Fullam* is a cant term for falſe dice, *high* and *low*. *Torriano*, in his *Italian* Dictionary, interprets *Piſe* by *falſe dice, high and low men, high* Fullams, *and low* Fullams. *Johnſon*, in his *Every man out of his humour*, quibbles upon this cant term. *Who, he ſerve? He keeps* high men and low men, *he has a fair living at* Fullam.—As for *Gourd*, or rather *Gord*, it was another inſtrument of gaming, as appears from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher's Scornful Lady*. —— *And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but* GORDS *or* nine-pins.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Changes to Dr. Caius's *Houſe.*

Enter ***Miſtreſs*** Quickly, Simple, *and* John Rugby.

Quic. WHAT, *John Rugby!* I pray thee, go to the caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my maſter, maſter Doctor *Caius*, coming; if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the houſe, here will be old abuſing of God's patience, and the King's *Engliſh*.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit* Rugby.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a poſſet for't ſoon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a ſea-coal fire. An honeſt, willing, kind fellow, as ever ſervant ſhall come in houſe withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worſt fault is, that he is given to pray'r; he is ſomething peeviſh that way; but no body but has his fault; but let that paſs. *Peter Simple*, you ſay, your name is.

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And maſter *Slender*'s your maſter?

Sim. Ay, forſooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forſooth; he hath but a little wee-face, with a little yellow beard, a *Cain*-colour'd beard.

Quic. A ſoftly-ſprighted man, is he not;

Sim. Ay, forſooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How ſay you? oh, I ſhould remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were? and ſtrut in his gate?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heav'n ſend *Anne Page* no worſe fortune! Tell maſter parſon *Evans*, I'll do what I

can

can for your maſter: *Anne* is a good girl, and I wiſh——

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my maſter.

Quic. We ſhall all be ſhent; run in here, good young man; go into this cloſet; [*ſhuts* Simple *in the cloſet.*] He will not ſtay long. What, *John Rugby! John!* what, *John*, I ſay; go, *John*, go enquire for my maſter; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home: *and down, down, a-down-a,* &c. [*Sings.*

SCENE X.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you ſing? I do not like des toys; pray you, go and vetch me in my cloſet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; do intend vat I ſpeak? a green-a box.

Quic. Ay, forſooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad, he went not in himſelf; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aſide.*

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe, ma foi, il fait fort chaud; je m'en vais à la Cour—la grande affaire.

Quic. Is it this, Sir.

Caius. Ouy, mettez le au mon pocket; *Depéchez,* quickly; ver is dat knave *Rugby!*

Quic. What, *John Rugby! John!*

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long: od's me! *Qu'ay je oublié?* dere is ſome ſimples in my cloſet, dat I will not for the varld I ſhall leave behind.

Quic.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable!* vat is in my cloſet? villaine, *Larron! Rugby,* my rapier.

[*Pulls* Simple *out of the cloſet.*

Quic. Good maſter, be content.

Caius. Wherefore ſhall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honeſt man.

Caius. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my cloſet? dere is no honeſt man, dat ſhall come in my cloſet.

Quic. I beſeech you, be not ſo flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parſon *Hugh.*

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forſooth, to deſire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue, ſpeak-a your tale.

Sim. To deſire this honeſt gentlewoman your maid, to ſpeak a good word to miſtreſs *Anne Page* for my maſter in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a-you? *Rugby, baillez* me ſome paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad, he is ſo quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you ſhould have heard him ſo loud, and ſo melancholy: but notwithſtanding, man, I'll do for your maſter what good I can; and the very yea and the no is, the *French* Doctor my maſter, (I may call him my maſter, look you, for I keep his houſe, and I waſh, wring, brew, bake, ſcour, [5] dreſs meat and make the beds, and do all my ſelf.)

Sim. 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

5 *dreſs meat, and* [*drink*] *make the beds, &c.*] Deſt *drink.*

Quic.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you ſhall find it a great charge; and to be up early and down late. But notwithſtanding, to tell you in your ear, I would have no words of it, my maſter himſelf is in love with miſtreſs *Anne Page*; but, notwithſtanding that, I know *Anne*'s mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a this letter to Sir *Hugh*; by gar, it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de parke, and I will teach a ſcurvy jack-a-nape prieſt to meddle or make——— you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here; by gar, I will cut all his two ſtones; by gar, he ſhall not have a ſtone to trow at his dog.

[*Exit* Simple.

Quic. Alas, he ſpeaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do you not tell-ame, dat I ſhall have *Anne Page* for myſelf? by gar, I vill kill de jack prieſt; and I have appointed mine hoſt of *de Jarterre* to meaſure our weapon; by gar, I will myſelf have *Anne Page.*

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all ſhall be well: we muſt give folks leave to prate; what, the good-jer!

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me;——by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turn your head out of my door;——follow my heels, *Rugby.*

[*Exeunt* Caius *and* Rugby.

Quic. You ſhall have *An* fool's-head of your own. No, I know *Anne*'s mind for that; never a Woman in *Windſor* knows more of *Anne*'s mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heav'n.

Fent. [*within.*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the houſe, I pray you.

SCENE XI.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman, how doſt thou?

Quic. The better that it pleaſes your good worſhip to ask.

Fent.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs *Anne?*

Quic. In truth, Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'ſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithſtanding, maſter *Fenton*, I'll be ſworn on a book, ſhe loves you: have not your worſhip a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale; good faith, it is ſuch another *Nan*; but, I deteſt, an honeſt maid as ever broke bread; we had an hour's talk of that wart: I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company! but, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholly and muſing; but for you——Well——go to——

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to day; hold, there's mony for thee: let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell your worſhip more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewel, I am in great haſte now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewel to your worſhip. Truly, an honeſt gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's* mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Page, *with a Letter.*

Mrs. PAGE.

WHAT, have I ſcap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubject for them? let me ſee:

Ask me no reaſon, why I love you; for [1] *tho' love uſe reaſon for his preciſian, he admits him not for his counſellor: you are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's ſympathy: you are merry, ſo am I; ha! ha! then there's more ſympathy; you love ſack, and ſo do I; would you deſire better ſympathy? let it ſuffice thee, miſtreſs* Page, *at the leaſt if the love of a ſoldier can ſuffice, that I love thee. I will not ſay, pity me, 'tis not a ſoldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, love me:*

By me, thine own true Knight, by day or night,
Or any kind of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. John Falſtaff.

What a *Herod* of *Jewry* is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to ſhow himſelf a young gallant! what unweigh'd behaviour hath this *Flemiſh* drunkard pickt, i'th' devil's

1 *tho' love uſe reaſon for his* preciſian, *he admits him not for his counſellor:*] This is obſcure; but the meaning is, *tho' love permit reaſon to tell what is fit to be done, he ſeldom follows its advice.*——By *preciſian*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and ſanctity. On which account they gave this name to the puritans of that time. So *Osborne*,—— *Conform their mode, words and looks to theſe* PRECISIANS, And *Maine*, in his *City match*,

——*I did commend*
A great PRECISIAN *to her, for her woman.*

name

name, out of my converſation, that he dares in this manner aſſay me? why, he hath not been thrice in my company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then frugal of my mirth, heav'n forgive me: why, [a] I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Mum: how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. *Ford.* Mrs. *Page*, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* And truſt me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

a *I'll exhibit a Bill in Parliament for putting down of* MEN.] Mr. *Theobald* ſays, we muſt neceſſarily read,

——*for putting down of* fat men. But how is the matter mended? or the thought made leſs ridiculous? *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——*for the putting down of* MUM, *i. e.* the fattening liquor ſo called. So *Fletcher* in his *Wild-gooſe chaſe*: *What a cold I have over my ſtomach, would I had ſome* MUM. This is truly humorous, and agrees with the character ſhe had juſt before given him of *Flemiſh drunkard*. But the greateſt confirmation of this conjecture is the alluſion the words, in queſtion, bear to a matter then publickly tranſacting. The *Merry Wives of* Windſor appears to have been wrote in 1601, or very ſhortly after. And we are informed by Sir *Simon D'Ewes' Journal*, that no home affair made more noiſe in and out of parliament at that time, than the ſuppreſſion and regulation of taverns, inns, ale-houſes, ſtrong liquors and the drinkers of them. In the Parliament held 1597, a bill was brought into both houſes, *For ſuppreſſing the multitude of Malſters*, &c. Another, *To reſtrain the exceſſive making of Malt, and diſorderly brewing of ſtrong beer.* Another, *For regulation of Inns, Taverns*, &c. In the next Parliament, held 1601, was a bill, *For the ſuppreſſing of the multitude of Ale-houſes and Tipling-houſes.* Another, *Againſt exceſſive and common drunkenneſs*; and ſeveral others of the ſame nature. Some of which, after much canvaſſing, were thrown out, and others paſſed into Acts.

Mrs. *Ford.*

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. *Page.* 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, I do then; yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O miſtreſs *Page*, give me ſome counſel.

Mrs. *Page.* What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. *Ford.* O woman! if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang the trifle, woman, take the honour; what is it? diſpenſe with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or ſo, I could be knighted.

Mrs. *Page.* [3] What, thou lieſt! Sir *Alice Ford*! theſe Knights will lack, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. *Ford.* We burn day-light; here, read, read; perceive, how I might be knighted: I ſhall think the worſe of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking; and yet he would not ſwear; prais'd women's modeſty; and gave ſuch orderly and well-behav'd reproof to all uncomelineſs, that I would have ſworn his diſpoſition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Pſalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempeſt, I trow, threw this

3 *What, thou lieſt! Sir* Alice Ford! *theſe Knights will* HACK, *and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.*] The unintelligible nonſenſe of this ſpeech is hardly to be matched. The change of a ſingle letter has occaſioned it, which is thus eaſily removed. Read and point, —— *Theſe Knights will* LACK, *and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy gentry.* The other had ſaid, *I could be knighted*, meaning, *I could have a Knight for my lover*; her companion took it in the other ſenſe, of conferring the title, and ſays, *What, thou lieſt! Sir* Alice Ford! ——theſe Knights will lack *a title*, [*i. e.* riſque the puniſhment of degradation] *rather than not make a whore of thee.*] For we are to obſerve that —— *and ſo thou ſhouldſt not*, is a mode of ſpeech, amongſt the writers of that time, equivalent to —— *rather than thou ſhouldſt not.*

whale, with ſo many tun of oyl in his belly, a'ſhore at *Windſor?* how ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page.* Letter for letter, but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit firſt, for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he has a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank-ſpace for different names; nay, more; and theſe are of the ſecond edition: he will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a gianteſs, and lye under mount *Pelion.* Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, ere one chaſte man.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, this is the very ſame, the very hand, the very words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, I know not; it makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, ſure, unleſs he knew ſome Strain in me, that I know not myſelf, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. *Ford.* Boarding, call it you? I'll be ſure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. *Page.* So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to ſea again. Let's be reveng'd on him; let's appoint him a meeting, give him a ſhow of comfort in his ſuit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I will conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſs of our honeſty: oh, that my husband ſaw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealouſie.

Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs. *Page.* Why, look, where he comes, and my good man too; he's as far from jealouſie, as I am from giving him cauſe; and that, I hope, is an unmeaſureable diſtance.

Mrs. *Ford.* You are the happier woman.

Mrs. *Page.* Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

SCENE III.

Enter Ford *with* Piſtol, Page *with* Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtal-dog in ſome affairs.
Sir *John* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, *Ford*;
He loves thy gally-mawfry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Piſt. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou, like Sir *Actæon*, he, with Ring-wood at thy heels—O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name, Sir?

Piſt. The horn, I ſay: farewel.
Take heed, have open eye; for thieves do foot by night.
Take heed ere ſummer comes, or cuckoo-birds affright.
Away, Sir corporal *Nym.*——
Believe it, *Page*, he ſpeaks ſenſe.

[*Exit* Piſtol.

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true: I like not the humour of lying; he hath wrong'd me in ſome humours: I ſhould have borne the humour'd letter to her; but

[4] I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife; there's the ſhort and the long. My name is Corporal *Nym*; I ſpeak, and I avouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nym*, and *Falſtaff* loves your Wife. Adieu; I love not the humour of bread and cheeſe: adieu. [*Exit* Nym.

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow, frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will ſeek out *Falſtaff*.

Page. I never heard ſuch a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it: well.

Page. [5] I will not believe ſuch a *Cataian*, tho' the prieſt o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well.

4 *I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite upon my neceſſity. He loves your wife*; &c.] This abſurd paſſage may be pointed into ſenſe. *I have a ſword, and it ſhall bite——upon my neceſſity, he loves your wife*, &c.—— Having ſaid his *ſword ſhould bite*, he ſtops ſhort, as was fitting: For he meant that it ſhould *bite upon the high-way*. And then turns to the ſubject of his conference, and ſwears, *by his neceſſity*, that *Falſtaff* loved his wife.

5 *I will not believe ſuch a* Cataian,] Mr. *Theobald* has here a pleaſant note, as uſual. *This is a piece of ſatire that did not want its force at the time of this play's appearing; tho' the hiſtory on which it is grounded is become obſolete.* And then tells a long ſtory of *Martin Frobiſher* attempting the north-weſt paſſage, and bringing home a black ſtone, as he thought, rich in gold-ore: that it proved not ſo, and that therefore *Cataians* and *Frobiſhers* became by-words for vain boaſters.—— The whole is an idle dream. All the myſtery of the term *Cataian*, for a liar, is only this. *China* was anciently called *Cataia* or *Cathay*, by the firſt adventurers that travelled thither; ſuch as *M. Paulo*, and our *Mandeville*, who told ſuch incredible wonders of this new diſcovered empire, (in which they have not been outdone even by the *Jeſuits* themſelves, who followed them) that a notorious liar was uſually called a *Cataian*.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Mrs. Page *and Mrs.* Ford *come forwards.*

Page. How now, *Meg?*

Mrs. *Page.* Whither go you, *George?* hark you.

Mrs. *Ford.* How now, ſweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. *Ford.* Faith, thou haſt ſome crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* Have with you. You'll come to dinner, *George?* Look, who comes yonder; ſhe ſhall be our meſſenger to this paultry Knight.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Mrs. *Ford.* Truſt me, I thought on her, ſhe'll fit it.

Mrs. *Page.* You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne?*

Quick. Ay, forſooth; and, I pray, how does good miſtreſs *Anne?*

Mrs. *Page.* Go in with us, and ſee; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford, *and Mrs.* Quickly.

SCENE V.

Page. How now, maſter *Ford?*

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, ſlaves; I do not think, the Knight would offer it; but theſe, that accuſe him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoak of his diſcarded men; very rogues, now they be out of ſervice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lye at the *Garter?*

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he ſhould intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her looſe to him; and what he gets more of her than ſharp words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I do not miſdoubt my wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a man may be too confident; I would have nothing lye on my head; I cannot be thus ſatisfy'd.

Page. Look, where my ranting Hoſt of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when he looks ſo merrily. How now, mine Hoſt?

SCENE VI.

Enter Hoſt *and* Shallow.

Hoſt. How now, bully *Rock?* thou'rt a gentleman; cavalerio-juſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, mine Hoſt, I follow. Good even, and twenty, good maſter *Page.* Maſter *Page*, will you go with us? we have ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him, cavaliero-juſtice; tell him, bully *Rock.*

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh* the *Welch* prieſt, and *Caius* the *French* doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th' Garter, a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſay'ſt thou, bully *Rock?*

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? my merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons, and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear, the parſon is no jeſter. Hark, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight, my gueſt-cavalier?

Ford.

Ford. None, I proteſt; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt ſack to give me recourſe to him, and tell him, my name is *Brook*; only for a jeſt.

Hoſt. My hand, bully: thou ſhalt have egreſs and regreſs; ſaid I well? and thy name ſhall be *Brook*. It is a merry Knight. [6] Will you go on, Heris?

Shal. Have with you, mine hoſt.

Page. I have heard, the *Frenchman* hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. "Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in "theſe times you ſtand on diſtance, your paſſes, ſtoc-"cado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, maſter "*Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have ſeen the time, with "my long ſword, I would have made you four tall "fellows skip like rats.

Hoſt. Here, boys, here, here: ſhall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them ſcold than fight. [*Exeunt* Hoſt, Shallow *and* Page.

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a ſecure fool, and [7] ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion ſo eaſily. She was in his company at *Page*'s houſe; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't; and I have a diſguiſe to

6 *Will you go* AN HEIRS?] This nonſenſe is ſpoken to *Shallow*. We ſhould read,

Will you go ON, HERIS?

i. e. Will you go on, Maſter. *Heris*, an old *Scotch* word for maſter.

7 *ſtand ſo firmly on his wife's* frailty,] Thus all the Copies. But Mr. *Theobald* has *no conception* how any man could ſtand firmly on his wife's frailty. And why? Becauſe he had *no conception* how he could ſtand upon it, without knowing what it was. But if I tell a ſtranger, that the bridge he is about to croſs is rotten, and he believes it not, but will go on, may I not ſay, when I ſee him upon it, that he ſtands firmly on a rotten plank? Yet he has changed *frailty* for *fealty*, and the *Oxford Editor* has followed him. But they took the phraſe, *to ſtand firmly on*, to ſignify *to inſiſt upon*; whereas it ſignifies *to reſt upon*, which the character of a *ſecure fool*, given to him, ſhews. So that the common reading has an elegance that would be loſt in the alteration.

found *Falſtaff*: if I find her honeſt, I loſe not my labour; if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtow'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Piſtol.

Fal. I Will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine oyſter, which I with ſword will open— [8] I will retort the ſum in Equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, Sir, you ſhould lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you, and your couch-fellow, *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell for ſwearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good ſoldiers, and tall fellows. And when miſtreſs *Bridget* loſt the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you rogue, reaſon: think'ſt thou, I'll endanger my ſoul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you: go, [9] a ſhort knife and a throng, to your manour of *Pickt-hatch*; go, you'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you ſtand upon your honour! why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do to keep the term of mine honour preciſe. I, I, I myſelf ſometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine ho-

8 *I will retort the ſum in equipage.*] This is added from the old Quarto of 1619, and means, I will pay you again in ſtolen goods.

9 *a ſhort knife and a throng.*] So *Lear*, *When Cutpurſes come not to throngs.*

nour

nour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge and to lurch; and yet you rogue will enſconſe your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lettice phraſes, and [1] your bold-bearing oaths, under the ſhelter of your honour! you will not do it, you!

Piſt. I do relent; what wouldſt thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not ſo, and't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be ſworn, as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman, and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one miſtreſs *Ford*, Sir: I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myſelf dwell with Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Fal. Well, on: miſtreſs *Ford*, you ſay——

Quic. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, no body hears: mine own people, mine own people.

Quic. Are they ſo? heav'n bleſs them, and make them his ſervants!

Fal. Well: miſtreſs *Ford*,—what of her?

1 *your bold*-BEATING *oaths*;] We ſhould read *bold*-BEARING *oaths*, i. e. out-facing.

Quic.

Quic. Why, Sir, ſhe's a good creature. Lord, lord, your worſhip's a wanton: well, heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray———

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford*,——come, miſtreſs *Ford*——

Quic. Marry, this is the ſhort and the long of it; you have brought her into ſuch a canaries, as 'tis wonderful: the beſt courtier of them all, when the court lay at *Windſor*, could never have brought her to ſuch a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all muſk; and ſo ruſsling, I warrant you, in ſilk and gold, and in ſuch alligant terms, and in ſuch wine and ſugar of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myſelf twenty angels given me this morning; but I defie all angels, in any ſuch ſort as they ſay, but in the way of honeſty; and I warrant you, they could never get her ſo much as ſip on a cup with the proudeſt of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, penſioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſays ſhe to me? be brief, my good She *Mercury*.

Quic. Marry, ſhe hath receiv'd your letter, for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe gives you to notifie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forſooth; and then you may come and ſee the picture, ſhe ſays, that you wot of: maſter *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him, he's a very jealouſie-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic.

Quic. Why, you ſay well: But I have another meſſenger to your worſhip; miſtreſs *Page* has her hearty commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your ear, ſhe's as fartuous a civil modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſs you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, whoe'er be the other; and ſhe bad me tell your worſhip, that her husband is ſeldom from home, but, ſhe hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman ſo doat upon a man; ſurely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I have no other charms.

Quic. Bleſſing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford*'s wife, and *Page*'s wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jeſt, indeed; they have not ſo little grace, I hope; that were a trick, indeed! but miſtreſs *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and, truly, maſter *Page* is an honeſt man. Never a wife in *Windſor* leads a better life, than ſhe does; do what ſhe will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, go to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will; and, truly, ſhe deſerves it; for if there be a kind woman in *Windſor*, truly, ſhe is one. You muſt ſend her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do ſo then; and look you, he may come and go between you both, and in any caſe have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind: and the boy never need to underſtand any thing; for 'tis not good, that children ſhould know any wickedneſs: old folks, you know, have diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: there's

there's my purſe, I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along, with this woman. This news diſtracts me!

[*Exeunt* Quickly *and* Robin.

Piſt. [1] This pink is one of *Cupid*'s carriers:
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with your fights;
Give fire; ſhe is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit* Piſtol.

Fal. Say'ſt thou ſo, old *Jack?* go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body, than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of ſo much mony, be now a gainer? good body, I thank thee; let them ſay, 'tis groſsly done; ſo it be fairly done, no matter.

2 *This* PUNK *is one of* Cupid's carriers,
Clap on more ſails; purſue; up with your fights,
Give fire; ſhe is my prize.] *This punk is one of* Cupid's *carriers*, is a plauſible reading, yet abſurd on examination. For are not all *punks* Cupid's *carriers? Shakeſpear* certainly wrote,

This PINK *is one of* Cupid's *carriers*,

and then the ſenſe is proper, and the metaphor, which is all the way taken from the marine, entire. A *Pink* is a veſſel of the ſmall craft, employed as a *carrier* (and ſo called) for merchants. *Fletcher* uſes the word, in his *Tamer Tamed*,

This PINK, *this painted ſloiſt, this cockle-boat,*
To hang her fights *out, and defy me, Friends!*
A well-known man of war ——

As to the word *fights*, both in the text and in the quotation, it was then, and, for ought I know, may be now, a common ſea-term. Sir *Richard Hawkins* in his voyages, *p.* 66. ſays,——*For once we cleared her deck, and had we been able to have ſpared but a dozen men, doubtleſs we had done with her what we would*; for ſhe had no cloſe FIGHTS, *i. e. if I underſtand it right, no ſmall arms.* So that by *fights* is meant any manner of defenſe, either ſmall arms or cannon. So *Dryden*, in his tragedy of *Amboyna*,

Up with your FIGHTS,
And your nettings *prepare*, &c.

But, not conſidering this, I led the *Oxford Editor* into a ſilly conjecture, which he has done me the honour of putting into *his* text, which is indeed a proper place for it,

Up with YOND' FRIGAT.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one maſter [3] *Brook* below would fain ſpeak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath ſent your worſhip a morning's draught of ſack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit* Bardolph.] ſuch *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with ſuch liquor. Ah! ah! miſtreſs *Ford* and miſtreſs *Page*, have I encompaſs'd you? go to, *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, *with* Ford *diſguis'd.*

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir; would you ſpeak with me?

Ford. I make bold to preſs with ſo little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; what's your will? give us leave, drawer. [*Exit* Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have ſpent much; my name is *Brook.*

Fal. Good maſter *Brook*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I ſue for yours; not to charge you; for I muſt let you underſtand, I think myſelf in better plight for a lender than you are, the which hath ſomething embolden'd me to this unſeaſon'd intruſion; for they ſay, if mony go before, all ways do lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good ſoldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of mony here trou-

3 Edition of 1619, in all the ſucceeding editions this name of *Brook* (I can't tell why) is alter'd to *Broom*: whereas it is manifeſt from this conceit upon the name that it ſhould be *Brook*.
Mr. *Pope.*

bles

bles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good maſter *Brook*, I ſhall be glad to be your ſervant.

Ford. Sir, I hear, you are a ſcholar; (I will be brief with you) and you have been a man long known to me, tho' I had never ſo good means, as deſire, to make myſelf acquainted with you: I ſhall diſcover a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine own imperfections; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the regiſter of your own, that I may paſs with a reproof the eaſier; ſith you yourſelf know, how eaſie it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well: Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her; and, I proteſt to you, beſtow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doating obſervance; ingroſs'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every ſlight occaſion, that could but niggardly give me ſight of her; not only bought many preſents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what ſhe would have given: briefly, I have purſued her, as love hath purſu'd me, which hath been on the wing of all occaſions. But whatſoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means; meed, I am ſure, I have received none; unleſs experience be a jewel; That I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and That hath taught me to ſay this;

" *Love like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance love purſues;*
" *Purſuing That that flies, and flying what purſues.*

Fal.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built on another man's ground; ſo that I have loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some ſay, that tho' ſhe appear honeſt to me, yet in other places ſhe enlargeth her mirth ſo far, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the heart of my purpoſe: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authentick in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it; there is mony, ſpend it, ſpend it; ſpend more, ſpend all I have, only give me ſo much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Ford*'s wife; uſe your art of wooing, win her to conſent to you; if any man may, you may as ſoon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I ſhould win what you would enjoy? methinks, you preſcribe to yourſelf very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, underſtand my drift; ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my ſoul dares not preſent itſelf; ſhe is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelves; I could drive her then

then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too too ſtrongly embattel'd againſt me. What ſay you to't, Sir *John?*

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will firſt make bold with your mony; next, give me your hand; and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enjoy *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I ſay, you ſhall.

Ford. Want no mony, Sir *John*, you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no miſtreſs *Ford*, maſter *Brook*, you ſhall want none; I ſhall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment. Even as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or go-between, parted from me; I ſay, I ſhall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous raſcally knave, her husband, will be forth; come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave, I know him not: yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they ſay, the jealous wittolly knave hath maſſes of mony, for the which his wife ſeems to be well-favour'd. I will uſe her as the key of the cuckoldly-rogue's coffer; and there's my harveſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical ſalt-butter rogue; I will ſtare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it ſhall hang like a meteor o'er the Cuckold's horns. Maſter *Brook*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate over the peaſant; and thou ſhalt lye with his wife: Come to me ſoon at night; *Ford*'s a knave, and I will aggravate his ſtile: thou, maſter *Brook*, ſhalt know him for knave and cuckold: come to me ſoon at night. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE X.

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* raſcal is this! my heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who ſays, this is improvident jealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the hour is fixt, the match is made; would any man have thought this? ſee the hell of having a falſe woman! my bed ſhall be abus'd, my coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I ſhall not only receive this villainous wrong, but ſtand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, names; *Amaimon* ſounds well; *Lucifer*, well; *Barbaſon*, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold, wittol, cuckold! the devil himſelf hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an aſs, a ſecure aſs, he will truſt his wife; he will not be jealous: I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, parſon *Hugh* the *Welchman* with my cheeſe, an *Iriſhman* with my *Aquavitæ* bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herſelf: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates, then ſhe deviſes: and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my jealouſie! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on *Falſtaff*, and laugh at *Page:* I will about it: better three hours too ſoon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie; cuckold, cuckold, cuckold! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Changes to Windſor *Park.*

Enter Caius *and* Rugby.

Caius. JACK *Rugby!*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, *Jack?*

Rug. 'Tis paſt the hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has ſave his ſoul, dat he is no come; he has pray his pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wiſe, Sir; he knew, your worſhip would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is not [4] ſo dead as me vill make him. Take your rapier, *Jack*; I vill tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoſt, Shallow, Slender *and* Page.

Hoſt. 'Bleſs thee, bully Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. Give you good morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee traverſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſs thy puncto, thy ſtock, thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian?* Is he dead, my *Françoyes?* ha, bully? what ſays my *Æſculapius?* my *Galen?* my heart of elder? ha? is he dead, bully-ſtale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward *Jack-Prieſt* of de vorld; he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a *Caſtalion-king-Urinal*: *Hector* of *Greece*, my boy.

Caius. I pray you bear witneſs, that me have ſtay ſix or ſeven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man, Mr. Doctor; he is a curer

4 Quarto Edition, 1619. Mr. *Pope.*

of

of ſouls, and you a curer of bodies: if you ſhould fight, you go againſt the hair of your profeſſions: Is it not true, maſter *Page?*

Page. Maſter *Shallow*, you have yourſelf been a great fighter, tho' now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of peace, if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one; tho' we are juſtices, and doctors, and church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have ſome ſalt of our youth in us; we are the ſons of women, Mr. *Page.*

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow.*

Shal. It will be found ſo, Mr. *Page.* Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am ſworn of the peace; you have ſhew'd yourſelf a wiſe phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhown himſelf a wiſe and patient church-man: you muſt go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, gueſt-juſtice; a word, Monſieur mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our *Engliſh* tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de *Engliſhman*, ſcurvy-jack-dog-prieſt; by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Hoſt. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he ſhall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hoſt. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreover, bully: but firſt, Mr. Gueſt, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavaliero Slender*, go you through the town to *Frogmore.*

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there; ſee, what humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor.

[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow *and* Slender.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jack-an-ape to *Anne Page.*

Hoſt. Let him die; but, firſt, ſheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*; [5] I will bring thee where miſtreſs *Anne Page* is, at a farm-houſe a feaſting; and thou ſhalt woo her. Cry aim, ſaid I well?

5 *I will bring thee where* Anne Page *is, at a farm-houſe feaſting; and thou ſhalt woo her,* CRY'D GAME; *ſaid I well?*] Mr. *Theobald* alters this nonſenſe to *try'd game*; that is, to nonſenſe of a worſe complexion. *Shakeſpear* wrote and pointed thus, CRY AIM, *ſaid I well?* i. e. conſent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good propoſal? for *to cry aim* ſignifies to conſent to, or approve of any thing. So again in this play, *p.* 300, *And to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall* CRY AIM, *i. e.* approve them. And again in King *John*, Act 2. Scene 1.

It ill becomes this preſence to CRY AIM
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions,

i. e. to approve of, or encourage them. The phraſe was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to ſhoot at the butts (the perpetual diverſion, as well as exerciſe, of that time) the ſtanders-by uſed to ſay one to the other, *Cry aim*, i. e. accept the challenge. Thus *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in the *Fair maid of the inn*, Act 5, make the *Duke* ſay,

——— *muſt I cry* AIME
To this unheard of inſolence ———

i. e. encourage it, and agree to the requeſt of the duel, which one of his ſubjects had inſolently demanded againſt the other.—— But here it is remarkable, that the ſenſeleſs editors not knowing what to make of the phraſe *Cry aim*, read it thus,

——— *muſt I cry* AI-ME: As if it was a note of interjection. So again *Maſſinger* in his *Guardian*,

I will CRY AIM, *and in another room*
Determine of my vengeance ———

And again, in his *Renegado*,

——— *to play the Pandor*
To the Viceroy's looſe embraces, and CRY AIM,
While he by force or flattery ———

But the *Oxford Editor* transforms it to *Cock o' th' Game*; and his improvements of *Shakeſpear*'s language abound with theſe modern elegancies of ſpeech, ſuch as *Mynheers, Bull-baitings*, &c.

Caius.

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I ſhall procure 'a you de good gueſt; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which I will be thy adverſary toward *Anne Page:* ſaid I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, *Jack Rugby.*

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Frogmore, *near* Windſor.

Enter Evans *and* Simple.

Evans.

I Pray you now, good maſter *Slender's* ſervingman, and friend *Simple* by your name, which way have you look'd for maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelf *Doctor of Phyſick?*

Simp. Marry, Sir, the *Pitty-way*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windſor* way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pleſs my ſoul, how full of chollars I am, and trempling of mind! I ſhall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me; how melancholies I am! I will knog his urinals about his knave's coſtard, when I have good opportunities for the orke: 'Pleſs my ſoul!

[*Sings, being afraid.*

[1] *By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls*
Melodious birds ſing madrigalls;
There will we make our peds of roſes;
And a thouſand vragrant poſies.

By ſhallow—'Mercy on me! I have a great diſp
tions to cry. *Melodious birds ſing madrigalls*——*W*
as I ſat in Pabilon;——*and a thouſand vragrant*
ſies.——*By ſhallow*, &c.

S

1 *By ſhallow rivers*, &c.] This is part of a beautiful poem of the author's, which poem, and the anſwer to it, reader will not be diſpleaſed to find here.

The Paſſionate Shepherd to his Love.

Live with me, and be my Love,
And we will all the Pleaſure prove,
That Hills and Vallies, Dale and Field,
And all the craggy Mountains yield.
There will we ſit upon the Rocks,
And ſee the Shepherds feed their Flocks,
By ſhallow Rivers, by whoſe Falls
Melodious Birds ſing Madrigales.
There will I make thee Beds of Roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant Poſies;
A Cap of Flowers, and a Girdle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of Myrtle;
A Gown made of the fineſt Wool,
Which from our pretty Lambs we pull;
Fair lined Slippers for the cold,
With Buckles of the pureſt Gold;
A Belt of Straw, and Ivie Buds,
With Coral Claſps, and Amber Studs.
And if theſe Pleaſures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.
The Shepherds Swains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy Delight each *May* Morning.
If theſe Delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my Love.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh.*

Eva. He's welcome. *By ſhallow rivers, to whoſe falls*——

Heav'n proſper the right! what weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, Sir; there comes my maſter, Mr. *Shallow*, and another gentleman from *Frogmore*, over the ſtile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or elſe keep it in your arms.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd.

If that the World and Love were young,
And Truth in every Shepherd's Tongue;
Theſe pretty Pleaſures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.
Time drives the Flocks from Field to Fold,
When Rivers rage, and Rocks grow cold;
And *Philomel* becometh dumb,
And all complain of Cares to come:
The Flowers do fade, and wanton Fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields.
A honey Tongue, a Heart of Gall,
Is Fancy's Spring, but Sorrow's Fall.
Thy Gowns, thy Shoes, thy Bed of Roſes,
Thy Cap, thy Girdle, and thy Poſies:
Some break, ſome wither, ſome forgotten,
In Folly ripe, in Reaſon rotten.
Thy Belt of Straw and Ivie Buds,
Thy Coral Claſps and Amber Studs,
All theſe in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy Love.
But could Youth laſt, and Love ſtill breed,
Had Joys no date, and Age no need;
Then theſe Delights my Mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy Love.

SCENE II.

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Shal. How now, maſter Parſon? good morrow, good Sir *Hugh*. Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, ſweet *Anne Page!*

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the ſword and the word? do you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

Page. And youthful ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reaſons and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Eva. Ferry well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reverend gentleman, who, belike, having receiv'd wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you ſaw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourſcore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity and learning, ſo wide of his own reſpect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think, you know him; Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* phyſician.

Eva. Got's will, and his paſſion of my heart! I had as lief you ſhould tell me of a meſs of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a knave beſides; a cowardly knave as you would deſire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O, ſweet *Anne Page!*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Hoſt, Caius, *and* Rugby.

Shal. It appears ſo, by his weapons: keep them aſunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parſon, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarm them, and let them queſtion; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our *Engliſh*.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me ſpeak a word with your ear: wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, uſe your patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de *Jack* dog, *John* ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humours: I deſire you in friendſhip, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your urinal about your knave's cogs-comb [2] for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby, mine *Hoſt de Jartere*, have I not ſtay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a chriſtian's ſoul, now look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, ſoul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay; hear mine Hoſt of the Garter. Am I politick? am I ſubtle? am I a *Machiavel?* ſhall I loſe my Doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I loſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh?* no; he gives me the proverbs and the no verbs. Give me thy hand, terreſtrial; ſo:

2 Theſe words are added from the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Give

Give me thy hand, celeſtial; ſo. Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burn'd ſack be the iſſue. Come, lay their ſwords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad hoſt. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, ſweet *Anne Page?*

[*Exeunt* Shal. Slen. Page *and* Hoſt.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make a-de-ſot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his vlouting-ſtog. I deſire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this ſame ſcald-ſcurvy-cogging companion, the Hoſt of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart; he promiſe to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will ſmite his noddles; pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Street, in Windſor.

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *and* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* NAY, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſter's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forſooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. *Page.* O, you are a flattering boy; now, I ſee you'll be a Courtier.

Enter

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, miſtreſs *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. *Page.* Truly, Sir, to ſee your wife; is ſhe at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as ſhe may hang together, for want of company; I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. *Page.* Be ſure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. *Page.* I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: what do you call your Knight's name, ſirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falſtaff.*

Ford. Sir *John Falſtaff?*

Mrs. *Page.* He, he; I can never hit on's name; there is ſuch a league between my good man and he. Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, ſhe is.

Mrs. *Page.* By your leave, Sir; I am ſick, 'till I ſee her. [*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and* Robin.

SCENE V.

Ford. Has *Page* any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? ſure, they ſleep; he hath no uſe of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as eaſy as a cannon will ſhoot point-blank twelve-ſcore; he pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now ſhe's going to my wife, and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her. A man may hear this ſhower ſing in the wind: and *Falſtaff*'s boy with her! good plots; they are laid, and our revolted wives ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borow'd veil of modeſty from the ſo ſeeming miſtreſs *Page*, divulge *Page* himſelf for a ſecure and wilful *Actæon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall cry

cry aim. The clock gives me my cue, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch; there I ſhall find *Falſtaff*: I ſhall be rather praiſed for this, than mocked; for it is as poſitive as the earth is firm, that *Falſtaff* is there: I will go.

SCENE VI.

To him, Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Evans, *and* Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford, Truſt me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home, and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe myſelf, Mr. *Ford.*

Slen. And ſo muſt I, Sir; we have appointed to dine with Mrs. *Anne*, and I would not break with her for more mony than I'll ſpeak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between *Anne Page* and my couſin Slender, and this day we ſhall have our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father *Page.*

Page. You have, Mr. *Slender*; I ſtand wholly for you; but my wife, maſter Doctor is for you, altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar, and de maid is love-a-me: my nurſh-a-*Quickly* tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to young Mr. *Fenton?* he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, [3] he writes verſes, he ſpeaks holy-day, he ſmells *April* and *May*; he will carry't, he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

3 *He writes verſes*, he ſpeaks holy-day,] *i. e.* in a high-flown, fuſtian ſtile. It was called *a holy-day ſtile*, from the old cuſtom of acting their Farces of the *myſteries* and *moralities*, which were turgid and bombaſt, on holy days. So in *Much ado about nothing*, ——— *I cannot woo* in feſtival terms. And again in the *Merchant of* Venice, ——*thou ſpend'ſt ſuch* high-day wit *in praiſing him.*

Page.

Page. Not by my conſent, I promiſe you: the Gentleman is of no Having, he kept company with the wild Prince and *Poinz:* he is of too high a region, he knows too much; no, he ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my ſubſtance. If he take her, let him take her ſimply; the wealth I have waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you, heartily, ſome of you go home with me to dinner; beſides your cheer you ſhall have ſport; I will ſhew you a monſter. Mr. Doctor, you ſhall go; ſo ſhall you, Mr. *Page*; and you, Sir *Hugh.*

Shal. Well, fare you well, we ſhall have the freer wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewel, my hearts; I will to my honeſt Knight *Falſtaff*, and drink *Canary* with him.

Ford. I think, I ſhall drink in Pipe-wine firſt with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to ſee this monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Ford, *Mrs.* Page, *and Servants with a basket.*

Mrs. *Ford.* WHAT, *John!* what, *Robert!*

Mrs. *Page.* Quickly, quickly: is the buck-basket ——

Mrs. *Ford.* I warrant—What, *Robin*, I ſay.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, come, come.

Mrs. *Ford.* Here, ſet it down.

Mrs. *Page.* Give your men the charge, we muſt be brief.

Mrs. *Ford.*

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the brew-houſe, and when I ſuddenly call on you, come forth, and without any pauſe or ſtaggering take this basket on your ſhoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haſte, and carry it among the whitſters in *Datchet*-Mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch cloſe by the *Thames* ſide.

Mrs. *Page.* You will do it?

Mrs. *Ford.* I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Here comes little *Robin.*

Enter Robin.

Mrs. *Ford.* [4] How now, my Eyas-musket, what news with you?

Rob. My maſter Sir *John* is come in at your back-door, miſtreſs *Ford*, and requeſts your company.

Mrs. *Page.* You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be ſworn; my maſter knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he ſwears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. *Page.* Thou'rt a good boy; this ſecreſy of thine ſhall be a tailor to thee, and ſhall make thee a new doublet and hoſe. I'll go hide me.

4 *How now, my* Eyas-musket,] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd hawk. I ſuppoſe from the Italian *Niaſo*, which originally ſignified any young bird taken from the neſt unfledg'd, afterwards, a young hawk. The *French*, from hence, took their *niais*, and uſed it in both thoſe ſignifications; to which they added a third, metaphorically *a ſilly fellow*; *un garçon fort niais, un niais.* ——*Musket* ſignifies a *ſparrow hawk*, or the ſmalleſt ſpecies of hawks. This too is from the Italian *Muſchetto*, a ſmall hawk, as appears from the original ſignification of the word, namely, *a troubleſome ſtinging fly.* So that the humour of calling the little page an *Eyas-musket* is very intelligible.

Mrs. *Ford.*

Mrs. *Ford.* Do ſo; go tell thy maſter, I am alone; miſtreſs *Page*, remember you your cue.

[*Exit* Robin.

Mrs. *Page.* I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiſs me. [*Exit Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go to then; we'll uſe this unwholſome humidity, this groſs watry pumpion—— we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly jewel? why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed hour!

Mrs. *Ford.* O ſweet Sir *John?*

Fal. Mrs. *Ford*, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, miſtreſs *Ford:* now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh. I would, thy husband were dead; I'll ſpeak it before the beſt lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. *Ford.* I your lady, Sir *John?* alas, I ſhould be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* ſhew me ſuch another; I ſee how thine eye would emulate the diamond; thou haſt the right arched bent of the brow, [5] that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-vailant, or any 'tire of *Venetian* admittance.

Mrs. *Ford.*

5 ——*that becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-*VALIANT, *or any* Venetian attire.] The old Quarto reads, *Tire-vellet*, and the old Folio reads, *Or any tire of* Venetian *admittance*. So that the true reading of the whole is this, *That becomes the ſhip-tire, the tire-*VAILANT, *or any 'tire of* Venetian *admittance*. The ſpeaker tells his miſtreſs, ſhe had a face that would become all the head-dreſſes in faſhion. The *ſhip-tire* was an open head-dreſs, with a kind of ſcarf depending from behind. Its name of *ſhip-tire* was, I preſume, from its giving the wearer ſome reſemblance

Mrs. *Ford.* A plain kerchief, Sir *John:* my brow become nothing elſe, nor that well neither.

ſemblance of a *ſhip* (as *Shakeſpear* ſays) *in all her trim:* with all her pennants out, and flags and ſtreamers flying. Thus *Milton*, in *Samſon Agoniſtes*, paints *Dalila.*

But who is this, what thing of ſea or land?
Female of ſex it ſeems,
That ſo bedeckt, ornate and gay,
Comes this way ſailing
Like a ſtately ſhip
Of Tarſus, *bound for th' Iſles*
Of Javan *or* Gadier,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and ſtreamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play.

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, in their play of *Wit without money*, ——— *She ſpreads ſattens as the King's ſhips do canvas every where, ſhe may ſpace her miſen*; &c. This will direct us to reform the following word of *tire-valiant*, which I ſuſpect to be corrupt, *valiant* being a very incongruous epithet for a woman's head-dreſs. I ſuppoſe *Shakeſpear* wrote *tire-vailant*. As the *ſhip-tire* was an *open* head-dreſs, ſo the *tire-vailant* was a *cloſe* one; in which the head and breaſt were covered as with a *vail*. And theſe were, in fact, the two different head-dreſſes then in faſhion, as we may ſee by the pictures of that time. One of which was ſo open, that the whole neck, breaſts and ſhoulders, were open'd to view: the other, ſo ſecurely incloſed in kerchiefs, *&c.* that nothing could be ſeen above the eyes or below the chin.

——— *or any Venetian* attire] This is a wrong reading, as appears from the impropriety of the word *attire* here uſed for a woman's *head-dreſs*: whereas it ſignifies the dreſs of any part. We ſhould read therefore, *Or any* 'tire *of* Venetian *admittance*. For the word *attire*, reduced by the Aphæreſis, to *'tire*, takes a new ſignification, and means only the head-dreſs. Hence *Tire-woman*, for a dreſſer of the head. As to the meaning of the latter part of the ſentence, this may be ſeen by a paraphraſe of the whole ſpeech. ——Your face is ſo good, ſays the ſpeaker, that it would become any head-dreſs worn at court, either the open or the cloſe, or indeed any rich and faſhionable one worth adorning with *Venetian* point, or *which will admit to be adorned.* [Of *Venetian* admittance] The faſhionable lace, at that time, was *Venetian point.*

Fal.

Fal. Thou art a traytor to ſay ſo; thou would'ſt make an abſolute Courtier; and the firm fixure of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled farthingale. I ſee what thou wert; if fortune thy foe were not, nature is thy friend: come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a-many of theſe liſping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in mens apparel, and ſmell like *Bucklers-Bury* in ſimpling time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love miſtreſs *Page.*

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the *Counter*-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. *Ford.* Well, heav'n knows how I love you, and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Miſtreſs *Ford*, miſtreſs *Ford*, here's miſtreſs *Page* at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. *Ford.* Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tattling woman.

[Falſtaff *hides himſelf.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. *Page.* O miſtreſs *Ford*, what have you done? you're ſham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What's the matter, good miſtreſs *Page*?

Mrs. *Page.* O well-a-day, miſtreſs *Ford*, having an honeſt man to your husband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs. *Ford.* What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs *Page.* What cauſe of ſuſpicion? out upon you! how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. *Page.* Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in *Windſor*, to ſearch for a gentleman, that, he ſays, is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence. You are undone.

Mrs. *Ford.* Speak louder—— [*Aſide*] 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

Mrs. *Page.* Pray heav'n it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain, your husband's coming with half *Windſor* at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you: if you know your ſelf clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farewel to your good life for ever.

Mrs. *Ford.* What ſhall I do? there is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame, ſo much as his peril. I had rather than a thouſand pound, he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. *Page.* For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand; bethink

bethink you of ſome conveyance, in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? look, here is a basket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here, and throw foul linnen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-mead.

Mrs. *Ford.* He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't; I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counſel; I'll in.

Mrs. *Page.* What! Sir *John Falſtaff?* are theſe your letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never——

[*He goes into the basket, they cover him with foul linnen.*

Mrs. *Page.* Help to cover your maſter, boy: call your men, miſtreſs *Ford.* You diſſembling Knight!

Mrs. *Ford.* What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up theſe cloaths here, quickly. Where's the cowl-ſtaff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the landreſs in *Datchet*-mead; quickly, come.

SCENE X.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, *and* Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near; if I ſuſpect without cauſe, why then make ſport at me, then let me be your jeſt, I deſerve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the landreſs, forſooth.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would, I could, waſh my ſelf of the buck: buck, buck, buck? ay, buck: I warrant you, buck, and of the ſeaſon too, it ſhall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to night, I'll tell you my dream: here, here, here be my keys; aſcend my chambers, ſearch, ſeek, find out. I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt. [6] So, now uncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented: you wrong your ſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter *Page*. Up, gentlemen, you ſhall ſee ſport anon; follow me, gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantaſtical humours and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the faſhion of *France*; it is not jealous in *France*——

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen, ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Manent Miſtreſs Page *and Miſtreſs* Ford.

Mrs. *Page.* Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. *Ford.* I know not which pleaſes me better, that my husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Page.* What a taking was he in, when your husband ask'd who was in the basket!

Mrs. *Ford.* I am half afraid he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

6 *So now uncape.*] So the Folio of 1623 reads, and rightly. It is a term in Fox-hunting, which ſignifies to dig out the Fox when earth'd. And here is as much as to ſay, take out the foul linnen under which the adulterer lies hid. The *Oxford Editor* reads *uncouple*, out of pure love to an emendation.

Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal; I would, all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. *Ford.* I think, my husband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of *Falſtaff*'s being here! I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſie till now.

Mrs. *Page.* I will lay a plot to try that, and we will yet have more tricks with *Falſtaff:* his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion, miſtreſs *Quickly*, to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs. *Page.* We'll do it; let him be ſent for tomorrow by eight a clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, *&c.*

Ford. I cannot find him; may be, the knave brag'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs. *Page.* Heard you that?

Mrs. *Ford.* I, I; peace:—You uſe me well, maſter *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do ſo.

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. *Page.* You do your ſelf mighty wrong, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Ay, ay; I muſt bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the houſe, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, heav'n forgive my ſins!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Mr. *Ford*, are you not aſham'd? what ſpirit, what devil ſuggeſts this imagination? I would not ha' your diſtemper in this kind, for the wealth of *Windſor Caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Mr. *Page:* I ſuffer for it.

Eva. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience; your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I ſee, 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a dinner; come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, miſtreſs *Page*; I pray you pardon me: pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but truſt me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the buſh. Shall it be ſo?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I ſhall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth, for ſhame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page.*

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to morrow on the louſie knave, mine Hoſt.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my heart.

Eva. A louſie knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Changes to Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Fenton *and Miſtreſs* Anne Page.

Fent. I See, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, ſweet *Nan.*

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fen. Why, thou muſt be thy ſelf.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;

And

And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other bars he lays before me,
My riots paſt, my wild ſocieties:
And tells me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heav'n ſo ſpeed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confeſs, thy father's wealth
Was the firſt motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne:*
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than ſtamps in gold, or ſums in ſealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelf
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeek my father's love: ſtill ſeek it, Sir;
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuit
Cannot attain it, why then——hark you hither.

[Fenton *and Miſtreſs* Anne *go apart.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Shallow, Slender, *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, miſtreſs *Quickly*; my kinſman ſhall ſpeak for himſelf.

Slen. I'll make a ſhaft or a bolt on't: 'd'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmay'd.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me? I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Quic. Hark ye, Mr. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handſome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quic. And how does good maſter *Fenton?* pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O, boy, thou hadſt a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mrs. *Anne*; my uncle can tell you good jeſts of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the jeſt, how my father ſtole two geeſe out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Miſtreſs *Anne*, my couſin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any woman in *Glouceſterſhire*.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a Squire,

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good maſter *Shallow*, let him woo for himſelf.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that. Good comfort; ſhe calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, maſter *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good miſtreſs *Anne*.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heart-lings, that's a pretty jeſt, indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank heav'n; I am not ſuch a ſickly creature, I give heav'n praiſe.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your father and my uncle have made motions; if it be my luck, ſo; if not, happy man be his dole! they can tell you how things go, better than I can; you may ask your father; here he comes.

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

Enter Page, *and miſtreſs* Page.

Page. Now, maſter *Slender:* love him, daughter *Anne.*
—Why, how now? what does maſter *Fenton* here?
You wrong me, Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe:
I told you, Sir, my daughter is diſpos'd of.

Fent. Nay, maſter *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. *Page.* Good Maſter *Fenton*, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good maſter *Fenton.*
Come, maſter *Shallow*; come, ſon *Slender*, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, maſter *Fenton.*
[*Exeunt* Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

Quic. Speak to miſtreſs *Page.*

Fent. Good miſtreſs *Page*, for that I love your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checks, rebukes and manners,
I muſt advance the colours of my love,
And not retire. Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon fool.

Mrs. *Page.* I mean it not, I ſeek you a better huſband.

Quic. That's my maſter, maſter Doctor.

[7] *Anne.* Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i'th' earth.

Quic. And bowl'd to death with turnips.

7 Anne. *Alas, I had rather be ſet quick i'th' earth,*
And bowl'd to death with turnips.
Can we think the ſpeaker would thus ridicule her own imprecation? We may be ſure the laſt line ſhould be given to the procureſs, *Quickly*, who would mock the young woman's averſion for her maſter the *Doctor*.

Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs *Page*. Come, trouble not your ſelf; good maſter *Fenton*,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loves you,
And as I find her, ſo am I affected.
'Till then, farewel, Sir; ſhe muſt needs go in.
Her father will be angry. [*Exeunt Mrs* Page *and* Anne.

Fent. Farewel, gentle miſtreſs; farewel, *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, ſaid I, will you caſt away your child on a fool, and a phyſician? look on maſter *Fenton:* this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to night
Give my ſweet *Nan* this ring: there's for thy pains.
[*Exit*.

Quic. Now heav'n ſend thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath, a woman would run through fire and water for ſuch a kind heart. But yet, I would my maſter had miſtreſs *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her; or, in ſooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I have promis'd; and I'll be as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for Mr. *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *John Falſtaff* from my two miſtreſſes; what a beaſt am I to ſlack it? [*Exit*.

SCENE XV.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Falſtaff *and* Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I ſay.

Bard. Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of ſack, put a toaſt in't. [*Exit* Bard.] Have I liv'd to be carry'd, in a basket, like a barrow of butchers' offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames?* well, if I be ſerv'd ſuch another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them

them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the river with as little remorſe as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i'th' litter; and you may know, by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man: and what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwell'd? I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Enter Bardolph.

Now, is the Sack brew'd?

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the *Thames*-water; for my belly's as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls, for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

SCENE XVI.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave: I cry you mercy. Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe challices; go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

Bard. With eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it ſelf: I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs *Ford*.

Fal. Miſtreſs *Ford?* I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quic.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it. Her husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I muſt carry her word quickly; ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her; tell her ſo, and bid her think what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of maſter *Brook*; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his mony well. Oh, here he comes.

SCENE XVII.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bleſs you, Sir.

Fal. Now, maſter *Brook*, you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and *Ford*'s wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir *John*, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, maſter *Brook*; but the peaking cornuto her husband, maſter *Brook*, dwelling in a continul larum of jealouſie, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter; after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, and as it were, ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and, forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford.

Ford. What, while you was there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one miſtreſs *Page*, gives intelligence of *Ford*'s approach, and [8] by her invention, and *Ford*'s wife's direction, they convey'd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſie napkins; that, maſter *Brook*, there was the rankeſt compound of villainous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, maſter *Brook*, what I have ſuffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the basket, a couple of *Ford*'s knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their ſhoulders, met the jealous knave their maſter in the door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket; I quak'd for fear, leſt the lunatick knave would have ſearch'd it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well, on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths; but mark the ſequel, maſter *Brook*; I ſuffer'd the pangs of three egregious deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected by a jealous rotten bell-weather; next to be compaſs'd like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then to be ſtopt in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that freted in their own greaſe: think of that, a man of my kidney; think of

8 *by her invention, and* Ford's *wife's* DISTRACTION,] We muſt read DIRECTION. For tho' the ſpeaker might think *Ford*'s wife much frighted at the approach of her husband, yet he is here ſpeaking of the part which ſhe bore in an artful contrivance to deceive him.

that,

that, that am as ſubject to heat as butter; a man of continual diſſolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half ſtew'd in greaſe, like a *Dutch* diſh, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd glowing hot, in that ſurge, like a horſe-ſhoe; think of that; hiſſing hot; think of that, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. In good ſadneſs, Sir, I am ſorry that for my ſake you ſuffer'd all this. My ſuit is then deſperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding; I have receiv'd from her another embaſſie of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, maſter *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſs me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeed; and the concluſion ſhall be crown'd with your enjoying her; adieu, you ſhall have her, maſter *Brook*; maſter *Brook*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a viſion? is this a dream? do I ſleep? maſter *Ford*, awake; awake, maſter *Ford*; there's a hole made in your beſt coat, maſter *Ford*; this 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linnen and buck-baskets! well, I will proclaim my ſelf what I am; I will now take the leacher; he is at my houſe; he cannot 'ſcape me; 'tis impoſſible, he ſhould; he cannot creep into a half-penny purſe, nor into a pepper-box. But, leſt the devil that guides him ſhould aid him, I will ſearch impoſſible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's *Houſe.*

Enter Mrs. Page, *Mrs.* Quickly, *and* William.

Mrs. PAGE.

IS he at Mr. *Ford*'s already, think'ſt thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this, or will be preſently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water; Mrs. *Ford* deſires you to come ſuddenly.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to ſchool. Look, where his maſter comes; 'tis a playing-day, I ſee. How now, Sir *Hugh*, no ſchool to day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; maſter *Slender* is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Bleſſing of his heart!

Mrs. *Page.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſays, my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither, *William*; hold up your head, come.

Mrs. *Page.* Come on, Sirrah, hold up your head, anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Wil. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, becauſe they ſay, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *Fair*, *William*?

Wil. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats? there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, *William?*

Wil. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, *William?*

Wil. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis:* I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good *William:* what is he, *William*, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *ſingulariter nominativo*, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc.*

Eva. Nominativo, *hig*, *hag*, *hog*; pray you, mark: *genitivo*, *hujus:* well, what is your *accuſative caſe?*

Will. Accuſative, *hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *accuſative*, *hung*, *hang*, *hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the *focative caſe*, *William?*

Will. O, *vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, *William*, *focative* is *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. *Page.* Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive caſe plural*, *William?*

Will. Genitive caſe?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitive, *horum*, *harum*, *horum.*

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Giney*'s caſe; fie on her! never name her, child, if ſhe be a whore.

Eva. For ſhame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child ſuch words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do faſt enough of themſelves; and to call horum; fie upon you!

Eva.

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunacies? haſt thou no underſtandings for thy caſes, and the numbers of the genders? thou art as fooliſh chriſtian creatures, as I would deſire.

Mrs. *Page.* Pry'thee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, ſome declenſions of your pronouns.

Will. Forſooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *qui*, *quæ*, *quod*; if you forget your *quies*, your *quæs* and your *quods*, you muſt be preeches: go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. *Page.* He is a better ſcholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag memory. Farewel, Mrs. *Page.*

Mrs. *Page.* Adieu, good Sir *Hugh.* Get you home, boy. Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Falſtaff *and Mrs.* Ford.

Fal. MIſtreſs *Ford*, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance; I ſee, you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miſtreſs *Ford*, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accouſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your husband now?

Mrs. *Ford.* He's a birding, ſweet Sir *John.*

Mrs. *Page.* [*within.*] What hoa, goſſip *Ford!* what hoa!

Mrs. *Ford.* Step into the chamber, Sir *John.* [*Exit* Falſtaff.

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. *Page.* How now, ſweet heart, who's at home beſides your ſelf?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. *Page.* Indeed?

Mrs. *Ford.* No, certainly—Speak louder. [*Aſide.*

Mrs *Page.* Truly, I am ſo glad you have no body here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why?

Mrs. *Page.* Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again; he ſo takes on yonder with my husband, ſo rails againſt all married mankind, ſo curſes all *Eve*'s daughters, of what complexion ſoever, and ſo buffets himſelf on the forehead, crying, *peer-out, peer-out!* that any madneſs I ever yet beheld ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this diſtemper he is in now; I am glad, the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. *Page.* Of none but him; and ſwears, he was carry'd out, the laſt time he ſearch'd for him, in a basket; proteſts to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpicion; but I am glad, the knight is not here; now he ſhall ſee his own foolery.

Mrs. *Ford.* How near is he, miſtreſs *Page?*

Mrs. *Page.* Hard by, at ſtreet's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. *Ford.* I am undone, the knight is here.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, then thou art utterly ſham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him; better ſhame than murther.

Mrs. *Ford.* Which way ſhould he go? how ſhould I beſtow him? ſhall I put him into the basket again?

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' basket: may I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! alas! three of maſter *Ford*'s brothers watch the door with piſtols, that none ſhould iſſue out, otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere he came: but what make you here?

Fal. What ſhall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. *Ford.* There they always uſe to diſcharge their birding-pieces; creep into the kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford.* He will ſeek there, on my word: neither preſs, coffer, cheſt, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you go out in your own ſemblance, you die, Sir *John*, unleſs you go out diſguis'd. How might we diſguiſe him?

Mrs. *Page.* Alas-the-day, I know not; there is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwiſe, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good heart, deviſe ſomething; any extremity, rather than miſchief.

Mrs. *Ford.* My maid's aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gown above.

Mrs. *Page.* On my word, it will ſerve him; ſhe's as big as he is, and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, go, ſweet Sir *John*; miſtreſs *Page* and I will look ſome linnen for your head.

Mrs. *Page.* Quick, quick, we'll come dreſs you ſtraight; put on the gown the while. [*Exit* Falſtaff.

Mrs. *Ford.* I would my husband would meet him in this ſhape; he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he ſwears, ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. *Page.* Heav'n guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. *Ford.* But is my husband coming?

Mrs. *Page.* Ay, in good ſadneſs, is he; and talks of the basket too, however he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. *Page.* Nay, but he'll be here preſently; let's go dreſs him like the witch of *Brainford.*

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll firſt direct my men, what they ſhall do with the basket; go up, I'll bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Mrs. *Page.* Hang him, diſhoneſt varlet, we cannot miſuſe him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too.
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh:
'Tis old but true, *Still ſwine eats all the draugh.*

Mrs. *Ford.* Go, Sirs, take the basket again on your ſhoulders; your maſter is hard at door; if he bid you ſet it down, obey him: quickly, diſpatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs.* Page *and Mrs.* Ford.

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heav'n, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not. I had as lief bear ſo much lead.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius *and* Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, maſter *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? ſit down the' basket, villain; ſomebody call my wife: youth in a basket! oh, you panderly raſcals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conſpiracy, againſt me: now ſhall the devil be ſham'd. What! wife, I ſay; come, come forth, behold what honeſt cloaths you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. [1] Why, this paſſes, maſter *Ford*,——you are not to go looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Shal. Indeed, maſter *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir. Come hither, miſtreſs *Ford*; miſtreſs *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I ſuſpect without cauſe, miſtreſs, do I?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n be my witneſs, you do, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid, brazen-face; hold it out: come forth, Sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*

1 Why, *this paſſes*, Mr. *Ford.*] No phraſe occurs more frequently in *Shakeſpear* than this——*it paſt*,——and——*it paſſes*. It is uſed on all occaſions treated in the familiar way, and always conveys the idea of exceſs: So that *it paſſes* ſignifies it *ſurpaſſes all meaſure, imagination, or expreſſion*. And this is the ſenſe of the phraſe wherever it is uſed. *Engliſhmen* hate long ſpeeches, which hath made our tongue abound with half ſentences, and, what is more, with half words. IT TAKES is another phraſe of the ſame kind, which modern uſe has rendered very intelligible, yet in it ſelf it is as ambiguous as *it paſſes*. The whole ſentence being——*it* takes or captivates the judgment, the fancy, the Intereſt, the paſſions, &c.

Page This paſſes———

Mrs. *Ford.* Are you not aſham'd? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I ſhall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreaſonable; will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, man, why——

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? in my houſe I am ſure he is; my intelligence is true, my jealouſie is reaſonable; pluck me out all the linnen.

Mrs. *Ford.* If you find a man there, he ſhall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, maſter *Ford*; this wrongs you.

Eva. Maſter *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealouſies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I ſeek for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time; if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity; let me for ever be your table ſport; let them ſay of me, as jealous as *Ford*, that ſearcheth a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. *Ford.* What hoa, miſtreſs *Page!* come you, and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. *Ford.* Why, it is my maid's aunt of *Brainford.*

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean; have I not forbid her my houſe? ſhe comes of errands, does ſhe? we are ſimple men, we do not know what's brought

brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by ſpells, by th' figure; and ſuch dawbry as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, good ſweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

SCENE V.

Enter Falſtaff *in womens cloaths, and Mrs.* Page.

Mrs. *Page.* Come, mother *Prat*, come give me your hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my door, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat, you runnion! out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit* Fal.

Mrs. *Page.* Are you not aſham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I ſpy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow; ſee but the iſſue of my jealouſie; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never truſt me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Page.* Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, by th' maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page.* I'll have the cudgel hallow'd and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. *Ford.* What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. *Page.* The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford.* Shall we tell our husbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. *Page.* Yes, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husband's brain. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will ſtill be the miniſters.

Mrs. *Ford.* I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly ſham'd; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Come to the forge with it, then ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Hoſt *and* Bardolph.

Bard. SIR, the *German* deſires to have three of your horſes; the Duke himſelf will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be, comes ſo ſecretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me ſpeak with the gentlemen; they ſpeak *Engliſh?*

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall have my horſes, but I'll make them pay, I'll ſawce them. They have had my houſe a week at command; I have turn'd away my other gueſts; [2] they muſt compt off; I'll ſawce them, come. [*Exeunt.*

2 *they muſt* COME *off*;] This can never be our Poet's or his Hoſt's meaning. *To come off* being in other terms *to go ſcot-free.* We muſt read, COMPT *off*, i. e. clear their reckoning.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Changes to Ford's *Houſe.*

Enter Page, Ford, *Mrs.* Page, *Mrs.* Ford, *and* Evans.

Eva. 'TIS one of the beſt diſcretions of 'oman, as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe letters at an inſtant?

Mrs. *Page.* Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will ſuſpect the ſun with cold,
Than thee with wantonneſs; thy honour ſtands,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extream in ſubmiſſion, as in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You ſay, he hath been thrown into the river; and has been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman; methinks, there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks, his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. *Ford.* Deviſe but how you'll uſe him, when he comes;
And let us two deviſe to bring him thither.

Mrs. *Page.* There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the hunter,

Sometime

Sometime a keeper here in *Windſor* foreſt,
Doth all the winter-time at ſtill of midnight
Walk round about an oak, with ragged horns;
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner.
You've heard of ſuch a ſpirit; and well you know,
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed *Eld*
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of *Herne* the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this *Herne*'s oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. *Ford.* Marry, this is our device,
That *Falſtaff* at that oak ſhall meet with us.
We'll ſend him word to meet us in the field,
Diſguiſed like *Herne*, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come.
And in this ſhape when you have brought him thither,
What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. *Page.* That likewiſe we have thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page, (my daughter) and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As *Falſtaff*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
[3] With ſome diffuſed ſong: upon their ſight,
We two, in great amazedneſs, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
[4] And fairy-like too, pinch the unclean knight;

3 *With ſome* diffuſed *ſong:*] *A diffuſed ſong* ſignifies a ſong that ſtrikes out into wild ſentiments beyond the bounds of nature, ſuch as thoſe whoſe ſubject is fairy-land.

4 *And fairy-like* TO *pinch the unclean Knight;*] The Grammar requires us to read,

And fairy-like TOO, *pinch the unclean Knight.*

And

And ask him, why, that hour of fairy Revel,
In their ſo ſacred paths he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane?

Mrs. *Ford.* And 'till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. *Page.* The truth being known,
We'll all preſent our ſelves; dis-horn the ſpirit,
And mock him home to *Windſor.*

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-anapes alſo, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. *Page.* My *Nan* ſhall be the Queen of all the fairies;
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. [5] That ſilk will I go buy, and in that time
Shall Mr. *Slender* ſteal my *Nan* away, [*Aſide.*
And marry her at *Eaton.* Go, ſend to *Falſtaff* ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of *Brook*; he'll tell me all his purpoſe. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. *Page.* Fear not you that; go get us properties and tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it, it is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaveries. [*Ex.* Page, Ford *and* Evans.

Mrs. *Page.* Go, Mrs. *Ford,*
Send *Quickly* to Sir *John,* to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs.* Ford.
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,

5 *That ſilk will I go buy, and in that* time—] Mr. *Theobald* referring *that time* to the time of buying the ſilk, alters it to *tire.* But there is no need of any change: *That time* evidently relating to the time of the mask with which *Falſtaff* was to be entertained, and which makes the whole ſubject of this dialogue. Therefore the common reading is right.

And

And none but he, to marry with *Nan Page*.
That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Ideot;
And he my husband beſt of all affects:
The doctor is well mony'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he ſhall have her;
Tho' twenty thouſand worthier came to crave her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to the Garter-Inn.

Enter Hoſt *and* Simple.

Hoſt. WHAT would'ſt thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? ſpeak, breathe, diſcuſs; brief, ſhort, quick, ſnap.

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to ſpeak with Sir *John Falſtaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his chamber, his houſe, his caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigal, freſh and new; go, knock and call; he'll ſpeak like an anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I ſay.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be ſo bold as ſtay, Sir, 'till ſhe come down: I come to ſpeak with her, indeed.

Hoſt. Ha! a fat woman? the Knight may be robb'd: I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John!* ſpeak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine Hoſt, thine *Epheſian* calis.

Falſtaff, *above*.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: let her deſcend, bully, let her deſcend; my chambers are honourable. Fie, privacy? fie!

Enter

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. There was, mine Hoſt, an old fat woman even now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wiſe woman of *Brainford?*

Fal. Ay, marry was it, muſſel-ſhell, what would you with her?

Simp. My maſter, Sir, my maſter *Slender* ſent to her, ſeeing her go thro' the ſtreet, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what ſays ſhe, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, ſhe ſays, that the very ſame man, that beguil'd maſter *Slender* of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would, I could have ſpoken with the woman herſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'ſt.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs *Anne Page*; to know, if it were my maſter's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: go; ſay, the woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, Sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit* Simple.

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John:* was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine Hoſt; one, that hath taught

taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

SCENE IX.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, cozenage! meer cozenage!

Hoſt. Where be my horſes, ſpeak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners; for ſo ſoon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a ſlough of mire, and ſet ſpurs, and away, like three *German* devils, three Doctor *Fauſtus's*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meet the Duke; villain; do not ſay, they are fled; *Germans* are honeſt men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments; there is a friend o' mine come to town, tells me, there is three cozen-jermans that has cozen'd all the Hoſts of *Reading*, of *Maidenhead*, of *Colebrook*, of horſes and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wiſe, and full of gibes and vlouting-ſtocks, and 'tis not convenient you ſhould be cozen'd; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver' is mine *Hoſt de Jartere?*

Hoſt. Here, maſter Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; but my trot, der is no Duke, dat the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will; adieu.

[*Exit.*

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Hue and cry, villain, go! aſſiſt me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, hue and cry! Villain, I am undone! [*Exit.*

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermens boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, 'till I were as creſt-faln as a dry'd pear. I never proſper'd ſince I forſwore myſelf at *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent. ——

SCENE X.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd. I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant, ſpecioufly one of them; miſtreſs *Ford*, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of *Brainford*; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave conſtable had ſet me i'th' ſtocks, i'th' common ſtocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me ſpeak with you in your chamber; you ſhall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content.

content. Here is a letter will ſay ſomewhat. Good hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? ſure, one of you does not ſerve heav'n well, that you are ſo croſs'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Fenton *and* Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy,
I will give over all.

Fen. Yet hear me ſpeak; aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loſs.

Hoſt. I will hear you, maſter *Fenton*; and I will, at the leaſt, keep your counſel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair *Anne Page*;
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So far forth as herſelf might be her chuſer)
Ev'n to my wiſh. I have a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's ſo larded with my matter,
That neither ſingly can be manifeſted,
Without the ſhew of both. Fat Sir *John Falſtaff*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the jeſt
I'll ſhew you here at large. Hark, good mine Hoſt;
To night at *Herne*'s Oak, juſt 'twixt twelve and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the Fairy Queen;
The purpoſe why, is here; in which diſguiſe,
While other jeſts are ſomething rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry; ſhe hath conſented. — Now, Sir,
Her mother, ever ſtrong againſt that match,

And

And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
(While other ſports are tasking of their minds;)
And at the Deanry, where a prieſt attends,
Straight marry her; To this her mother's Plot
She, ſeemingly obedient, likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the Doctor.——Now, thus it reſts;
Her father means ſhe ſhall be all in white,
And in that dreſs when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him.——Her mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they muſt all be mask'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands-pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? father or mother?

Fen. Both, my good Hoſt, to go along with me;
And here it reſts, that you'll procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſide, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Re-enter Falſtaff *and Miſtreſs* Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more pratling; go, I'll hold.
This is the third time; I hope, good luck lyes in odd

numbers; away, go; they ſay, [4] there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance or death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs.* Quickly.

Fal. Away, I ſay, time wears: hold up your head and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, maſter *Brook?* maſter *Brook*, the matter will be known to night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at *Herne*'s Oak, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, maſter *Brook*, as you ſee, like a poor old man; but I came from her, maſter *Brook*, like a poor old woman. That ſame knave, *Ford* her husband, hath the fineſt mad devil of jealouſie in him, maſter *Brook*, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you; he beat me grievouſly, in the ſhape of a woman; for in the ſhape of a man, maſter *Brook*, I fear not *Goliah* with a weaver's beam; becauſe I know alſo, life is a ſhuttle; I am in haſte; go along with me, I'll tell you all, maſter *Brook*. Since I pluckt geeſe, play'd truant, and whipt top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you ſtrange things of this knave *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow; ſtrange things in hand, maſter *Brook!* follow. —— [*Exeunt.*

4 *There is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death;*] *i. e.* being born in an odd year, having an odd number in a lottery, and the climacteric years of 7 and 63.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Windſor *Park.*

Enter Page, Shallow, *and* Slender.

PAGE.

COME, come; we'll couch i'th' caſtle-ditch, 'till we ſee the light of our fairies. Remember, ſon *Slender*, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forſooth, I have ſpoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; ſhe cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; but what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget?* the white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtruck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark, light and ſpirits will become it well; heav'n proſper our ſport! [1] No one means evil but the devil, and we ſhall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Miſtreſs Page, *Miſtreſs* Ford *and* Caius.

Mrs. *Page.* Mr. Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanry, and diſpatch it quickly; go before into the Park; we two muſt go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Page.* Fare you well, Sir. My husband will not rejoice ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter; but 'tis

1 *No* MAN *means evil but the devil.*] This is a double blunder; for ſome, of whom this was ſpoke, were women. We ſhould read then, *no* ONE *means.*

no matter; better, a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. *Ford.* Where is *Nan* now, and her troop of fairies, *(a)* and the *Welch* devil *Evans?*

Mrs. *Page.* They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Herne*'s Oak, with obſcur'd lights; which, at the very inſtant of *Falſtaff*'s and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Mrs. *Ford.* That cannot chuſe but amaze him.

Mrs. *Page.* If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. *Ford.* We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. *Page.* Againſt ſuch lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe, that betray them, do no treachery.

Mrs. *Ford.* The hour draws on; to the Oak, to the Oak. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Evans *and* Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Falſtaff, *with a Buck's head on.*

Fal. The *Windſor* bell hath ſtruck twelve, the minute draws on; now, the hot-blooded Gods aſſiſt me! Remember, *Jove*, thou waſt a bull for thy *Europa*; love ſet on thy horns. Oh powerful love! that, in ſome reſpects, makes a beaſt a man; in ſome other, a man a beaſt: You were alſo, *Jupiter*, a ſwan, for the love of *Leda:* Oh, omnipotent love! how near the God drew to the complexion of a gooſe? A fault done firſt in the form of a beaſt,—O *Jove*, a beaſtly fault;

[*(a) Welch* devil *Evans?* Dr. *Thirlby*, — Vulg. *Herne.*]

and

and then another fault in the ſemblance of a fowl:—— think on't, *Jove*, a foul fault. When Gods have hot backs, what ſhall poor men do? for me, I am here a *Windſor* ſtag, and the fatteſt, I think, i'th' foreſt. Send me a cool rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piſs my tallow? who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Miſtreſs Ford *and Miſtreſs* Page.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John?* art thou there, my deer? my male-deer?

Fal. My doe with the black ſcut? let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green-Sleeves*; hail kiſſing-comfits, and ſnow eringoes; let there come a tempeſt of provocation, I will ſhelter me here.

Mrs. *Ford.* Miſtreſs *Page* is come with me, ſweet heart.

Fal. Divide me like a *(a)* bribe-buck, each a haunch; I will keep my ſides to myſelf, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the hunter? why, now is *Cupid* a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome! [*Noiſe within.*

Mrs. *Page.* Alas! what noiſe?

Mrs. *Ford.* Heav'n forgive our ſins!

Fal. What ſhould this be?

Mrs. *Ford.* } Away, away.
Mrs. *Page.* }

[*The women run out.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, leſt the oil that is in me ſhould ſet hell on fire; he never would elſe croſs me thus.

[*(a)* *bribe-buck*, Mr. *Theobald*, —— Vulg. *brib'd buck.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Hugh *like a Satyr*; Quickly, *and other, dreſt like Fairies, with Tapers.*

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-ſhine revellers, and ſhades of night,
[2] You Ouphen heirs of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.
Eva. Elves, liſt your names; ſilence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to *Windſor* chimneys ſhalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'ſt unrak'd, and hearths unſwept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates ſluts and ſluttery.
Fal. They're fairies; he, that ſpeaks to them, ſhall die.
I'll wink and couch; no man their works muſt eye.
[*Lyes down upon his face.*
Eva. Where's *Pede?* go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere ſhe ſleep, hath thrice her prayers ſaid,
[3] Rein up the organs of her fantaſie;
Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſs infancy;

But

2 *You* ORPHAN-*heirs of fixed deſtiny.*] But why *Orphan-heirs?* Deſtiny, whom they ſucceeded, was yet in being. Doubtleſs the Poet wrote,

You OUPHEN-*heirs of fixed deſtiny.*

i. e. you *Elves*, who miniſter, and ſucceed in ſome of the works of deſtiny. They are called, in this Play, both before and afterwards, *Ouphes*; here *Ouphen*; *en* being the plural termination of *Saxon* nouns. For the word is from the *Saxon*, Alpenne, *lamiæ, dæmones.* Or it may be underſtood to be an adjective, as *wooden, woolen, golden*, &c.

3 RAISE *up the organs of her fantaſie*;] The ſenſe of this ſpeech is——that ſhe, who had performed her religious duties, ſhould be ſecure againſt the illuſion of fancy; and have her ſleep, like that of infancy, undiſturbed by diſordered dreams. This was then the popular opinion, that evil ſpirits had a power over the fancy;

But thoſe, that ſleep, and think not on their ſins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, ſhoulders, ſides and ſhins.

Quick. About, about;
Search *Windſor* caſtle, elves, within and out.
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every ſacred room,
That it may ſtand 'till the perpetual Doom,
[4] In ſtate as wholſom, as in ſtate 'tis fit;

fancy; and, by that means, could inſpire wicked dreams into thoſe who, on their going to ſleep, had not recommended themſelves to the protection of heaven. So *Shakeſpear* makes one, on his lying down, ſay,

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Protect us heav'n!

As this is the ſenſe, let us ſee how the common reading expreſſes it;

Raiſe *up the organs of her fantaſie,*

i. e. inflame her imagination with ſenſual ideas; which is juſt the contrary to what the Poet would have the ſpeaker ſay. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote,

REIN *up the organs of her fantaſie,*

i. e. curb them, that ſhe be no more diſturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their ſleep. For, he adds immediately,

Sleep ſhe as ſound as careleſt infancy.

So in the *Tempeſt*,

Give not dalliance too much the REIN.

And in *Meaſure for Meaſure*,

I give my ſenſual race the REIN.

To give the rein, being juſt the contrary *to rein up*. The ſame thought he has again in *Mackbeth*,

——— *Merciful powers!*
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repoſe.

4 *In ſtate as wholſom.*] The *Oxford Editor* not knowing the meaning of *wholſom*, has alter'd it to,

In ſite as wholſom,

and ſo has made the wiſh a moſt abſurd one. For the ſite or ſituation muſt needs be what it is, till the general deſtruction. But *wholſom* here ſignifies *integer*. He wiſhes the caſtle may ſtand in its preſent ſtate of perfection, which the following words plainly ſhew ——— *as in ſtate 'tis fit.*

5 Worthy the owner, as the owner it.
The ſeveral chairs of Order look you ſcour,
With juice of balm and ev'ry precious flow'r:
Each fair Inſtalment-Coat and ſev'ral Creſt,
With loyal blazon evermore be bleſt!
And nightly-meadow-fairies, look, you ſing,
Like to the *Garter*-compaſs, in a ring:
Th' expreſſure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-freſh than all the field to ſee;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Maly Penſe* write,
6 In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs purfled, blue and white,
Like ſaphire, pearl, in rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies uſe flow'rs for their charactery.

Away,

5 *Worthy the owner,* AND *the owner it.*] *And* cannot be the true reading. The context will not allow it; and his court to Queen *Elizabeth* directs us to another,

——— AS *the owner it.*

for, ſure he had more addreſs than to content himſelf with wiſhing a thing *to be*, which his complaiſance muſt ſuppoſe actually *was*, namely, the worth of the owner.

6 *In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs* PURPLE, *blue and white,*
Like ſaphire, pearl, AND *rich embroidery.*] Theſe lines are moſt miſerably corrupted. In the words, — *Flowers purple, blue and white,* — the *purple* is left uncompared. To remedy this, the Editors, who ſeem to have been ſenſible of the imperfection of the compariſon, read, AND *rich embroidery*; that is, according to them, as the blue and white flowers are compared to ſaphire and pearl, the *purple* is compared to *rich embroidery*. Thus inſtead of mending one falſe ſtep they have made two, by bringing *ſaphire, pearl and rich embroidery* under one predicament. The lines were wrote thus by the Poet,

In emrold-tuffs, flow'rs PURFLED, *blue and white,*
Like ſaphire, pearl, IN *rich embroidery.*

i. e. let there be blue and white flow'rs *worked* on the green-ſword, like ſaphire and pearl *in* rich embroidery. To *purfle* is to over-lay with tinſel, gold thread, *&c.* ſo our anceſtors called a certain lace of this kind of work a *purfling-lace*. 'Tis from the *French, pourfiler*. So *Spencer*,

——— *ſhe was yclad*
All in a ſilken Camus, lilly-white,
PURFLED *upon, with many a folded plight.*

2. 3. 26.

The

Away, diſperſe; but, 'till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of cuſtom round about the Oak
Of *Herne*, the hunter, let us not forget.
Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand, yourſelves in order ſet:
And twenty glow-worms ſhall our lanthorns be,
To guide our meaſure round about the tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that *Welch* fairy, leſt he transform me to a piece of cheeſe!
Eva. Vild worm, thou waſt o'er-look'd ev'n in thy birth.
Quic. With tryal-fire touch me his finger-end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.
Eva. A tryal, come. ———
[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*
Come, with this wood take fire.
Fal. Oh, oh, oh!
Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire;
About him, fairies, ſing a ſcornful rhime:
And, as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.
Eva. It is right, indeed, he is full of leacheries and iniquity.

The SONG.

Fie on ſinful phantaſie,
Fie on luſt and luxury!
Luſt is but (a) i'th' blood, a fire,
Kindled with unchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart, whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts to blow them, higher and higher.

The change of *and* into *in*, in the ſecond verſe, is neceſſary. For flow'rs worked, or *purfled* in the graſs, were not like ſaphire and pearl ſimply, but ſaphire and pearl in embroidery. How the corrupt reading *and* was introduced into the text, we have ſhewn above.

[(a) *i'th' blood, a fire*, Oxford Editor.—Vulg. *a bloody fire.*]

Pinch

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany:
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and ſtar-light, and moon-ſhine be out.

During this Song, they pinch him. Doctor Caius *comes one way, and ſteals away a boy in green;* Slender *another way, and he takes away a boy in white;* and Fenton *comes, and ſteals away Mrs.* Anne Page. *A noiſe of hunting is made within. All the Fairies run away.* Falſtaff *pulls off his Buck's head, and riſes.*

SCENE V.

Enter Page, Ford, *&c. They lay hold on him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, We've watcht you now;
Will none but *Herne* the hunter ſerve your turn?
Mrs. *Page.* I pray you, come; hold up the jeſt no higher.
Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windſor* wives?
See you theſe, husbands? do not theſe fair Yoaks
Become the Foreſt better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a cuckold now? maſter *Brook*, *Falſtaff*'s a knave, a cuckoldly knave, here are his horns, maſter *Brook*; and, maſter *Brook*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford*'s but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of mony, which muſt be paid to maſter *Brook*; his horſes are arreſted for it, maſter *Brook*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John*, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an aſs.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltineſs

guiltineſs of my mind, the ſudden ſurprize of my powers, drove the groſſneſs of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in deſpight of the teeth of all rhime and reaſon, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill imployment!

Eva. Sir *John Falſtaff*, ſerve Got, and leave your deſires, and fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. Well ſaid, fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your jealouſies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never miſtruſt my wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *Engliſh*.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the ſun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent ſo groſs o'er-reaching as this? am I ridden with a *Welch* goat too? ſhall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'tis time, I were choak'd with a piece of toaſted cheeſe.

Eva. Seeſe is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seeſe and putter? have I liv'd to ſtand in the taunt of one, that makes fritters of *Engliſh?* this is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking, through the Realm.

Mrs. *Page.* Why, Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thruſt virtue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and have given ourſelves without ſcruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. *Page.* A puſt man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job?*

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal.

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; [7] I am not able to anſwer the *Welch* flannel; ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me; uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, we'll bring you to *Windſor* to one Mr. *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of mony, to whom you ſhould have been a pander: over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that mony will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. *Ford.* Nay, husband, let That go to make amends:
Forgive that Summ, and ſo we'll all be Friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at laſt.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight; thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to night at my houſe, where I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. *Page.* Doctors doubt that; if *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is, by this, Doctor *Caius*'s wife. [*Aſide.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! father *Page.*

Page. Son, how now? how now, ſon, have you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? I'll make the beſt in *Glouceſterſhire* known on't; would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what, ſon?

7 *I am not able to anſwer the* Welch FLANNEL.] *Shakeſpear* poſſibly wrote *Welch* FLAMEN. As Sir *Hugh* was a choleric Prieſt, and apt to take fire, FLAMEN was a very proper name, it being given to that order of *Latin* prieſts from the flame-coloured habit. By the ſame kind of humour the ſcullion, in *The Comedy of Errors*, is called the *Kitchen-Veſtal*, it being her buſineſs to keep the fire in repair.

Slen.

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry miſtreſs *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'th church, I would have ſwing'd him, or he ſhould have ſwing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never ſtir, and 'tis a poſt-maſter's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think ſo, when I took a boy for a girl: if I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you ſhould know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white and cry'd *mum*, and ſhe cry'd *budget*, as *Anne* and I had appointed; and yet it was not *Anne*, but a poſt-maſter's-boy.

Eva. Jeſhu! Maſter *Slender*, cannot you ſee but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vext at heart. What ſhall I do?

Mrs. *Page.* Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpoſe, turn'd my daughter into green, and, indeed, ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanry, and there married.

SCENE VII.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is miſtreſs *Page?* by gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' marry'd one garſoon, a boy; one peaſant, by gar; a boy; it is not *Anne Page*; by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Why? did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy; be gar, I'll raiſe all *Windſor*.

Ford. This is ſtrange! who hath got the right *Anne?*

Page. My heart miſgives me; here comes Mr. *Fenton*.

Enter

Enter Fenton, *and* Anne Page.

How now, Mr. *Fenton?*

Anne. Pardon, good father; good my mother, pardon.

Page. Now, miſtreſs, how chance you went not with Mr. *Slender?*

Mrs. *Page.* Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.
You would have marry'd her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love:
The truth is, ſhe and I, long ſince contracted,
Are now ſo ſure, that nothing can diſſolve us.
Th' offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed;
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein ſhe doth evitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedy.
In love, the heav'ns themſelves do guide the ſtate;
Mony buys lands, and wives are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a ſpecial Stand to ſtrike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heav'n give thee joy!
What cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

[8] *Eva.* I will alſo dance and eat plums at your Wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all ſorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. *Page.* Well, I will muſe no further. Mr. *Fenton*, Heav'n give you many, many merry days!

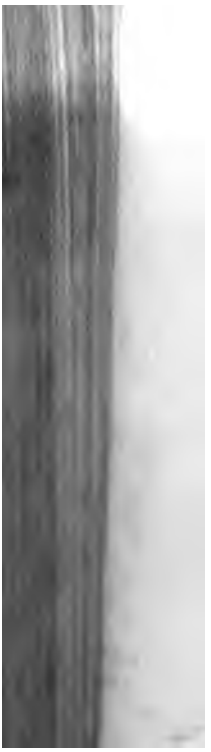
8 This ſpeech is taken from the edition of 1619. Mr. *Pope.*

Good

Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this ſport o'er by a country fire,
Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo: —— Sir *John*,
To maſter *Brook* you yet ſhall hold your word;
For he, to night, ſhall lye with miſtreſs *Ford*.

[*Exeunt omnes.*



MEASURE FOR *MEASURE.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, } *An ancient Lord, join'd with* Angelo *in Deputation.*
Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
Lucio, *a Fantaſtick.*
Two Gentlemen.
Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }
A Juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
Clown, *Servant to Mrs.* Over-done.
Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute Priſoner.*

Iſabella, *Siſter to* Claudio.
Mariana, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs Over-done, *a Bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

[1] MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's PALACE.

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

ESCALUS,——

Eſcal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government the properties t'unfold,
Would ſeem in me t'affect ſpeech and diſcourſe.
[2] Since I am not to know, that your own Science
Exceeds, in that, the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: then no more remains:
Put

1 The ſtory is taken from *Cinthio*'s Novels, *December* 8. *November* 5. Mr. *Pope.*

2 *Since I am not to know, that your own* Science
Exceeds, in that, the liſts of all advice
My ſtrength can give you: then no more remains:
Put that to your ſufficiency, *as your worth is able,*
And let them work.] To the integrity of this reading Mr. *Theobald* objects, and ſays, *What was* Eſcalus *to put to his ſufficiency! why his ſcience: But his ſcience and ſufficiency were*

Put that to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's inſtitutions, [3] and the terms
Of common juſtice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us *Angelo:*
What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For you muſt know, we have with ſpecial roll [4]
Elected him our Abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our Terror, dreſt him with our Love;
And giv'n his Deputation all the organs
Of our own Power: ſay, what think you of it?

Eſcal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is lord *Angelo.*

but one and the ſame thing. On what then does the relative them *depend?* He will have it, therefore, that a line has been accidentally dropt, which he attempts to reſtore by *dua diligence. Nodum in ſcirpo quærit.* And all for want of knowing, that by *ſufficiency* is meant *authority*, the power delegated by the Duke to *Eſcalus.* The plain meaning of the word being this: *Put your ſkill in governing* (ſays the Duke) *to the power which I give you to exerciſe it, and let them work together.*

3 ——— *and the terms of common juſtice,*] *i. e.* bounds, limits.

4 *For you muſt know we have with ſpecial* SOUL
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;]

This nonſenſe muſt be corrected thus,

——— *with ſpecial* ROLL

i. e. by a ſpecial commiſſion. For it appears, from this ſcene, that *Eſcalus* had one commiſſion, and *Angelo another.* The Duke had before delivered *Eſcalus* his commiſſion. He now declares that deſigned for *Angelo:* and he ſays, afterwards, to both,

To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commiſſions.

Why *Angelo*'s was called the *ſpecial roll* was, becauſe he was in authority ſuperior to *Eſcalus.*

——— *old* Eſcalus,
Tho' firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' obſerver doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: thy ſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper, as to waſte
Thy ſelf upon thy virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: [3] for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor Nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddeſs, ſhe determines
Her ſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe. [6] But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can [7] my part in him advertiſe;

5 ——*for if our virtues*, &c.]
Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ
Celata virtus.——— Horat.

6 ——*But I do bend my ſpeech*
To one that can my part in him *advertiſe*;] This is obſcure. The meaning is, I direct my ſpeech to one who is able to teach me how to govern: *my part in him*, ſignifying my office, which I have delegated to him.

7 ——— *my part in him advertiſe*;] *i. e.* who knows what appertains to the character of deputy or viceroy. *Can advertiſe my part in him*; that is, his repreſentation of my perſon. But all theſe quaintneſſes of expreſſion, the *Oxford Editor* ſeems ſworn to extirpate; that is, to take away one of *Shakeſpear*'s characteriſtic marks; which, if not one of the comlieſt, is yet one of the ſtrongeſt. So he alters this to

To one that can, in my part, me advertiſe.

A better expreſſion indeed, but, for all that, none of *Shakeſpear*'s.

Hold therefore, *Angelo:*
In our Remove, be thou at full our ſelf.
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: old *Eſcalus*,
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commiſſion.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtampt upon it.

Duke. [8] Come, no more evaſion:
We have with a prepar'd and level'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers it ſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well.
To th'hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your Commiſſions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple; your ſcope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualify the Laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people;
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *Ave's* vehement:

8 *Come, no more evaſion:*
We have with a prepar'd and LEAVEN'D *choice*
Proceeded to you;] *leaven'd* has no ſenſe in this place: we ſhould read LEVEL'D *choice*. The alluſion is to archery, when a man has fixed upon his object, after taking good aim.

Nor

Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.
Ang. The heav'ns give ſafety to your purpoſes!
Eſcal. Lead forth and bring you back in happineſs!
Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*
Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my Place:
A pow'r I have, but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.
Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.
Eſcal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Lucio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. IF the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungary*'s!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'ſt like the ſanctimonious Pirate, that went to ſea with the ten Commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the Table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal.——

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a Commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal; there's not a ſoldier of us all, that, in the thankſgiving before meat, does reliſh the petition well that prays for Peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.* What, in meeter?

Lucio. [9] In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace is grace, [1] deſpight of all controverſie; as for example, thou thy ſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of ſheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet. Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an *Engliſh* kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think, thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done my ſelf wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.

9 *In any proportion,* &c.] Here the *Oxford Editor* gives us a dialogue of his own, inſtead of this: and, as one would expect, neither ſo clear nor ſo lively. And all for want of knowing the meaning of the word *proportion*, which ſignifies *meaſure*: and refers to the queſtion, *What, in meeter?*

1 *deſpight of all controverſie;*] Satirically inſinuating that the *controverſies* about *grace* were ſo intricate and endleſs, that the diſputants unſettled every thing but this, that *grace was grace*; which, however, in ſpite of controverſy, ſtill remained certain.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to——

2 *Gent.* To what I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feaſt of thee.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carry'd to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*; Signior *Claudio*,

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis ſo; I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo: art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it; and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince, and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exit.*

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

SCENE V.

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What Proclamation, man?

Clown. All houſes in the ſuburbs of *Vienna* muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clown. [2] They ſhall ſtand for ſeed; they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, miſtreſs.

2 *They ſhall* ſtand for ſeed;] *Seneca*, in his mock Apotheoſis of *Claudius*, ridiculing him for having extended the rights of *Roman* citizens ſo immoderately, makes *Clotho* ſay, *Ego mehercule, puſillum temporis adjicere illi volebam, dum hos pauculos, qui ſuperſunt, civitate donaret: conſtituerat enim omnes Græcos, Gallos, Hiſpanos, Britannos, togatos videre. Sed quoniam placet aliquos peregrinos* IN SEMEN RELINQUI, *et tu ita jubes fieri, fiat.*

Bawd.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the common-wealth; what ſhall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counſellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapſter?* let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provoſt to priſon; and there's madam *Juliet*.

[*Exeunt* Bawd *and* Clown.

SCENE VI.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, *and Officers.* Lucio *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to th' world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from lord *Angelo* by ſpecial charge.

Claud. [3] Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight.
The words of heav'n; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

Lucio.

3 *Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,*
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.] The wrong pointing of the ſecond line hath made the paſſage unintelligible. There ought to be a full ſtop at *weight*. And the ſenſe of the whole is this: *The Demi-god, Authority, makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be queſtioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleaſure thus,—I puniſh and remit puniſhment according to my own uncontroulable will; and yet*

Lucio. Why, how now, *Claudio?* whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So ev'ry ſcope by the immod'rate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: our natures do purſue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirſty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors; and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio?*

Claud. What, but to ſpeak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it ſo.

Prov. Away, Sir, you muſt go.

Claud. One word, good friend:——*Lucio*, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good: is letchery ſo look'd after?

Claud. Thus ſtands it with me; upon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Julietta*'s bed,
(You know the lady,) ſhe is faſt my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,

yet who can ſay what doſt thou. —— *Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight*, is a fine expreſſion, to ſignify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by *weight*, which is always exact; not ſo by *tale*, on account of the practice of diminiſhing the ſpecies.

The

The ſtealth of our [4] moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on *Juliet*.
Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault, and glimpſe, of newneſs;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horſe whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, lets it ſtraight feel the ſpur;
Whether the tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:) but this new Governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſie and neglected Act
Freſhly in me; 'tis ſurely, for a name.
Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.
Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my Siſter ſhould the Cloiſter enter,
And there receive her Approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict Deputy; bid her ſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,
Such as moves men! beſide, ſhe hath proſp'rous art

4 ——*moſt mutual*——] *i. e.* moſt intimate. The phraſe is extremely elegant on this occaſion; yet diſliked by the *Oxford Editor*, who ſtrikes out *moſt*.

When

When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray, ſhe may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous impoſition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio.*

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A MONASTERY.

Enter Duke, *and Friar* Thomas.

Duke. NO; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat boſom: why I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt Aſſemblies,
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*
[5](A man of ſtrict ure and firm abſtinence)
My abſolute Pow'r and Place here in *Vienna*;
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to *Poland*;
For ſo I've ſtrew'd it in the common ear,

5 *A man of* STRICTURE *and firm abſtinence*] *ſtricture* makes no ſenſe in this place. We ſhould read,

A man of STRICT URE *and firm abſtinence.*

i. e. a man of the *exacteſt conduct*, and practiſed in the ſubdual of his paſſions. *Ure* an old word for uſe, practice, ſo *enur'd*, habituated to.

And

And ſo it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?
Fri. Gladly, my lord.
Duke. We have ſtrict Statutes and moſt biting Laws,
[6] (The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong Steeds,)
Which for theſe nineteen years [7] we have let ſleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: ſo our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.
Fri. It reſted in your Grace
T'unlooſe this ty'd up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo*.
Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office:
Who may in th' ambuſh of my name ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature never in the ſight
To do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway,

6 *The needful* bits *and* curbs *for headſtrong* WEEDS.] Common ſenſe, and the integrity of the metaphor, ſhews that *Shakeſpear* wrote *headſtrong* STEEDS.

7 —— *We have let* SLIP;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,]
The ſimilitude ſhews that *Shakeſpear* wrote,
—— *we have let* SLEEP.

I will,

I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Viſit both prince and people; therefore, pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon bear,
Like a true Friar. More reaſons for this action
At our more leiſure ſhall I render you;
Only, this one: — Lord *Angelo* is preciſe;
" Stands at a guard with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
" That his blood flows, or that his appetite
" Is more to bread than ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee,
If pow'r change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be. [*Exe.*

S C E N E VIII.

A Nunnery.

Enter Iſabella *and* Franciſca.

Iſab. AND have you Nuns no further privileges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſab. Yes, truly; I ſpeak not as deſiring more;
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the ſiſter-hood, the votariſts of Saint *Clare.*
Lucio. [*within.*] Hoa! Peace be in this place!
Iſab. Who's that, which calls?
Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Iſabella,*
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may; I may not; you are yet unſworn:
[8] When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the Prioreſs;
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or, if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak.

He

8 *When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,*
But in the preſence of the Prioreſs;
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or, if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak.] This is a very artful preparation for the effects that *Iſabel*'s ſolicitation had on *Angelo* in the following Scene, as it ſhews the miſchiefs of beauty

He calls again; I pray you, anſwer him. [*Exit* Franc.

Iſab. Peace and proſperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs; can you ſo ſtead me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella*,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother *Claudio?*

Iſab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella*, and his ſiſter. [you;

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
Not to be weary with you, he's in priſon.

Iſab. Wo me! for what?

Lucia. For that, which, if myſelf might be his judge,
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Iſab. Sir, make me not your ſtory. [liar ſin

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (tho' [9] 'tis my fami-
With maids to ſeem the lapwing, and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins ſo.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd, and ſainted;

beauty to be ſo great, that the *Religious* had laid down rules and regulations to prevent its inordinate influence, which leſſens our ſurpriſe at *Angelo*'s weakneſs.

9 ——'*tis my familiar ſin*
With maids to ſeem the lapwing,—] The *Oxford Editor*'s note, on this paſſage, is in theſe words. *The lapwings fly with ſeeming fright and anxiety far from their neſts, to deceive thoſe who ſeek their young.* And do not all other birds do the ſame? But what has this to do with the infidelity of a general lover, to whom this bird is compared. It is another quality of the lapwing, that is here alluded to, *viz.* its perpetually flying ſo low and ſo near the paſſenger, that he thinks he has it, and then is ſuddenly gone again. This made it a proverbial expreſſion to ſignify a lover's falſhood: and it ſeems to be a very old one; for *Chaucer*, in his *Plowman's Tale*, ſays——*And lapwings that well couth lie.*

By your renouncement, an immortal Spirit;
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a Saint.

Iſab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking m
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewneſs and truth, 'tis thu
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As thoſe that feed grow full, as bloſſoming time
[1] That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming [2] foyſon; ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and husbandry. [*Juliet*

Iſab. Some one with child by him? — my cou
Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin?

Iſab. Adoptedly, as ſchool-maids change their nam
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Iſab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myſelf being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By thoſe that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings out were of an infinite diſtance
From his true-meant deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whoſe blood,
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He, (to give fear to uſe and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law,
As mice by lyons;) hath pickt out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life

1 *That from the* ſeedneſs —] An old word for ſeed-tim
So the lawyers tranſlate *ſemen hyemale & quadrageſimale*, t
winter *ſeedneſs*, and lent *ſeedneſs*.

2 — *foyſon*;] Harveſt. Mr. *Pope*.

Fal

Falls into forfeit; he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example; all hope's gone,
Unleſs you have the grace by your fair prayer
To ſoften *Angelo*; and that's my pith of buſineſs
'Twixt you and your poor brother.
Iſab. Doth he ſo
Seek for his life?
Lucio. H'as cenſur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provoſt hath a warrant
For's execution.
Iſab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?
Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.
Iſab. My power? Alas! I doubt.
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;
And make us loſe the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themſelves would owe them.
Iſab. I'll ſee what I can do.
Lucio. But, ſpeedily.
Iſab. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Iſab. Good Sir, adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, *a Juſtice, and Attendants.*

ANGELO.

WE muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, 'till cuſtom make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.
Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
[1] Than fall, and bruiſe to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father;
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be moſt ſtrait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpoſe;
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.
Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Eſcalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May in the ſworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take't,

1 *Than* FALL, *and bruiſe to death.*] I ſhould rather read FELL, *i. e.* ſtrike down. So in *Timon of Athens*,
All, ſave thee, I FELL *with curſes.*

Becauſe

Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Enter Provoſt.

Eſcal. Be't, as your wiſdom will.
Ang. Where is the *Provoſt?*
Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.
Ang. See, that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning.
Bring him his confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage.——
[*Exit* Prov.
Eſcal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

SCENE II.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, *and* Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I am the poor Duke's conſtable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon juſtice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your Honour, I know not well what they are; but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good chriſtians ought to have.

Eſcal. This comes off well; here's a wiſe officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name? why doſt thou not ſpeak, *Elbow?*

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapſter, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, Sir, was, as they ſay, pluckt down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe; which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Eſcal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I deteſt before heav'n and your Honour,——

Eſcal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honeſt woman;——

Eſcal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, Sir, I will deteſt my ſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſcal. How doſt thou know that, conſtable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

Eſcal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by miſtreſs *Over-done*'s means, but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it pleaſe your Honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſcal. Do you hear how he miſplaces?

Clown.

" *Clown.* Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and " longing (ſaving your Honour's reverence) for ſtew'd " prewns; Sir, we had but two in the houſe, which " at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were, in a " fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three pence; (your Ho- " nours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not *China* " diſhes, but very good diſhes.)

Eſcal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, Sir.

" *Clown.* No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are " therein in the right: but to the point; as I ſay, " this miſtreſs *Elbow*, being, as I ſay, with child, and " being great belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for " prewns; and having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid; " maſter *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the " reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very " honeſtly; for, as you know, maſter *Froth*, I could " not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

" *Clown.* Very well; you being then, if you be " remembred, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid " prewns.

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

" *Clown.* Why, very well; I telling you then, if " you be remembred, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a " one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, un- " leſs they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

" *Clown.* Why, very well then.

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the pur- poſe: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? come to what was done to her.

" *Clown.* Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſcal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

" *Clown.* Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your " Honour's leave: and, I beſeech you, look into " maſter *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourſcore pound

" a

" a year; whoſe father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't
" not at *Hallowmas*, maſter *Froth*?
Froth. *All-hallond* eve.
" *Clown*. Why, very well; I hope here be truths.
" He, Sir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, Sir;
" 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you
" have a delight to ſit, have you not?
Froth. I have ſo, becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.
" *Clown*. Why, very well then; I hope here be
" truths.
Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſſia*,
When nights are longeſt there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

SCENE III.

Eſcal. I think no leſs. Good morrow to your lordſhip. [*Exit* Angelo.
Now, Sir, come on: what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, once more?
Clown. Once, Sir? there was nothing done to her once.
Elb. I beſeech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.
Clown. I beſeech your Honour, ask me.
Eſcal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her?
Clown. I beſeech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face; good maſter *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe; doth your Honour mark his face?
Eſcal. Ay, Sir, very well.
Clown. Nay, I beſeech you, mark it well.
Eſcal. Well, I do ſo.
Clown. Doth your Honour ſee any harm in his face?
Eſcal. Why, no,

Clown.

Clown. I'll be ſuppos'd upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then; if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter *Froth* do the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

Eſcal. He's in the right; conſtable, what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an' it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he marry'd with her.

Eſcal. Which is the wiſer here? *Juſtice*, or *Iniquity?*——Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal!* I reſpected with her, before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip think me the poor duke's officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Eſcal. If he took you a box o'th' ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worſhip for't: what is't your worſhip's pleaſure I ſhall do with this wicked caitiff?

Eſcal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, 'till thou know'ſt what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worſhip for it; thou ſeeſt, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee.

thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Eſcal. Where were you born, friend? [*To* Froth.

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſcal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you, Sir.

Eſcal. So. What trade are you of, Sir? [*To the* Clown.

Clown. A tapſter, a poor widow's tapſter.

Eſcal. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clown. Miſtreſs *Over-done.*

Eſcal. Hath ſhe had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-done* by the laſt.

Eſcal. Nine? come hither to me, maſter *Froth:* maſter *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters; They will draw you, maſter *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worſhip; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

Eſcal. Well; no more of it, maſter *Froth*; farewel. [*Exit* Froth.

SCENE IV.

Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clown. Pompey.

Eſcal. What elſe?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Eſcal. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are *Pompey* the Great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howſoever you colour it in being a tapſter; are you not? come tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clown.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Eſcal. How would you live, *Pompey?* by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, *Pompey?* is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Eſcal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſplay all the youth in the city?

Eſcal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Eſcal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, [2] I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three pence a bay: if you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay, *Pompey* told you ſo.

Eſcal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I adviſe you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever; no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, *Pompey*, I ſhall beat you to your tent, and prove a ſhrewd *Cæſar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I ſhall have you whipt: ſo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

2 *I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, for three pence a bay:*] Mr. *Theobald* found that this was the reading of the old books, and he follows it out of pure reverence for antiquity; for he knows nothing of the meaning of it. He ſuppoſes *Bay* to be that projection called a Bay-window; as if the way of rating houſes was by the number of their Bay-windows. But it is quite another thing, and ſignifies the ſquared frame of a timber houſe; each of which diviſions or ſquares is called a *Bay*. Hence a building of ſo many Bays.

Clown.

Clown. I thank your worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Eſcal. Come hither to me, maſter *Elbow*; come hither, maſter conſtable; how long have you been in this place of conſtable?

Elb. Seven years and a half, Sir.

Eſcal. I thought, by your readineſs in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: you ſay ſeven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Eſcal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in ſuch matters; as they are choſen, they are glad to chuſe me for them. I do it for ſome piece of mony, and go through with all.

Eſcal. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your worſhip's houſe, Sir?

Eſcal. To my houſe; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [*Exit* Elbow.

Juſt. Eleven, Sir.

Eſcal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Juſt. I humbly thank you.

Eſcal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*: But there's no remedy.

Juſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſevere.

Eſcal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not it ſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe;

But

But yet, poor *Claudio!* there's no remedy.
Come, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Provoſt, *and a Servant.*

Serv. He's hearing of a cauſe; he will come ſtraight:
I'll tell him of you.
Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleaſure; 't may be, he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it!——

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provoſt?*
Prov. Is it your will, *Claudio* ſhall die to morrow?
Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why doſt thou ask again?
Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh.
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.
Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.
Prov. I crave your pardon.
What ſhall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet?*
She's very near her hour.
Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitting place, and that with ſpeed.
Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?
Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſter-hood,
If not already.

Ang.

Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh, means;
There ſhall be order for it.

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucio *and* Iſabella.

Prov. 'Save your honour.
Ang. Stay yet a while.—— Y'are welcome; what's your will?
Iſab. I am a woful ſuitor to your Honour,
Pleaſe but your Honour hear me.
Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?
Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done;
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Iſab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then;——heav'n keep your Honour!
Lucio. Give not o'er ſo: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold; if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it.
To him, I ſay.
Iſab. Muſt he needs die?

Ang.

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Iſab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him;
And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Iſab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.
Iſab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.
Lucio. You are too cold.
Iſab. Too late? why, no; I, that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
" No ceremony that to Great ones 'longs,
" Not the King's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
" The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
" Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
" As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have ſlipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been ſo ſtern.
Ang. Pray you, be gone.
Iſab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your potency,
And you were *Iſabel*; ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.
Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.
Iſab. Alas! alas!
" Why, [3] all the ſouls that are, were forfeit once:
" And he, that might the 'vantage beſt have took,
" Found out the remedy. How would you be,

3 —*all the ſouls that* WERE,] This is falſe divinity. We ſhould read ARE.

" If

" If he, which is the top of judgment, ſhould
" But judge you, as you are? oh, think on that;
" [4] And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
" Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

Iſab. To-morrow, Oh! that's ſudden. Spare him, ſpare him.
He's not prepar'd for death: Even for our kitchins
We kill the fowl, of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heav'n
With leſs reſpect, than we do miniſter [you:
To our groſs ſelves? good, good my lord, bethink
Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man that did th' edict infringe,
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, [5] like a prophet,
Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils,
Or new, or by remiſsneſs new-conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees;
(*a*) But ere they live, to end.

4 *And mercy then will breathe within your lips,*
Like man new made.] This is a fine thought, and finely expreſſed: The meaning is, that *mercy will add ſuch grace to your perſon, that you will appear as amiable as man come freſh out of the hands of his creator.*

5 ——— *like a prophet,*
Looks in a glaſs] This alludes to the ſopperies of the *Berril*, much uſed at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by.

[(*a*) *But ere they live,* — Oxford Edit. Vulg. *But here they live.*]

Iſab.

Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pity.

" *Ang.* I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
" For then I pity thoſe, I do not know;
" Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gaul;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Iſab. So you muſt be the firſt, that gives this ſentence;
And he, that ſuffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
To uſe it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well ſaid.

Iſab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himſelf does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty, officer
Would uſe his heav'n for thunder;
' Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
' Thou rather with thy ſharp, and ſulph'rous, bolt
' Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
' Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
' Dreſt in a little brief authority,
' Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
' His glaſſy eſſence, like an angry ape,
' Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heav'n,
' [6] As makes the angels weep; [7] who, with our ſpleens,
' Would all themſelves laugh mortal.

Lucio.

6 *As makes the angels weep;*] The notion of angels weeping for the ſins of men is rabbinical. —— *Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magiſtri.*—— Grotius *ad* Lucam.

7 —— *who, with our ſpleens,*
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.] Mr. *Theobald* ſays the meaning of this is, *that if they were endowed with our ſpleens and periſhable organs, they would laugh themſelves out of immortality:* Which amounts to this, that if they were mortal they would not be immortal. *Shakeſpear* meant no ſuch nonſenſe. By *ſpleens*, he meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, that always violently inclines it to a ſpiteful, unſeaſonable mirth. Had

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't.
Prov. Pray heav'n, ſhe win him!
Iſab. [8] We cannot weigh our brother with yourſelf:
Great men may jeſt with Saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul prophanation.
Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.
Iſab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.
Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?
Iſab. Becauſe authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o' th' top: go to your boſom;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.
Ang. She ſpeaks, and 'tis ſuch ſenſe,
[9] That my ſenſe bleeds with it. Fare you well.
Iſab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me; come again to-morrow.
Iſab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

the angels *that*, ſays *Shakeſpear*, they would laugh themſelves out of their immortality, by indulging a paſſion which does not deſerve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that immoderate laughter was cauſed by the bigneſs of the ſpleen.

8 *We cannot weigh our brother with* our *ſelf:*] Why could ſhe not? She could not weigh her brother with the Duke indeed, their qualities being ſo diſproportioned as to aggravate her brother's crimes, and extenuate the Duke's. So that it is plain we ſhould read

——— *with* your *ſelf.*

9 *That my ſenſe* bleeds *with it.*] The firſt Folio reads *breeds*, which tho' it have no meaning, yet *Mr. Theobald* adopts, and diſcards a very ſenſible word, to make room for it.

Ang.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Iſab. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that heav'n ſhall ſhare with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all elſe.

Iſab. Not with fond ſhekles of the [1] teſted gold,
Or ſtones, whoſe rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere ſun-riſe: prayers from [2] preſerved ſouls,
From faſting maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.

Iſab. Heav'n keep your Honour ſafe!

Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſs.

Iſab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordſhip?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Iſab. Save your Honour!

[*Exeunt* Lucio *and* Iſabella.

S C E N E VIII.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
" The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
" Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I,
" That, lying by the violet in the ſun,
" Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
" Corrupt with [3] virtuous ſeaſon. Can it be,

1 —— *teſted* gold,] *i. e.* atteſted, or marked with the ſtandard ſtamp.

2 —— *preſerved ſouls,*] *i. e.* preſerved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preſerved in ſugar.

3 —— *virtuous* ſeaſon.] *i. e.* kindly ſeaſon. But the ſubject here gives the figure a peculiar elegance.

" That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe,
" Than woman's lightneſs? having waſte ground enough,
" Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
" And pitch our evils there? oh, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, *Angelo?*
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a Saint,
With Saints doſt bait thy hook! moſt dangerous
" Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
" To ſin in loving virtue: ne'er could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite: Ever 'till this very Now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to a Priſon.

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provoſt.

Duke. HAIL to you, *Provoſt!* ſo, I think, you are.
Prov. I am the *Provoſt*; what's your will, good *Friar?*
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt Order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon; do me the common right
To let me ſee them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes; that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.
Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
4 Who falling in the flames of her own youth,
Hath bliſter'd her report: ſhe is with child;
And he, that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When muſt he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.
I have provided for you; ſtay a while, [*To* Juliet.
And you ſhall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you, how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,
And try your penitence, if it be found,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo, daughter; but repent you not,
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame?
Which ſorrow's always tow'rds ourſelves, not heav'n;
Shewing, we'd not ſeek heaven, as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.

4 *Who falling in the* ſlaws *of her own youth*
Hath bliſter'd *her report:*] Who doth not ſee that the integrity of the metaphor requires we ſhould read FLAMES *of her own youth.*

Duke. There reſt.
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to-morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him;
So, grace go with you! *benedicite.* [*Exit.*
Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! [5] oh, injurious love,
That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. WHEN I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſev'ral ſubjects: heav'n hath my empty words,
[6] Whilſt my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabel.* Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: the ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
[7] Grown ſear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!

5 —— *oh, injurious love,*] Her execution was reſpited on account of her pregnancy, the effects of her love: therefore ſhe calls it *injurious*; not that it brought her to ſhame, but that it hindered her freeing herſelf from it. Is not this all very natural? yet the *Oxford Editor* changes it to *injurious law.*

6 *Whilſt my* intention,] Nothing can be either plainer or exacter than this expreſſion. But the old blundering Folio having it, *invention*, this was enough for Mr. *Theobald* to prefer authority to ſenſe.

7 *Grown* FEAR'D *and tedious*;] We ſhould read SEAR'D: *i. e.* old. So *Shakeſpear* uſes, *in the ſear*, to ſignify old age.

How

How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? blood, thou art but blood:
[8] Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
'Tis not the devil's creſt.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there? ——
Serv. One *Iſabel*, a ſiſter, deſires acceſs to you.
Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'ns!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart,
Making both That unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The gen'ral ſubjects to a well-wiſht King
Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

8 *Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;*
'Tis not the devil's creſt.] *i. e.* Let the moſt wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it ſhall paſs for innocent. This was his concluſion from his preceeding words,

——— *oh form!*
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? ——

But the *Oxford Editor* makes him conclude juſt counter to his own premiſes; by altering it to,

Is't not the devil's creſt.

So that, according to this alteration, the reaſoning ſtands thus.— Falſe ſeeming wrenches awe from fools, and deceives the wiſe. Therefore, *Let us but write good angel on the devil's horn*; (*i. e.* give him the appearance of an angel;) and what then? *Is't not the devil's creſt?* (*i. e.* he ſhall be eſteem'd a devil.)

SCENE XI.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Iſab. Ev'n ſo? — Heaven keep your Honour! [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you or I; yet he muſt die.

Iſab. Under your ſentence?

Ang. Yea.

Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin heav'n's image
In ſtamps that are forbid: [9] 'tis all as eaſie,
Falſely to take away a life true made;
As to put metal in reſtrained means,
To make a falſe one.

Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And ſay you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,

9 ——*'tis all as* eaſie,] *Eaſie* is here put for light or trifling. 'Tis, ſays he, as light or trifling a crime to do ſo, as ſo, *&c.* Which the *Oxford Editor* not apprehending, has alter'd it to *juſt*; for 'tis much eaſier to conceive what *Shakeſpear* ſhould ſay, than what he does ſay. So juſt before, the poet ſaid, with his uſual licence, their *ſawcy ſweetneſs*, for *ſawcy indulgence of the appetite*. And this, forſooth, muſt be changed to *ſawcy lewdneſs*, tho' the epithet confines us, as it were, to the poet's word.

Give

Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe, that he hath ſtain'd?
Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.
Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than accompt.
Iſab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?
Iſab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.
Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your ſoul,
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.
Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heav'n, let me bear it! you, granting my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwer.
Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine: either, you're ignorant;
Or ſeem ſo, craftily; and that's not good.
Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black masks,
Proclaim an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could diſplay'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs;
Your brother is to die.
Iſab. So.
Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Iſab.

Iſab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life.
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion,) that you his ſiſter,
Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppos'd, or elſe to let him ſuffer;
What would you do?

Iſab. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Iſab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once;
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence,
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

Iſab. As ignominious ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes; lawful mercy, ſure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Iſab. Oh pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang.

Ang. We are all frail.
Iſab. [1] Elſe let my brother die.
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and ſucceed by weakneſs!
Ang. Nay, women are frail too. [ſelves;
Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view them-
Which are as eaſy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are ſoft as our complexions are,
[2] And credulous to falſe prints.
Ang. I think it well;
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since I ſuppoſe we're made to be no ſtronger,
Than faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arreſt your words: be That you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants, ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.
Iſab. I have no tongue but one; gentle, my lord,
Let me intreat you, [*] ſpeak the formal language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Iſab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he ſhall die for it.

1 *Elſe let my brother die.*
If not a feodary, *but only he*, &c.] This is ſo obſcure, but the alluſion ſo fine, that it deſerves to be explain'd. A *feodary* was one, that in the times of vaſſalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and ſervice: which tenures were call'd *feuda* amongſt the *Goths*. Now, ſays *Angelo*, "we are all frail; yes, re-"plies *Iſabella*; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what "they are to this tenure of *imbecillity*, and who ſucceed each other "by the ſame tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original ſin, to a *feodary*, who owes *ſuit* and *ſervice* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined.

2 *And credulous to falſe prints.*] *i. e.* take any impreſſion.

* —*ſpeak the* FORMER *language.*] We ſhould read FORMAL, which he here uſes for plain, direct.

Ang. He ſhall not, *Iſabel*, if you give me love.

Iſab. * I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.

Iſab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe! ſeeming, ſeeming!—
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ſtretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Iſabel?*
My unſoil'd name, th' auſtereneſs of my life,
[3] My vouch againſt you, and my place i'th' ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall [4] ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein.
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes,
That baniſh what they ſue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will:
Or elſe he muſt not only die the death,
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To ling'ring ſufferance. Anſwer me to-morrow;
Or by th' affection that now guides me moſt,

* *I know your virtue hath a* licence *in't,*] Alluding to the licences given by Miniſters to their Spies, to go into all ſuſpected companies and join in the language of Malecontents.

3 *My* vouch *againſt you,*] The calling his denial of her charge, his *vouch*, has ſomething fine. *Vouch* is the teſtimony one man bears for another. So that, by this, he inſinuates his authority was ſo great, that his *denial* would have the ſame credit that a *vouch* or teſtimony has in ordinary caſes.

4 ——*ſtifle in your own report,*
And ſmell of calumny.] Metaphor taken from a lamp or candle going out.

I'll

I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falſe o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O moſt perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the law make curtſie to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up;
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Iſabel*, live, chaſte; and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo*'s requeſt;
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's Reſt.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PRISON.

Enter Duke, Claudio, *and* Provoſt.

DUKE.

SO, then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo?*
Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be abſolute for death: or death, or life,
Shall

Shall thereby be the ſweeter. [1] Reaſon thus with life;
‘ If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
‘ That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
‘ Servile to all the skiey influences,
‘ That do this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
‘ Hourly afflict; [2] meerly thou art Death's Fool;
‘ For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
‘ And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. [3] Thou art not noble;

1 ——— *Reaſon thus with life;*
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools would keep.] But this reading is not only contrary to all ſenſe and reaſon; but to the drift of this moral diſcourſe. The *Duke*, in his aſſum'd character of a *Friar*, is endeavouring to inſtil into the condemn'd priſoner a reſignation of mind to his ſentence; but the ſenſe of the lines, in this reading, is a direct perſuaſive to *Suicide!* I make no doubt, but the Poet wrote,

That none but Fools would reck.

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the loſs of. So in the Tragedy of *Tancred and Giſmunda*, Act 4. Scene 3.

—— *Not that ſhe* RECKS *this life* ——

And *Shakeſpear* in *The Two Gentlemen of* Verona,

Recking *as little what betideth me* ——

2 ——— *meerly thou art* Death's Fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill.] In thoſe old Farces called MORALITIES, the *Fool* of the piece, in order to ſhew the inevitable approaches of Death, is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid him: which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into his very jaws. So that the repreſentations of theſe ſcenes would afford a great deal of good *mirth* and *morals* mixed together. And from ſuch circumſtances, in the genius of our anceſtors publick diverſions, I ſuppoſe it was, that the old proverb aroſe, of *being merry and wiſe.*

3 ——— *Thou art not noble;*
For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs:] This enigmatical ſentence, ſo much in the manner of our Author, is a fine proof of his knowledge of human nature. The meaning of it being this, *Thy moſt virtuous actions have a ſelfiſh motive, and even thoſe of them which appear moſt generous, are but the more artful diſguiſes of ſelf love.*

‘ For

‘ For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
‘ Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
‘ For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
‘ Of a poor worm. [4] Thy beſt of Reſt is ſleep,
‘ And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
‘ Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy ſelf;
‘ For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
‘ That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
‘ For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
‘ And what thou haſt forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
‘ For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
‘ After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
‘ For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
‘ Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
‘ And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
‘ For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
‘ The meer effuſion of thy proper loins,
‘ Do curſe the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
‘ For ending thee no ſooner. [5] Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;

‘ But

4 —— *Thy beſt of Reſt is ſleep,*
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more.] Evidently from the following paſſage of *Cicero*: *Habes ſomnum imaginem Mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin ſenſus in morte nullus ſit, cum in ejus ſimulacro videas eſſe nullum ſenſum.* But the Epicurean inſinuation is, with great judgment, omitted in the imitation.

5 —— *Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;*
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied Eld.] The driſt of this period is to prove, that neither youth nor age can be ſaid to be really enjoyed, which, in poetical language, is,— *We have neither youth nor age.* But how is this made out? That *Age* is not enjoyed he proves, by recapitulating the infirmities of it, which deprive that period of life of all ſenſe of pleaſure. To prove that *Youth* is not enjoyed, he uſes theſe words, *For all thy bleſſed youth becomes as aged, and doth beg*

‘ But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
‘ Dreaming on both; for pall'd, thy blazed youth
‘ Becomes aſſuaged, and doth beg the alms
‘ Of palſied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
‘ Thou haſt neither [6] heat, affection, limb, nor bounty
‘ To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
‘ That bears the name of life? yet in this life
‘ Lye hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
‘ That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, ho? peace here, grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

beg the alms of palſied Eld. Out of which, he that can deduct the concluſion, has a better knack at logic than I have. I ſuppoſe the Poet wrote,

——— *for pall'd, thy blazed youth*
Becomes aſſuaged; and doth beg the alms
Of palſied Eld; ———

i. e. when thy youthful appetite becomes palled, as it will be in the very enjoyment, the blaze of youth is at once aſſuaged, and thou immediately contracteſt the infirmities of old age; as, particularly, the palſie and other nervous diſorders, conſequent on the inordinate uſe of ſenſual pleaſures. This is to the purpoſe; and proves *Youth* is not enjoyed by ſhewing the ſhort duration of it. The words of *Cicero*, of which this is an imitation, confirm this emendation. *Quæ verò ætas longa eſt? Aut quid omnino homini longum? Nonne modò pueros, modò adoleſcentes, in curſu à tergo inſequens, nec opinantes aſſecuta eſt ſenectus?*

6 ——— *heat, affection, limb, nor* beauty.] But how does beauty make *riches pleaſant?* We ſhould read BOUNTY, which compleats the ſenſe, and is this; Thou haſt neither the pleaſure of enjoying riches thy ſelf, for thou wanteſt vigour: nor of ſeeing it enjoyed by others, for thou wanteſt *bounty*. Where the making the want of *bounty* as inſeparable from old age as the want of *health*, is extremely ſatyrical tho' not altogether juſt.

Duke.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll viſit you again.
Claud. Moſt holy Sir, I thank you.
Iſab. My Buſineſs is a word, or two, with *Claudio.*
Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your ſiſter.
Duke. *Provoſt*, a word with you.
Prov. As many as you pleaſe.
Duke. Bring them to ſpeak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Provoſt.

SCENE II.

Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?
Iſab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in Deed:
Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,
Intends you for his ſwift ambaſſador;
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting leiger.
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To-morrow you ſet on.
Claud. Is there no remedy?
Iſab. None, but ſuch remedy, as, to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
Claud. But is there any?
Iſab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.
Claud. Perpetual durance?
Iſab. Ay, juſt; perpetual durance; a reſtraint,
Tho' all the world's vaſtidity you had,
To a determin'd ſcope.
Claud. But in what nature?
Iſab. In ſuch a one, as you, conſenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Iſab. " Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
" Leſt thou a fev'rous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
" And ſix or ſeven Winters more reſpect
" Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'ſt thou die?
" The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
" And the poor Beetle, that we tread upon,
" In corp'ral ſufferance finds a pang as great,
" As when a Giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you, I can a reſolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderneſs? if I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Iſab. " There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave
" Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted Deputy,
Whoſe ſettled viſage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl; is yet a devil:
His filth within being caſt, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. [7] The Prieſtly *Angelo?*

Iſab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In Prieſtly guards. Doſt thou think, *Claudio*,

If

7 *The* PRINCELY Angelo? — PRINCELY *guards.*] The ſtupid Editors miſtaking *guards* for ſatellites, (whereas it here ſignifies *lace*) altered PRIESTLY, in both places, to PRINCELY. Whereas *Shakeſpear* wrote it PRIESTLY, as appears from the words themſelves,

—— *'tis the cunning* livery *of hell,*
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
With PRIESTLY *guards.* ——

In the firſt place we ſee that *guards* here ſignifies *lace*, as referring to *livery*, and as having no ſenſe in the ſignification of *ſatellites*. Now

If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?
Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.
Iſab. Yes, he would *(a)* give thee for this rank offence,
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dy'ſt to-morrow.
Claud. Thou ſhalt not do't.
Iſab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.
Claud. Thanks, deareſt *Iſabel.*
Iſab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.
Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him [8] bite the law by th' noſe,
When he would force it? ſure, it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.
Iſab. Which is the leaſt?
Claud. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Iſabel!*
Iſab. What ſays my brother?
Claud. Death's a fearful thing.
Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Now *prieſtly guards* means *ſanctity*, which is the ſenſe required. But *princely guards* means nothing but *rich lace*, which is a ſenſe the paſſage will not bear. *Angelo*, indeed, as *Deputy*, might be called the *princely Angelo:* but not in this place, where the immediately preceding words of, *This outward ſainted Deputy*, demand the reading I have here reſtored.

8 ——— *bite the law by th' noſe,*
When he would force *it?*] *i. e.* inforce it. This is but a kind of bear-garden phraſe, taken from the cuſtom of driving cattle, and ſetting a dog upon them to catch them by the noſe, and ſtop them when they go aſtray.

[*(a) give thee for this rank offence*, Oxf. Edit.—Vulg. *give't thee; from this rank offence.*]

Claud. ‘ Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;
‘ To lye in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
‘ This ſenſible warm motion to become
‘ A kneaded clod; [9] and the delighted ſpirit
‘ To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
‘ In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
‘ To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
‘ And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
‘ The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
‘ Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts
‘ Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
‘ [1] The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
‘ That age, ach, penury, impriſonment
‘ Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
‘ To what we fear of death.

Iſab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live;
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Iſa. Oh, you beaſt!
Oh, faithleſs coward! oh, diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt, to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? what ſhould I think?
Heav'n grant, my mother plaid my father fair!

9 ——— *and the* delighted *ſpirit*] *i. e.* the ſpirit accuſtome here to eaſe and delights. This was properly urged as an aggr vation to the ſharpneſs of the torments ſpoken of. The *Oxfo Editor* not apprehending this, alters it to *dilated*. As if, becau the ſpirit in the body is ſaid to be impriſoned, it was *crowded to ther* likewiſe; and ſo, by death, not only ſet free, but expande too; which, if true, would make it the leſs ſenſible of pain.

1 *The wearieſt*, &c.] See the infamous wiſh of *Mæcenas*, r corded by *Seneca*, 101 Ep.

Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede, coxa, &c.
Vita dum ſupereſt, bene eſt, &c.

Fo

For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs
Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed.
I'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death;
No word to ſave thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Iſabel.*

Iſab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it ſelf a bawd;
'Tis beſt, that thou dy'ſt quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Iſabella.*

SCENE III.

To them, Enter Duke *and* Provoſt.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter; but one word.

Iſab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you; the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your Siſter. *Angelo* had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am Confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your ſelf to death. [2] Do not falſifie your reſolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow

2 *Do not* ſatisfie *your reſolution with hopes that are fallible*; A condemned man, whom his confeſſor had brought to bear

to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my ſiſter pardon; I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

[*Exit* Claud.

Duke. Hold you there; farewel. *Provoſt*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid: my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit* Prov.

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodneſs, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhall keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault, that *Angelo* hath made on you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo*: how will you do to content this Subſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*? if ever he return, and I can ſpeak

death with decency and reſolution, began anew to entertain hopes of life. This occaſioned the advice in the words above. But how did theſe hopes *ſatisfie* his reſolution? or what harm was there, if they did? We muſt certainly read, *Do not* FALSIFIE *your reſolution with hopes that are* fallible. And then it becomes a reaſonable admonition. For hopes of life, by drawing him back into the world, would naturally elude or weaken the virtue of that *reſolution*, which was raiſed only on motives of religion. And this his confeſſor had reaſon to warn him of. The term *falſifie* is taken from fencing, and ſignifies the pretending to aim a ſtroke in order to draw the adverſary off his guard. So *Fairfax*,

Now ſtrikes he out, and now he FALSIFIETH.

to

to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his Government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs; yet as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made tryal of you only. Therefore faſten your ear on my adviſings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents it ſelf. I do make my ſelf believe, that you may moſt uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak farther; I have ſpirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodneſs never fearful: have you not heard ſpeak of *Mariana*, the ſiſter of *Frederick*, the great ſoldier who miſcarried at ſea?

Iſab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wreckt at ſea, having in that periſh'd veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman; there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural; with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-ſeeming *Angelo*.

Iſab. Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour: in few, beſtow'd her on her own lamentation, which ſhe yet wears for

his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal; and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt unkindneſs, (that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love), hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer your ſelf to this advantage: firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it; and the place anſwer to convenience. This being granted, in courſe now follows all: we ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge it ſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother ſaved, your Honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up; haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently

ſently to St. *Luke*'s; there at the moated Grange reſides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Street.

Re-enter Duke *as a Friar*, Elbow, Clown, *and Officers.*

Elb. NAY, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white [3] baſtard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what ſtuff is here?

Clown. [4] 'Twas never merry world ſince of two uſuries the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of law.*** a furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-ſkins too, to ſignifie, that craft, being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bleſs you, good father *Friar.*

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have

3 *baſtard,*] A kind of ſweet wine then much in vogue. From the *Italian, Baſtardo.*

4 *'Twas never merry world ſince of two uſuries the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of law. A furr'd gown*, &c.] Here a ſatire on uſury turns abruptly to a ſatire on the perſon of the uſurer, without any kind of preparation. We may be aſſured then, that a line or two, at leaſt, have been loſt. The ſubject of which we may eaſily diſcover, a compariſon between the two uſurers; as, before, between the two uſuries. So that for the future the paſſage ſhould be read with aſteriſks thus —— *by order of law.* * * * *a furr'd gown*, &c.

found

found upon him, Sir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live. Doſt thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice? ſay to thy ſelf,
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, *(a)* array my ſelf, and live.
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth ſtink in ſome ſort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove ——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;
Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, [5] as faults, from ſeeming, free!

S C E N E V.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waſte, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I ſpy comfort: I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

5 —— *as faults, from* ſeeming, *free!*] *i.e.* as faults are deſtitute of all comelineſs or *ſeeming*. The firſt of theſe lines refers to the *Deputy*'s ſanctified hypocriſy; the ſecond, to the *Clown*'s beaſtly occupation. But the latter part is thus ill expreſſed for the ſake of the rhime.

[*(a) array my ſelf.* *Mr.* Biſhop. —— Vulg. *away my ſelf.*]

Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey?* what, at the wheels of *Ceſar?* art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of [6] *Pigmalion*'s images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? what ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter and method? [7] It's not down i'th' laſt reign. Ha? what ſay'ſt thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? which is the way? is it ſad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; ſtill worſe?

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? procures ſhe ſtill? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is her ſelf in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo. Ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd; an unſhunn'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon, *Pompey?*

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiſs, *Pompey:* farewel: [8] go, ſay, I ſent thee thither for debt, *Pompey*; or how —

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him; if impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his Right. Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey:* commend me to the priſon,

6 Pigmalion's *images, newly made woman,*] *i. e.* come out cured from a ſalivation.

7 Is't *not* DROWN'D *i'th' laſt* RAIN?] This ſtrange nonſenſe ſhould be thus corrected, It's *not* DOWN *i'th' laſt* REIGN, *i. e.* theſe are ſeverities unknown to the old Duke's time. And this is to the purpoſe.

8 *Go, ſay, I ſent thee thither. For debt* Pompey? *or how?*] It ſhould be pointed thus, *Go, ſay, I ſent thee thither for debt,* Pompey; *or how* ——, *i. e.* to hide the ignominy of thy caſe, ſay, I ſent thee to priſon for debt, or whatever other pretence thou fancieſt better. The other humourous replies, *For being a bawd. for being a bawd,* i. e. the true cauſe is the moſt honourable. This is in character.

Pompey;

Pompey; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the houſe.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worſhip will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encreaſe your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, truſty *Pompey*. Bleſs you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey?* ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What news abroad, *Friar?* what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go.

[*Exeunt* Elbow, Clown *and Officers.*

SCENE VI.

What news, *Friar*, of the *Duke?*

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay, he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*; other Some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him to ſteal from the State, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his abſence; he puts Tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him; ſomething too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. [9] It is too gentle a vice, and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Lucio.

9 *It is too* general *a vice,*] The occaſion of the obſervation was *Lucio's* ſaying, that it ought to be treated *with a little more lenity*

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impoſſible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he was got between two ſtock-fiſhes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant, Sir, and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? would the Duke, that is abſent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his uſe was, to put a ducket in her clack-diſh; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: a ſhy fellow was the Duke; and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

nity; and his anſwer to it is, — *The vice is of great kindred.* Nothing can be more abſurd than all this. From the occaſion, and the anſwer, therefore, it appears, that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

It is too GENTLE *a vice,*

which ſignifying both *indulgent* and *well bred*, *Lucio* humouroufly takes it in the latter ſenſe.

Duke.

Duke. What, pr'ythee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No: pardon: 'tis a ſecret muſt be lockt within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you underſtand, the greater file of the ſubject held the Duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? why, no queſtion, but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking: the very ſtream of his life, and the buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt, upon a warranted Need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier. Therefore, you ſpeak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: if it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite; but, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar*. But no more of this. Canſt thou tell, if *Claudio* die to-morrow, or no?

Duke.

Duke. Why ſhould he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh: I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eaves, becauſe they are leacherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untruſſing. Farewel, good *Friar*; I pry'thee, pray for me: the duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*. He's not paſt it yet; and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' ſhe ſmelt of brown bread and garlick: ſay, that I ſaid ſo, farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure ſcape: back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes. What king ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall up in the ſland'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

SCENE VII.

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt, Bawd, *and Officers.*

Eſcal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Eſcal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? this would make [1] mercy ſwerve, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your Honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio*'s information againſt me: miſtreſs *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage;

1 *mercy* SWEAR.] We ſhou'd read SWERVE, *i. e.* deviate from her nature. The common reading gives us the idea of a ranting whore.

his

his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob:* I have kept it myſelf; and ſee, how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. This fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to priſon: go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the* Bawd.] *Provoſt*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſh'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Pro. So pleaſe you, this *Friar* has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Eſcal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the See
In ſpecial buſineſs from his holineſs.

Eſcal. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fellowſhips accurſt. Much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what diſpoſition was the duke?

Eſcal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes,
Contended ſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he giv'n to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſt to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and

:t me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* pre-
? I am made to understand, that you have lent
visitation.

ke. He professes to have received no sinister
ire from his judge, but most willingly humbles
lf to the determination of justice; yet had he
d to himself, by the instruction of his frailty,
deceiving promises of life; which I by my good
: have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd
:.

cal. You have paid the heav'ns your function,
he prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have
r'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest
of my modesty; but my brother Justice have I
l so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him,
indeed justice.

ke. If his own life answer the straitness of his pro-
ng, it shall become him well; wherein if he
:e to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

cal. I am going to visit the prisoner; fare you
[*Exit.*

S C E N E VIII.

ke. Peace be with you!
who the sword of heav'n will bear,
ld be as holy as severe:
:rn in himself to know,
e to stand, and virtue go;
: nor less to others paying,
ı by self-offences weighing.
ıe to him, whose cruel striking
for faults of his own liking!
:e treble shame on *Angelo*,
veed my vice, and let his grow!
what may man within him hide,
angel on the outward side!

 How

[2] How may that likeneſs, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply.
With *Angelo* to night ſhall lye
His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall by th' diſguis'd
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting;
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

2 *How may likeneſs made in crimes,*
Making practice on the times,
To *draw with idle ſpiders' ſtrings*
Moſt pondrous and ſubſtantial things.] Thus all the Editions read corruptly: and ſo have made an obſcure paſſage in itſelf, quite unintelligible. *Shakeſpear* wrote it thus,

How may THAT *likeneſs, made in crimes,*
Making practice of the times,
Draw ———

The ſenſe is this, How much wickedneſs may a man hide *within*, tho' he appear an angel *without*. How may *that likeneſs made in crimes*, i. e. by Hypocriſy; [a pretty paradoxical expreſſion, *an angel made in crimes*] by impoſing upon the world [thus emphatically expreſſed, *making practice on the times*] draw with its falſe and feeble pretences [finely called *ſpiders ſtrings*] the moſt pondrous and ſubſtantial matters of the world, as Riches, Honour, Power, Reputation, &c.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A GRANGE.

Enter Mariana, *and Boy ſinging.*

SONG.

[1] ‘*TAKE, oh, take thoſe lips away,*
‘ *That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;*
‘ *And thoſe eyes, the break of day,*
‘ *Lights that do miſ-lead the morn;*
‘ *But my kiſſes bring again,*
‘ *Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain.*

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.
I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wiſh,
You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,
My mirth is much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' muſick oft hath ſuch a charm
To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me

1 *Take, oh, take,* &c.] This is part of a little ſonnet of *Shakeſpear*'s own writing, conſiſting of two Stanzas, and ſo extremely ſweet, that the reader won't be diſpleaſed to have the other.

Hide, oh, hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops, the pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that April *wears.*
But my poor heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee.

here to day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have ſate here all day.

Enter Iſabel.

Duke. I do conſtantly believe you: the time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for ſome advantage to your ſelf.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome:
What is the news from this good deputy?

Iſab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whoſe weſtern ſide is with a vineyard backt;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promiſe made to call upon him.

Duke. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?

Iſab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't;
With whiſp'ring and moſt guilty diligence,
[2] In action all of precept, he did ſhew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?

Iſab. No: none, but only a repair i'th' dark;
And that I have poſſeſt him, my moſt ſtay

2 *In action all of precept,*——] *i. e.* ſhewing the ſeveral turnings of the way with his hand; which action contained ſo many precepts, being given for my direction.

Can

Can be but brief; for I have made him know,
I have a ſervant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me; whoſe perſuaſion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What, hoa! within! come forth!

SCENE III.

Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Iſab. I do deſire the like.

Duke. Do you perſuade yourſelf that I reſpect you?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do; and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt pleaſe you walk aſide?

[*Exeunt* Mar. *and* Iſab.

Duke. [3] 'O place and greatneſs! millions of falſe eyes
'Are ſtuck upon thee: volumes of report

3 *O place and greatneſs!* &c] It plainly appears that *this* fine ſpeech belongs to *that* which concludes the preceding Scene, between the *Duke* and *Lucio*. For they are abſolutely foreign to the ſubject of this, and are the natural reflections ariſing from that. Beſides, the very words, *Run with* THESE *falſe and moſt contrarious queſts*, evidently refer to *Lucio*'s ſcandals juſt preceding: which the *Oxford Editor*, in his uſual way, has emended, by altering *theſe* to *their*.— But that ſome time might be given to the two women to confer together, the players, I ſuppoſe, took part of the ſpeech, beginning at *No might nor greatneſs*, &c. and put it here, without troubling themſelves about its pertinency. However, we are obliged to them for not giving us their own impertinency, as they have frequently done in other places.

‘ Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts
‘ Upon thy doings: thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
‘ Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
‘ And rack thee in their fancies! welcome; how agreed?

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Mariana, *and* Iſabel.

Iſab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.
Duke. 'Tis not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.
Iſab. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low,
“ *Remember now my brother.*
Mari. Fear me not.
Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
[4] Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap; [5] for yet our tilth's to ſow.
[*Exeunt.*

4 *Doth* flouriſh *the deceit.*] A metaphor taken from embroidery, where a coarſe ground is filled up and covered with figures of rich materials and elegant workmanſhip.

5 —— *for yet our* TYTHE's *to ſow.*] As before, the blundering Editors had made a *prince* of the *prieſtly Angelo*, ſo here they have made a *prieſt* of the prince. We ſhould read TILTH, *i. e.* our tillage is yet to make. The grain, from which we expect our harveſt, is not yet put into the ground.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Priſon.

Enter Provoſt *and* Clown.

Prov. COME hither, ſirrah: can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Bernardine:* here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves: if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorſon!* where's *Abhorſon*, there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him. He cannot plead his eſtimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will [6] diſcredit our miſtery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the ſcale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for, ſurely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a miſtery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a miſtery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard ſay, is a miſtery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, uſing painting, do prove my occupation a miſtery: but [7] what miſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine. * * * *

Clown. Sir, it is a miſtery.

Abhor. Proof. ——

Clown. Every true man's apparel fits your thief. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter

6 *diſcredit our* myſtery.] I think it juſt worth while to obſerve, that the word *myſtery*, when uſed to ſignify a trade or manual profeſſion, ſhould be ſpelt with an *i*, and not a *y*; becauſe it comes not from the Greek Μυςήρια, but from the French, *Meſtier*.

7 *what myſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.*

Abhor. *Sir, it is a myſtery.*

Clown. *Proof.* ——

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

Clown. *If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.*] Thus it ſtood in all the editions till Mr. *Theobald*'s, and was methinks not very difficult to be underſtood. The plain and humourous ſenſe of the ſpeech is this, Every true man's apparel which the thief robbs him of, fits the thief. Why? becauſe if it be too little for the thief, the true man thinks it big enough: *i. e.* a purchaſe too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief

Re-enter Provoſt

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveneſs.

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your ax to morrow, four o' clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

thief thinks it little enough; *i. e.* of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. Where we ſee that the pleaſantry of the joke conſiſts in the equivocal ſenſe of *big enough* and *little enough*. Yet Mr. *Theobald* ſays, he can ſee no ſenſe in all this, and therefore alters the whole thus.— Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.* Clown. *If it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough.*—— And for his alteration gives this extraordinary reaſon. —— *I am ſatisfied the poet intended* a regular ſyllogiſm; *and I ſubmit it to judgment, whether my regulation has not reſtor'd that wit and humour which was quite loſt in the depravation.*—— But the place is corrupt, tho' Mr. *Theobald* could not find it out. Let us conſider it a little. The *Hangman* calls his trade a miſtery: the *Clown* cannot conceive it. The *Hangman* undertakes to prove it in theſe words, *Every true man's apparel*, &c. but this proves the *thief's* trade a miſtery, not the *hangman's*. Hence it appears that the ſpeech, in which the *hangman* proved his trade a miſtery, is loſt. The very words it is impoſſible to retrieve, but one may eaſily underſtand what medium he employed in proving it: without doubt the very ſame the *clown* employed to prove the thief's trade a miſtery; namely, *that all ſort of clothes fitted the hangman.* The *Clown*, on hearing this argument, replied, I ſuppoſe, to this effect; *Why, by the ſame kind of reaſoning, I can prove the thief's trade too to be a miſtery.* The other asks how, and the *Clown* goes on as above, *Every true man's apparel fits your thief; if it be too little*, &c. The jocular concluſion from the whole being an inſinuation that *thief* and *hangman* were rogues alike. This conjecture gives a ſpirit and integrity to the dialogue, which, in its preſent mangled condition, is altogether wanting: and ſhews why the argument of *every true man's apparel*, &c. was in all the editions given to the *Clown*, to whom indeed it belongs; and likewiſe that the preſent reading of that argument is the true. The loſt ſpeeches came in at the place marked by the aſterisks.

Clown.

Clown. I do deſire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me (*a*) yare: for, truly, Sir, for your kindneſs I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine*, and *Claudio:*
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

SCENE VI.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine?*

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lyes ſtarkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your ſelf. [*Exit* Claud.] But, hark, what noiſe? [*Knock within.*
Heav'n give your ſpirits comfort! —— by and by; —
I hope it is ſome pardon, or reprieve,
For the moſt gentle *Claudio.* Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholeſom'ſt ſpirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provoſt!* who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, ſince the curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Iſabel?*

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio?*

Duke. There is ſome in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the ſtroak and line of his great juſtice;

[(*a*) *yare:* the old books.— Vulg. *yours.*]

He

He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his pow'r
To qualifie in others. Were he [8] meal'd
With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt. Now they are come.
[*Knock again.* Provoſt *goes out.*
This is a gentle *Provoſt*; ſeldom, when
The ſteeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noiſe? that ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte,
That wounds th' unreſiſting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.
[Provoſt *returns.*

Prov. There he muſt ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he muſt die to morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provoſt*, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profeſt the contrary.

SCENE VII.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his lordſhip's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio*'s pardon.

Meſſ. My lord hath ſent you this note, and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

8 *meal'd*] *i. e.* mingled.

Duke.

Duke. This is his pardon, purchas'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me remiſs in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, ſtrangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provoſt *reads the letter.*

Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon* Barnardine: *for my better ſatisfaction, let me have* Claudio's *head ſent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd, with a thought that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.*

What ſay you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurſt up and bred; one, that is a priſoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the abſent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov. His friends ſtill wrought reprieves for him, and, indeed, his fact, 'till now in the government of lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not deny'd by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he born himſelf penitent in priſon? how ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov.

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep; careleſs, reckleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon: give him leave to eſcape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provoſt*, honeſty and conſtancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will [9] lay myſelf in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſie.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo?* I may make my caſe as *Claudio*'s, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my inſtructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head borne to *Angelo.*

Prov. *Angelo* hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may add to it; ſhave the head, and tie the beard, and ſay

9 *lay myſelf in hazard.*] Metaphor from cheſs-play.

it

it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo barb'd before his death; you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the Saint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his ſubſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and ſeal of the Duke; you know the character, I doubt not; and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you ſhall find, within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing, which *Angelo* knows not, for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, of his entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by chance, [1] nothing of what is here writ. Look, the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd; put not yourſelf into amazement how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſie when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine*'s head: I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away, it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

1 *nothing of what is writ.*] We ſhould read —*here writ*— the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Clown.

Clown. " I am as well acquainted here, as I was in " our houſe of profeſſion; one would think, it were " miſtreſs *Over-done*'s own houſe; for here be many " of her old cuſtomers. Firſt, here's young Mr. *Raſh*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready mony: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt: for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Caper*, at the ſuit of maſter *Three-Pile* the mercer; for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copper-ſpur*, and maſter *Starve-lacky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-heire* that kill'd luſty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forthright* the tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooter* the great traveller, and wild *Half-canne* that ſtabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now [2] in for the Lord's ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Maſter *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What, hoa, *Barnardine!*

Barnar. [*within.*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noiſe there? what are you?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman: you muſt be ſo good, Sir, to riſe, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

2 *in for the Lord's-ſake.*] *i. e.* to beg for the reſt of their lives.

Abhor.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the ſtraw ruſtle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, Sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorſon?* what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghoſtly father; do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you muſt; and therefore, I beſeech you, look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear, I will not die to day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar.

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to day. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh, gravel heart!
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to tranſport him in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One *Ragozine*, a moſt notorious pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s years; his beard, and head,
Juſt of his colour: What if we omit
This reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd;
And ſatisfie the deputy with the viſage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio?*

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides:
Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo:* ſee, this be done,
And ſent according to command; while I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently:
But *Barnardine* muſt die this afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,
To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in ſecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Ere twice the ſun hath made his journal greeting
(*a*) To th' under generation, you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

[(*a*) *To th' under generation*, Oxford Edition. Vulg. *To yonder generation*]

Duke. Quick, diſpatch, and ſend the head to *Angelo.* [*Exit* Provoſt.
Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provoſt*, he ſhall bear them;) whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We ſhall proceed with *Angelo.*

Enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myſelf.
Duke. Convenient is it: make a ſwift return;
For I will commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ears but yours.
Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*
Iſab. [*within.*] Peace, hoa, be here!
Duke. The tongue of *Iſabel.*—She comes to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of deſpair,
When it is leaſt expected.

SCENE X.

Enter Iſabel.

Iſab. Hoa, by your leave.——
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Iſab. The better, giv'n me by ſo holy a man:
Hath yet the deputy ſent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Iſabel*, from the world;
His head is off, and ſent to *Angelo.*
Iſab. Nay, but it is not ſo.
Duke. It is no other.
Shew your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſeſt patience.

Iſab.

Iſab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.
Duke. You ſhall not be admited to his ſight.
Iſab. Unhappy *Claudio!* wretched *Iſabel!*
Injurious world! moſt damned *Angelo!*
Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your cauſe to heav'n:
Mark, what I ſay; which you ſhall ſurely find
By ev'ry ſyllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confeſſor,
Gives me this inſtance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Eſcalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their pow'r. If you can, pace your wiſdom
In that good path that I would wiſh it go,
And you ſhall have your boſom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.
Iſab. I'm directed by you.
Duke. This letter then to Friar *Peter* give;
'Tis That he ſent me of the Duke's return:
Say, by this token, I deſire his company
At *Mariana*'s houſe to night. Her cauſe and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he ſhall bring you
Before the duke, and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuſe him home, and home. For my poor ſelf,
I am combined by a ſacred vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you with this letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; truſt not my holy Order,
If I pervert your courſe. Who's here?

SCENE XI.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even;
Friar, where's the *Provoſt?*

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty *Iſabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to ſee thine eyes ſo red; thou muſt be patient; I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would ſet me to't. But they ſay the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, *Iſabel*, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantaſtical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. [*Exit* Iſabella.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the beſt is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo well as I do; he's a better woodman, than thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well; you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, Friar, I am a kind of bur, I ſhall ſtick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo *and* Eſcalus.

Eſcal. EVERY letter, he hath writ, hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhew much like to madneſs: pray heav'n, his wiſdom be not tainted! and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſcal. He ſhews his reaſon for that; to have a diſpatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th' morn; I'll call you at your houſe: give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit, as are to meet him.

Eſcal. I ſhall, Sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.

This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A defloured maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The law againſt it! but that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? [3] yet reaſon dares her No.
For my authority bears a credent bulk;
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,

3 —*yet reaſon dares her:*] The old Folio impreſſions read, —*yet reaſon dares her No.* And this is right. The meaning is, the circumſtances of our caſe are ſuch, that ſhe will never venture to contradict me: *dares her* to reply *No* to me, whatever I ſay.

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous ſenſe,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge;
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. 'Would yet, he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke *in his own habit, and Friar* Peter.

Duke. THESE letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provoſt* knows our purpoſe, and our plot:
The matter being afoot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift;
Tho' ſometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cauſe doth miniſter: go, call at *Flavius'* houſe,
And tell him, where I ſtay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flavius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit Friar.*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter Iſabella *and* Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loth:
I'd ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your part; yet I'm adviſ'd to do it,

He

[4] He ſays, to vail full purpoſe.
Mari. Be rul'd by him.
Iſab. Beſides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſick,
That's bitter to ſweet end.
Mari. I would, Friar *Peter*———
Iſab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the Duke,
He ſhall not paſs you. Twice have the trumpets ſounded:
The generous and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entring: therefore hence, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place near the City.

Enter Duke, Varrius, *Lords*, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, *and Citizens at ſeveral Doors.*

DUKE.

MY very worthy couſin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to ſee you.
Ang. and *Eſcal.* Happy return be to your royal Grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear

[4] *He ſays, to vail full purpoſe.*] Mr. *Theobald* alters it to *He ſays, t'availful purpoſe*; becauſe he has no idea of the common reading. A good reaſon! Yet the common reading is right. *Full* is uſed for *beneficial*; and the meaning is, *He ſays, it is to hide a beneficial purpoſe, that muſt not be yet revealed.*

Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duke. Oh, your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the ſubjects ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, *Eſcalus*;
You muſt walk by us on our other hand:
And good ſupporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out.*

SCENE II.

Enter Peter *and* Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time: ſpeak loud, and kneel before him.

Iſab. Juſtice, O royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have ſaid, a maid:
Oh, worthy Prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be brief:
Here is lord *Angelo* ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal yourſelf to him.

Iſab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me ſeek redemption of the devil:
Hear me your ſelf, for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: oh, hear me, hear me.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice.

Iſab.

Iſab. Courſe of juſtice!
Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.
Iſab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly, will I ſpeak;
That *Angelo*'s forſworn, is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo*'s a murth'rer, is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater;
Is it not ſtrange, and ſtrange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.
Iſab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times truer; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her: poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in th' infirmity of ſenſe.
Iſab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not; with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs. Make not impoſſible
That, which but ſeems unlike; 'tis not impoſſible,
But one, the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,
As *Angelo*; even ſo may *Angelo*,
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Prince,
If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.
Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madneſs.
Iſab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on That; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality; but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
[1] Not hide the falſe, ſeems true.

1 And *hide the falſe, ſeems true.*] We ſhould read *Not hide.*

Duke.

Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, ſure, more lack of reaſon.
What would you ſay?
Iſab. I am the ſiſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To loſe his head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, in probation of a ſiſterhood,
Was ſent to by my brother; one *Lucio*,
As then the meſſenger,——
Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Iſab. That's he, indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak. [*To* Lucio.
Lucio. No, my good lord, nor wiſh to hold my peace.
Duke. I wiſh you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſs for your ſelf; pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your Honour.
Duke. The warrant's for your ſelf; take heed to't.
Iſab. This gentleman told ſomewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time. Proceed.
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.
Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab. Pardon it:
The phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter;——proceed.
Iſab. In brief; (to ſet the needleſs Proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd;
For this was of much length) the vile concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body

To

To his concupiſcent intemp'rate luſt,
Releaſe my brother? and after much debatement,
My ſiſterly Remorſe confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting, he ſends a Warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is moſt likely!

Iſab. [2] Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thow know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt,
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hateful practice. Firſt, his integrity
Stands without blemiſh; next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemence he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath ſet you on;
Confeſs the truth, and ſay, by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Iſab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
[3] In countenance: Heav'n ſhield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go.

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone. An officer;
To priſon with her. Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? this needs muſt be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Iſab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike:
Who knows that *Lodowick?*

2 *Oh, that it were as* like, *as it is true!*] *Like* is not here uſed for *probable*, but for *ſeemly*. She catches at the Duke's word, and turns it to another ſenſe; of which there are a great many examples in *Shakeſpear*, and the writers of that time.

3 *In countenance:*] *i. e.* in partial favour.

Lucio.

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.
Duke. Words againſt me? this is a good *Friar*, belike;
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our Subſtitute! let this *Friar* be found.
Lucio. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that *Friar*,
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy *Friar*,
A very ſcurvy fellow.
Peter. Bleſſed be your royal Grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which ſhe ſpeaks of?
Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my Truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your Grace.
Lucio. My lord, moſt villainouſly; believe it.
Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever. On his meer requeſt,
(Being come to knowledge that there was Complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To ſpeak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath
By all Probation will make up full clear,
4 Whenever he's convented. Firſt, for this woman;

To

4 *Whenever he's* CONVEN'D.] The firſt Folio reads CONVENTED, and this is right: for to *convene* ſignifies to aſſemble; but *convent*, to cite, or ſummons. Yet, becauſe *convented* hurts the meaſure, the *Oxford Editor* ſticks to *conven'd*, tho' it be nonſenſe, and ſignifies, *Whenever he is aſſembled together*. But thus it will be, when the

To juſtifie this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
'Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not ſmile at this, lord *Angelo?*
O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools!——
Give us ſome ſeats; come, Couſin *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartial: be you judge
Of your own Cauſe. Is this the witneſs, *Friar?*

[Iſabella *is carried off, guarded.*

SCENE III.

Enter Mariana *veil'd.*

Firſt let her ſhew her face; and, after, ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not ſhew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confeſs, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confeſs, beſides, I am no maid;

the author is thinking of one thing and his critic of another. The poet was attentive to his ſenſe, and the Editor, quite throughout his performance, to nothing but the meaſure: which *Shakeſpear* having entirely neglected, like all the dramatic writers of that age, he has ſpruced him up with all the exactneſs of a modern meaſurer of Syllables. This being here taken notice of once for all, ſhall, for the future, be forgot, as if it had never been.

I've

I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for lord *Angelo.*

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She, that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf-ſame manner doth accuſe my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all th' effect of love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you ſay, your husband. [*To* Mariana.

Mari. Why, juſt, my lord; and that is *Angelo*;
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Iſabel*'s.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe; let's ſee thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which, once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from *Iſabel*;
And did ſupply thee at thy garden houſe
In her imagin'd perſon.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And five years ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt my ſelf and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiſed proportions
Came ſhort of compoſition; but, in chief,
For that her Reputation was diſvalu'd
In levity; ſince which time of five years

I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble Prince, [breath,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But *Tueſday* night laſt gone, in's garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!
Ang. I did but ſmile 'till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,
Theſe poor [5] informal women are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member,
That ſets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.
Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And puniſh them unto your height of pleaſure.
Thou fooliſh *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'ſt thou, thy oaths,
Tho' they would ſwear down each particular Saint,
Were teſtimonies 'gainſt his worth and credit,
That's ſeal'd in approbation? You, lord *Eſcalus*,
Sit with my couſin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar*, that ſet them on;
Let him be ſent for. [deed,
Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, in-
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint:
Your *Provoſt* knows the place, where he abides;

5 informal *women*] *i. e.* women who have ill concerted their ſtory. *Formal* ſignifies frequently, in our author, a thing put into form or method: ſo *informal*, out of method, ill concerted. How eaſy is it to ſay, that *Shakeſpear* might better have wrote *informing*, i. e. *accuſing*. But he who (as the *Oxford Editor*) thinks he did write ſo, knows nothing of the character of his ſtile.

And

And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it inſtantly.
And you, my noble and well-warranted couſin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
Do with your injuries, as ſeems you beſt,
In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtir not you, 'till you have well
Determined upon theſe ſlanderers. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Eſcal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum; honeſt in nothing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſcal. We ſhall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them againſt him; we ſhall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Eſcal. Call that ſame *Iſabel* here once again: I would ſpeak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Eſcal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe ſhould ſooner confeſs; perchance, publickly ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke *in the Friar's habit, and* Provoſt; Iſabella *is brought in.*

Eſcal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Eſcal. Come on, miſtreſs: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of, here with the *Provoſt*.

Eſcal. In very good time: ſpeak not you to him, till we call upon you. *Lucio.*

Lucio. Mum——

Eſcal. Come, Sir, did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander lord *Angelo?* they have confeſs'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Reſpect to your great Place; and let the devil
Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look, you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly, at leaſt. But oh, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redreſs: is the Duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too. The Duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal;
And put your tryal in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he, I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd *Friar*,
Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
T'accuſe this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' duke himſelf, to tax him with injuſtice?
Take him hence; to th' rack with him: we'll touze you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpoſe:
What? unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the duke dare no more ſtretch
This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His ſubject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
[6] Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,
As much in mock as mark. *Eſcal.*

6 *Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,*] Barbers ſhops were, at all times, the reſort of idle people.

Eſcal. Slander to th' ſtate! away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, ſignior *Lucio?* Is this the man, that you did tell us of? [bald-pate;

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon in the abſence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, Sir? and was the duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, Sir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the duke as I love my ſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal; away with him to priſon: where is the *Provoſt?* away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him; let him ſpeak no more; away with thoſe giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, ſtay a-while.

Ang. What! reſiſts he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying raſcal; you muſt be hooded,

Tonſtrina erat quædam: hic ſolebamus ferè
Plerumque eam opperiri——— Which *Donatus* calls *apta ſedes otioſis.* Formerly, with us, the better ſort of people went to the Barber's ſhop to be trimm'd; who then practiſed the under parts of Surgery: ſo that he had occaſion for numerous inſtruments, which lay there ready for uſe; and the idle people, with whom his ſhop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and miſuſing them. To remedy which, I ſuppoſe, there was placed up againſt the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which, it is not likely, would long preſerve its authority.

muſt

muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with a pox to you; ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the* Friar's *Hood, and diſcovers the* Duke.

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er mad'ſt a duke. Firſt, *Provoſt*, let me bail theſe gentle three. Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you Muſt have a word anon: lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down: [*To* Eſcalus.

We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave: Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt, Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord, I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs, To think I can be undiſcernable, When I perceive your Grace, like pow'r divine, Hath look'd upon my paſſes: then, good prince, No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame; But let my tryal be mine own confeſſion: Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana:* Say; waſt thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly, Do you the office, *Friar*; which conſummate, Return him here again: go with him, *Provoſt*.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

SCENE V.

Eſcal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour, Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Iſabel*; Your *Friar* is now your prince: as I was then Advertiſing, and holy to your buſineſs,

Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attornied at your ſervice.
Iſab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown ſovereignty.
Duke. You are pardon'd, *Iſabel*.
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart:
And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: Oh, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with ſlower foot came on,
* That bain'd my purpoſe: but peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear; make it your comfort;
So, happy is your brother.

SCENE VI.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, *and* Provoſt.

Iſab. I do, my lord.
Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon
For *Mariana*'s ſake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity, and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure:
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*.
Then *Angelo*, thy faults are manifeſted;
Which tho' thou would'ſt deny, * deny thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block,

* *That* BRAIN'D *my purpoſe:*] We ſhould read BAIN'D. i.e. deſtroy'd.
* — *deny thee* vantage.] *Vantage*, for means, opportunity.

Where

Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death; and with like haſte;
Away with him.
Mari. Oh, my moſt gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband?
Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Altho' by confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.
Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.
Mari. Gentle, my liege ——
Duke. You do but loſe your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.
Mari. Oh, my good lord! Sweet *Iſabel*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, to do you ſervice.
Duke. [7] Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her;
Should ſhe kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.
Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet *Iſabel*, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing; I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: ſo may my husband.
Oh, *Iſabel!* will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.
Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,

7 *Againſt all* ſenſe *you do importune her.*] The meaning required is, againſt all reaſon and natural affection; *Shakeſpear*, therefore, judiciouſly uſes a ſingle word that implies both; *Senſe* ſignifying both reaſon and affection.

As

As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die. My brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And muſt be bury'd but as an intent,
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubjects:
Intents, but meerly thoughts.

Mari. Meerly, my lord.

Duke. Your ſuit's unprofitable; ſtand up, I ſay:
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provoſt, how came it, *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unuſual hour?

Prov. It was commanded ſo.

Duke. Had you a ſpecial warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private meſſage.

Duke. For which I do diſcharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.
I thought, it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon,
That ſhould by private order elſe have dy'd,
I have reſerv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine.*

Duke. I would, thou had'ſt done ſo by *Claudio*:
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

Eſcal. I'm ſorry, one ſo learned and ſo wiſe
As you, lord *Angelo*, have ſtill appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſsly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm ſorry, that ſuch ſorrow I procure;
And ſo deep ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deſerving, and I do intreat it.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, *and* Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine?*

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:
Sirrah, thou'rt ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And ſquar'ſt thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, adviſe him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another priſoner, that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when *Claudio* loſt his head;
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelf.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake [*To* Iſab.
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, and ſay, you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's ſafe;
Methinks, I ſee a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well; [yours.
Look, that you love your wife; *(a)* her worth works
I find an apt remiſſion in myſelf,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, [*To* Luc.
One of all luxury, an aſs, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deſerved ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but [8] according to the trick; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt firſt, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provoſt*, round about the city;

8 *according to the trick*;] *i. e.* the faſhion. So to *trick up*, ſignifies to dreſs in the mode.

[*(a) her worth works yours*, Oxf. Edit. — Vulg. *her worth worth yours.*]

If

If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her; the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your highneſs, do not marry me to a whore: your highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

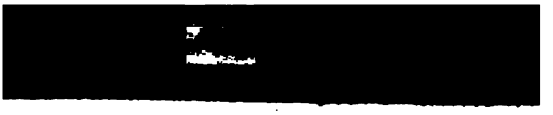
Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her:
Thy ſlanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to priſon:
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death; whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deſerves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look, you reſtore.
Joy to you, *Mariana*: love her, *Angelo:*
I have confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſs:
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, *Provoſt*, for thy care and ſecreſie;
We ſhall imploy thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' offence pardons itſelf. Dear *Iſabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our palace, where we'll ſhow
What's yet behind, that's meet You all ſhould know.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Volume.



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